THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JUNE 26, 1920

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DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Beginning: STEEL—By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
AND A NEW WILDCAT SERIES—By HUGH WILEY

SPINACH SALAD — Drain 1 can of DEL MONTE Spinach and combine with 3 tablespoons of vinegar, 4 tablespoons of olive or salad oil, 1 tablespoon of powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon of DEL MONTE Catsup, 1 teaspoon of salt and ⅛ teaspoon of pepper which have been thoroughly mixed. Arrange lettuce leaves in a salad bowl and heap spinach in the center. Garnish with strips of pimiento and slices of lemon.

SPINACH, FRENCH STYLE—Drain and chop 1 can of DEL MONTE Spinach, and season well with salt and pepper and a little nutmeg.

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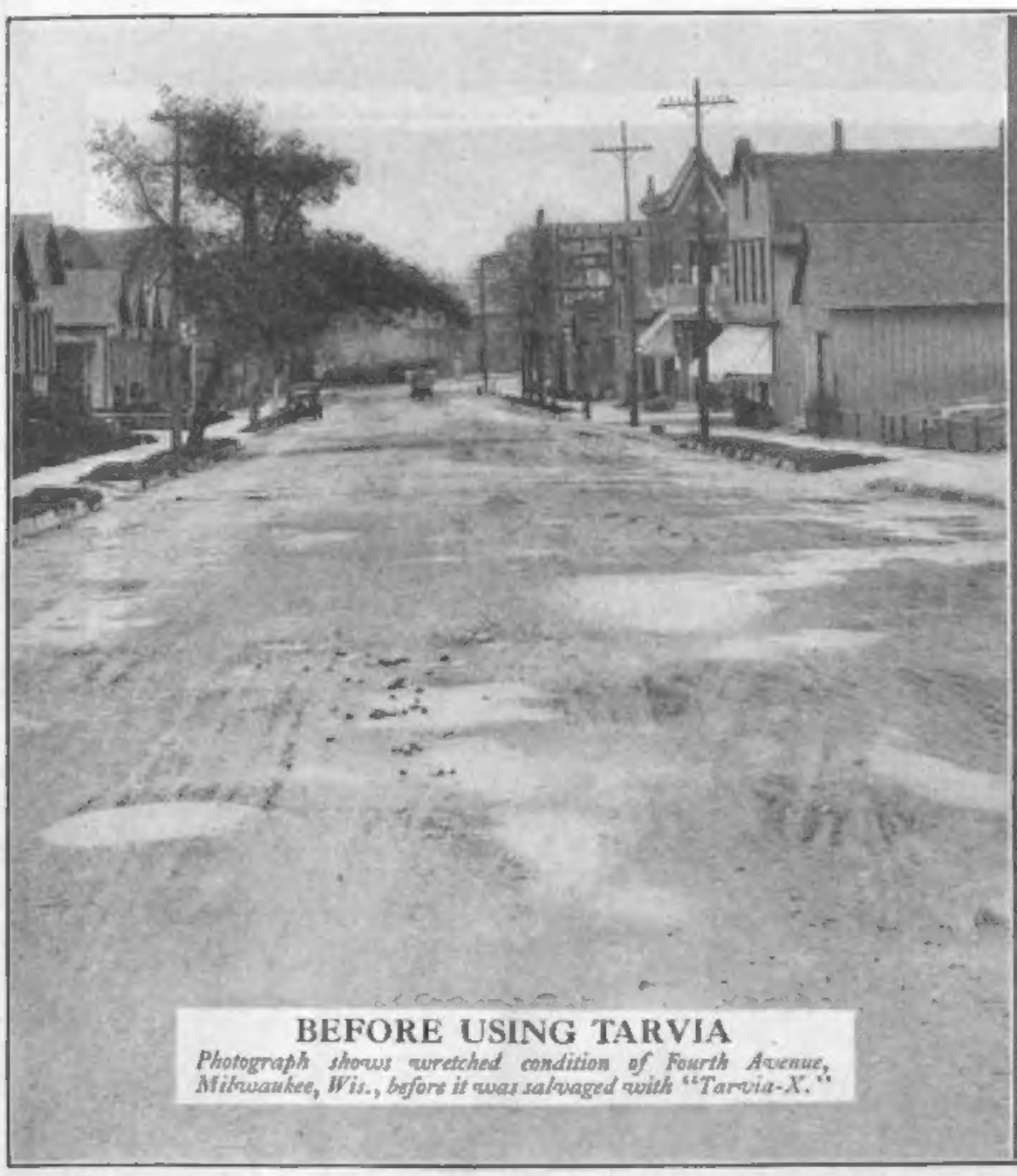

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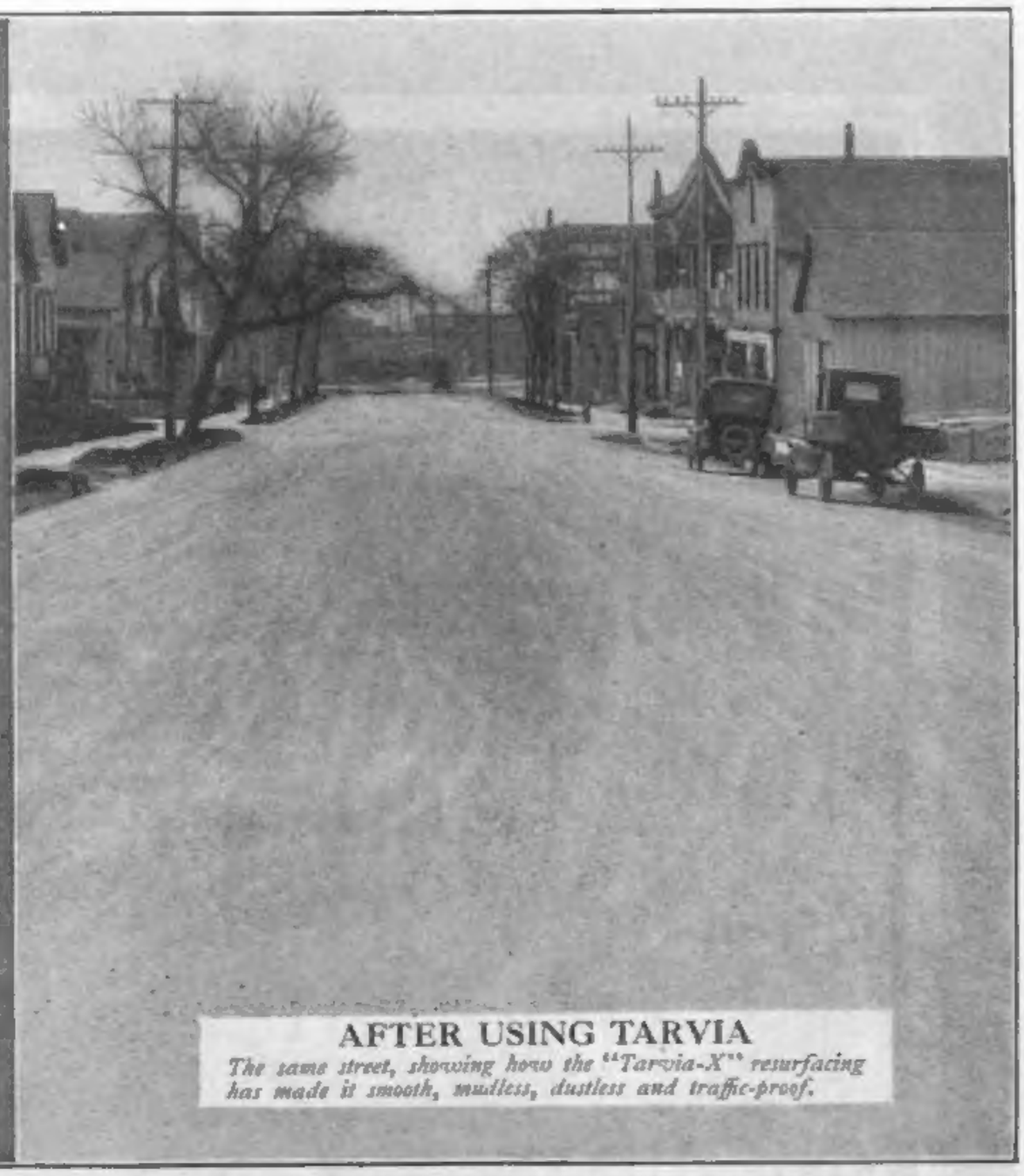

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STEEL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Hope You'll Keep on Being Quaint, It's So Becoming"

WITH the vibration of the electric train subsiding among the cultivated hills Howard Gage descended the long flight of steps that led from the station to the public road and slowly proceeded toward Bagatelle. It was afternoon, and very hot and still; the sunlight lay in a heavy gold flood across the deep terraced lawns, the orderly massed trees, of the places on either hand. The air, at the end of August, was thick with scents and impalpable dust; there was a faint harsh quiver of locusts, the rapid tapping of a woodpecker and the remote cadence of wild doves. The road was admirably kept and hard, but it was dry, and as Gage advanced he stirred up a gray film that coated his darkly polished boots and silver spurs.

Except for this his uniform was in the utmost rigor of military nicety—the cord breeches crisply lighter than his gaberdine jacket, close fitted under a broad belt with its supporting strap. Howard Gage's cap, unavoidably assuming a raffish angle, bore the double bars of a captain; these recurred on his shoulders; his collar held the crossed rifles and numeral of his regiment of United States Infantry, regulars; while on his left arm were the insignia of his division, charged with the concentric red and blue and white A of the Third Army of Occupation. In addition he bore, slung from his shoulders, a packed French musette bag of worn canvas, helmet and gas mask, and a leather carrier of the type used by the German field-telephone section; and his sleeve was decorated with two gold service stripes.

He was a dark young man, his hair and mustache, waxed in rolled points, almost black, the natural color of his skin deepened by exposure and the sun. Of middle height, he was slender, with high, rather narrow shoulders, rigidly erect and vigorous. He was clearly young, hardly thirty; but at the same time his countenance—his direct hazel eyes under heavy eyebrows and strongly marked nose, his set mouth and shapely chin—was without any of the lighter attributes of youth.

To a casual view his face seemed sullen, resentful and scarred by ill humors. However, it was not sullen but somber; the steady gaze was shadowed and his mouth hardened, bitter, from repression. For Howard Gage's years he was extraordinarily bleak, with an inflexible expression marred by an involuntary nervous raising of his brows which gave to him an incongruous air of polite surprise. Except for that he resembled a perpetuation in bronze of a moment of devastating ordeal.

Yet walking slowly, lingering really, in the serene late afternoon, his feelings were totally different from his exterior. They were principally amazement that any place on earth could be so serene, so beautiful and so still. He wanted above everything to relax completely and, lounging, absorb at once all the aspects of the tranquillity about him—the luxury, he told himself, that was to be his for the rest of his life. He wanted to stop on the smooth grassy banks, cooler now in shadow, and smoke aimless cigarettes; or lean on a gatepost and watch a gardener pull off the yellowing aromatic leaves of a vivid bed of geraniums. Howard heard with delight the familiar shrilling of the locusts in the maple trees, the tender cry of the doves; and where the Warwick Pike crossed the smaller road he was following he halted to watch the motor traffic pass.

As always through the day the pike held a double opposed stream of vehicles—glittering closed cars with artificial bouquets of flowers and women, thunderous trucks, swift open cars piled with bags of golf clubs in the folded tops, and varnished delivery wagons. But at last there was a perceptible opening, and mechanically he continued diagonally forward to where his road mounted sharply. At once, quite magically it seemed, the stir was lost in an even greater seclusion of loveliness; the clangor of the world was entirely dropped in a hush of shut gardens where the sound of the locusts was softened and the doves were like a memory. On the right were tall clipped hedges of privet, planted to form a turf walk between, and on the left an emerald lawn sloped up, past the stables, to a low long dwelling of dark timbered plaster.

The way grew narrower and climbed through a deep greenery that admitted occasional bright shafts and pools of sunlight; all about him were hedges and sodded banks, still curtains and arbors of leaves. Now, almost, he was at Bagatelle—beyond the next place the white garage set directly against the road! Suddenly the content that had saturated Howard Gage vanished in an increasing excitement; he was unprepared for the emotion that filled him, the actual tears that blurred his sight. He stopped in an effort to regain the control that through the last two years had been his supreme weapon against ruin; but it was useless, the tears continued to flow, wetting his cheeks; his whole body shook violently.

He hoped desperately that no one would happen along and see him—a man in the uniform of a captain with the stripes of foreign service, ridiculous with

sentimental weeping. That fear, however, was drowned in the larger feeling that possessed him; the excitement escaped in the astonishment of an exclamation as sharply audible as a command:

"By heaven, I'm home!"

The pronouncing of that significant word steadied him; the marks of emotion disappeared, and again apparently he was coldly impersonal, a man appropriate to whatever his garb might indicate. Nevertheless he was conscious that his heart was beating faster, and that his eagerness to reach finally—after such a timeless time—all that home symbolized was hurrying him impatiently forward. The garage, he saw, had been freshly painted, notable in its whiteness against the enveloping green; and before he fully realized it he was at the wicket under the trellised hedge. It was painted in small letters with the designation, Bagatelle, the dwelling of Daniel Gage, the head, since the death of Howard's father, twenty years before, of the Gage Steel and Iron Works. He was remote in actual relationship to Howard; yet he preserved, together with the name, all the basic characteristics, the peculiar ability, of the Gage blood. There was, too, a strong bond of affection between the younger and the older man; and, since the marriage of the former's mother to an English canon, Bagatelle had been Howard's home—his and now, temporarily, Sophie's.

As he opened the wicket and descended the two steps to the bricked walk within, his sensations merged into an incoherent gladness. Howard felt that it had been the happiest of mischances that had prevented Sophie, anyone, from meeting him at the dock or in New York. Here everything was gathered into one surpassing moment: Sophie, Dan, whom he loved, Charlotte, Bagatelle—all perfect and all at once.

The house, set below the road, secluded in its hedges, showed a white angle in shadow; the right wing extended in a tiled porch, while on the left the region of the kitchen was hidden by privet. The garden was everywhere planted so that there were no extended views, but small spaces of sod lost in clipped box, clustered perennial roses, massed bluebells and pink and white phlox. It had the aspect of a maze, and the effect of stopping any concern or interest in the world outside—the withdrawn inner plot of tranquillity into which Howard had stepped. The door at the end of the walk, the windows, were open on glimpses of cut white and pink flowers; there were waxed floors and gay hangings in the glow of the screened sun beyond; but there wasn't a trace of human presence; the silence and suspension of movement were like a laid charm in which even the leaves were powerless to stir.

He hesitated for a moment, for a deep breath of the sweetness; and then with his returning excitement almost approaching impatience he rang the bell. There was a faint silvery echo and, immediately after, a door opened and shut inside, and a maid appeared, settling a diminutive apron about her waist. She was obviously surprised to see Howard Gage; and though she was new since he had gone away she recognized him promptly. Mrs. Gage and Miss Charlotte were out in the motor—the servant thought they had gone to tea at the Welch Hunt—while Mr. Gage was in town as usual. She would, she continued, show Captain Gage where he had been put. At the sound of his rank, here at Bagatelle, a flicker of annoyance drew a line between his eyes; he hesitated, about to speak, but changed his mind and went forward, frowning, and up to the room that was Sophie's and his.

Howard softly closed the door at his back and stood, with a hand on the knob, gazing about him in a delighted curiosity as sharp as pain. The interior was light; flashing white wood and chintzes in clear colors, with two single painted beds, their high tapering posts supporting canopies; painted chairs and rugs in cool solid shades; a dressing table with wide mirrors and a confusion of gold-and-crystal jars, powders and perfume; lip sticks; buffers; chamois stained with crimson; his photograph, in uniform, sent from Brest; and—dropped carelessly among the rest—a flexible bracelet of glittering diamonds and platinum.

That, he thought indulgently, was exactly like Sophie; but he had hardly expressed this to himself when he realized that really he knew practically nothing about her; all their knowledge of each other and life together was to come. Then he saw against a wall his two lockers and field desk, battered and worn by transportation, accident and weather, their painted marks almost obliterated; they were utterly incongruous in the grace of their present surrounding. Howard moved over to them and looked moodily at the bands about the sides, the stenciled insignia of the division, the design in the color of his regiment, and the legendary destinations. His mouth drew into a harder line, and as he turned away his eyes were inscrutable.

From a window he saw, directly below, a brick terrace on the face of the house, with a low square-cut hedge, and from it the lawn fell sharply to a glossy bank of rhododendrons and down to a shallow stream. A walk of steps and field stones, bordered with ferns, descended under the wide canopies of oak trees to where a bridge crossed the water and, beyond, a thickly wooded rise abruptly closed the prospect. Flaring rose mallows on tall stems were vivid against the dogwood along the stream; and at the left there was a broad circular pool fringed by barberry bushes, deep pampas grass and hidden by high formal privet and cedar trees. Above the bridge a waterfall slid over mossy rocks and its ceaseless broken murmur was audible in the room where Howard Gage stood.

The afternoon was waning and the light, diminished, grew richer, more golden and diffused. Within, the brightness was warmer, slumberous in an absolute luxury of peace. Behind him the bathroom was open—an expanse of porcelain and white glazed tiles and shining faucets, with thick soft towels and fragrant soap. Its temptation was irresistible; and with a glance at his watch, on a webbed strap, Howard decided that if Sophie had gone to the Welch Hunt for tea he would have time for a bath before she returned. He dropped the musette bag and carrier, until now hanging from his shoulders, unbuckled his belt, and with a sudden uncontrollable impulse of relief flung his cap across the floor.

"You Left Me Alone, Went Away, and Then Expect to Find Me Changed Like You When You Come Back"

The hot water, pouring into the tub, clouded the mirrors with steam; and he dropped, with a long sigh of contentment, into a relaxing saturation. He had forgotten that such comfort existed, and nothing, nothing in the world, could be more desirable than just this. Howard made amazing quantities of creamy suds, plunging his hands into them and scattering them through the air; then under the shower he felt the tonic shock of beating cold water. After a prolonged drying he found a cigarette and regarded his uniform, laid in a precise order about a bed.

His gaze shifted to the piled baggage, and with a sudden decisive sharpness of action he moved the field desk and opened the lockers. One, it was immediately evident, had been broken into on the transport; it was practically empty; but, since this greatly simplified his purpose, except for a brief annoyed exclamation he was rather relieved than chagrined. He covered the floor with orderly heaps of clothing and equipment—clumsy socks and flannels, shirts, issue wool blouse and breeches, his campaign hat, puttees and knitted sweater, muffler and gloves, towels and a rubber bag of toilet articles. There was a mess kit, a haversack, the pins and folding pole of a shelter half tent, a pack carrier and canteen, an automatic pistol with its holster and belt. Putting beside these his slicker and rubber boots, field shoes and trench coat, blankets and iron rations, he placed the uniform he had taken off, with its belts and details, at the bottom of a trunk and repacked the rest.

Howard then shifted the contents of the musette bag until he discovered a large Roquefort cheese, and crowding into its place whatever had hung from his shoulder he strapped it all firmly from sight. However, he remembered that the lace for Sophie was in the field desk, but her present—there was a total absence of souvenirs—was only discovered when he had removed his flashlight and batteries; sheafs of maps and intelligence reports, personal, divisional, corps and army; field glasses; EE signal-corps magnifying glass and prismatic compass; airplane photographs, his own and others captured from the Germans; triangles, one of white celluloid; a T square, drawing instruments, a steel-and-cardboard shell measurer, red-paper-bound confidential pamphlets, and a double handful of colored pencils. Piece by piece these were put back, the key of the desk turned, and all that was military in Howard Gage's late employment was hidden.

He was enormously relieved by this, and at once humming a ribald fragment of song in connection with the Service of Supplies he went about finding other clothes. He discovered them complete, even to the moonstone studs he fastened in a shirt, and before long he was gazing at himself with youthful pleasure. Silk and fine linen! That accomplished, his impatience to see Sophie and Dan and Charlotte returned. Howard began to think he had been badly treated. Where were the bands and triumphant march, the grand stands of frenzied citizens? He looked again at his watch, the only remaining mark of his service, and found that it was long past five. The sun was behind the hill, the shadows of the garden merging toward dusk.

His impatience, his thoughts, centered about Sophie, and he grew dimly aware of their extraordinary situation. They were married and at the same time hardly more than strangers; and he speculated a little about the wave of feeling, like a companion to the overwhelming emotional disturbance of the war, that, in a week really, had welded them in a bond—at once temporary and enduring—of passion. Howard recalled the hasty military wedding at Chattanooga, outside Fort Oglethorpe, and their short happiness together at the Signal Mountain House on Missionary Ridge. How long had it been—a scant two weeks more, when, in the mysterious way that such knowledge was communicated, he had realized that departure was at hand and ordered his lockers and boxes painted?

At two in the morning the first section of the regiment left, with the colonel and regimental staff, the machine-gun company, the headquarters company with himself an intelligence officer, and part of the supply men. A squad of buglers from the militia blew taps as the train moved away—as he left Sophie.

However, it had been different from a great many such unhappy separations; even aside from what he possessed Sophie had a great deal of money; her father, a Georgian, of Brunswick, owned wide timber interests.

The war had risen like an illimitable chasm between them, and had then withdrawn; the uproar that he thought must split the sky had died away and left him this celestial stillness, left him waiting for his wife in a world of teas at hunt clubs, of Dan Gage as usual at the office of the Gage Steel and Iron Works, and of magnificent baths.

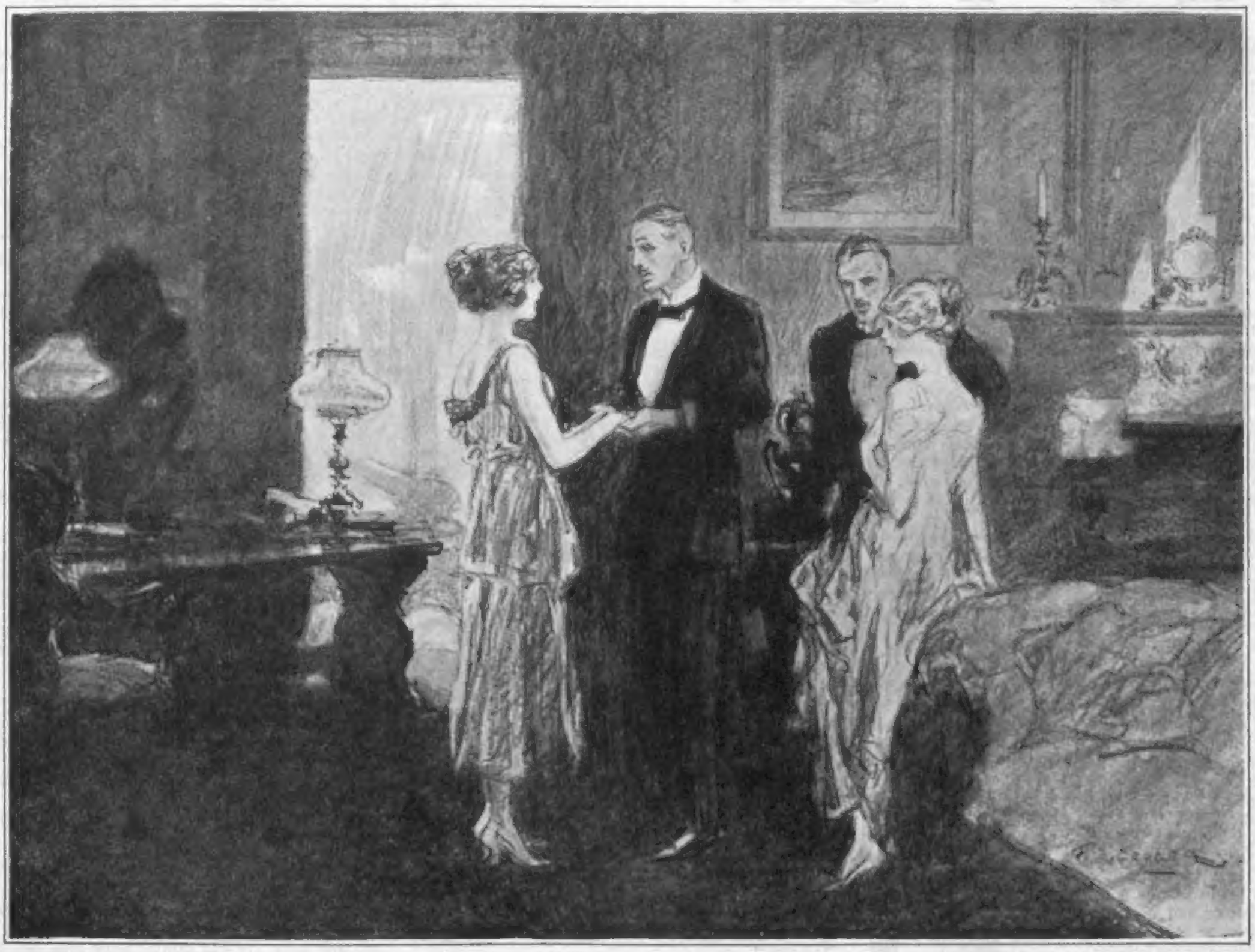
II

THERE was a stir of feet and voices below; he recognized Sophie's tones, heard her excitement as she learned that he had arrived, and he went forward, at once eager and consciously nervous.

What principally stirred Howard, in reality struck him so forcibly that he was reduced to confusion, was Sophie's beauty. He had, of course, her picture—two of them facing each other in a thin morocco case—and his memories, limited but vivid. He had often described her to himself, in moments of incredible hardship, loneliness and danger, as lovely; but there was always the chance that his impression had been the result of affection attended by longing. However, she radiantly exceeded her every image in his mind. Sophie met him at the door to their room, a vision of rose much too close for view; she kissed him delightfully, infinitely fragrant; and then, in the room, faced him with an exclamation of light dismay:

"Howard, your uniform! Your captain's uniform!"

He regarded her with deeply satisfied serious eyes, but his lips were smiling. Sophie Gage was notably small,



"You've Turned Into a Beauty While I Was Away!" He Exclaimed Indignantly

almost miniature, but she was miraculously perfect in features and delightful color; her tenderly white skin was stained with delicate flushes, her mouth was bright, and her eyes, set just perceptibly oblique, had the coolness of silvery brown leaves under an airy mass of ashen-gold hair. There was nothing positively rose in her dress—she had on a rough clay-blue skirt and a sheer white waist innumerably tucked and ruffled: his simile had risen from that sudden glimpse of her being, her flowerlike precious grace. Yet—and this specially satisfied him—Sophie was not fragile; her delicacy was only a quality of exquisite finish; she was, after all, a rose in delectable rounded flesh.

"Your clothes," she repeated, now dismayed, with the shadow of a frown. "When you left Greene you were only a lieutenant, but you've come back a captain, and I wanted to see it." She might almost have stamped a minute white buckskin shoe.

"You can look at the pay vouchers," he told her. "The uniforms are in there"—he indicated the lockers—"and there they'll stay, as far as I am concerned. But don't let's talk about them now. I'm too glad only to get back, to be here at Bagatelle and have you. I had forgotten how lovely you were, Sophie." He bent, with an arm about her waist, and kissed her again, his pleasure curiously mingled with a faint sense of embarrassment.

"I can't quite believe you're my wife. It seems too splendid to be true." Howard released her with a long sigh of contentment. "I didn't really remember how perfect everything here was; and when I try to realize that I'm back, that I'll never leave again ——" He made a gesture descriptive of his difficulty.

"But you have changed!" she cried, studying him. "You look terribly cross; and your eyebrows—do they do that all the time?"

The somberness swept back over his countenance.

"They have for quite a while," he admitted; "but it must stop now, at home. The strain was rather thick. I'm fortunate, though; some of the others —— Don't let's think of that now. What I can't realize yet is how lucky, how marvelously lucky, I was. The past—that doesn't matter much to us, does it? Being together at last and the future's the thing."

"Of course," she replied, sitting on the low painted bench at her dressing table. "But there are a million questions I must ask, and the others will want to know almost as much. You understand my not meeting you, though it seems to me Dan could have managed it, since he is so devoted to you."

Howard Gage recognized the characteristic rapid shifting of her mind from subject to subject, and promptly reassured her with an explanation of the superiority of a concentration of happiness here. He imagined, in connection with Dan, that he was having a complication of troubles at the works.

"I'm told things are in a frightful mess in the United States."

"They are," Sophie gravely agreed; "you have no idea how perfectly rotten this prohibition is! Positively we have to take our own gin and vermuth nearly everywhere. But in spite of that the parties have been gayer than ever. There ought to be some wonderful dinners for you, though you're quite late coming back. People are getting used to returned captains. I'm glad you were in the line, Howard, and at all those famous battles; and we think it's funny you weren't decorated. Hardly any of your letters came, I could tell by the numbers on them; but Dan showed me on the map pretty nearly where you were."

He listened with a feeling of luxurious ease in the very lightness of her phrases, while his sense of her beauty, her desirability, grew into an increasingly sharp warm delight. Sophie seemed to gather up into her small person all the enjoyment life so largely promised him; she was the epitome of a whole graceful society, of sophisticated formal pleasure, the society and pleasure to which—once accepted without enthusiasm—he had learned to look forward to through the recent past. Howard Gage deliberately intended, from now on, to take the most the world had to offer; and at once Sophie filled his every aesthetic need. There were amusing recurrences of his embarrassment at her complete acceptance of his intimate presence with her; she was, he found, far more self-possessed in mere details than he. And regarding himself as a favored spectator at an ineffably charming rite he specially approved her detachment from fundamental emotional drama.

"You look very well," Sophie proceeded; "and, like the others I've seen from France, fatter. It's hard to believe that things were so dreadful because it has apparently agreed with you all.

"Of course, I don't mean the wounded. You mustn't think, either, that we haven't been busy here. I detest knitting and woolly things about; but I can't tell you how many hours I stood on freezing station platforms with the canteen and carried baskets till I thought my arms would drop off. I sent you hundreds of cigarettes, too, but I hadn't a line about them."

The cigarettes, he explained, never reached him; though one box had been delivered, filled with paper—the wooden end neatly sliced off, the contents removed, and the wrapping skillfully pasted back.

His relaxed attention followed Sophie to a closet, from which she returned with a limp pale satin gown in a mist of tulle; and then in a drawer she found a pair of weblike stockings and perfumed blue intimacies of silk.

The fine textures and colors, Howard thought, were like a reflection, a spinning of Sophie's self. As he sat with the smoke of a cigarette drifting lazily into the uncertain glow taking the place of day her voice ran clearly and pleasantly on:

"The servants are worse and worse; actually I can hardly get the maids here to hook me up, though I'm giving them

(Continued on Page 78)

PET FOR TEN DAYS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JUST why I couldn't surround three squares a day without regrets gave rise to diagnoses which conflicted. One medico declared for a duodenal ulcer; another had it that my appendix had gone on a rampage in its old age; my wife attributed the trouble to excessive smoking; and a bird I had known overseas emitted a coarse, derisive laugh, exclaiming: "Too much Rhine wine, buddy—take it from me!"

None of these explanations struck me as sound. I was far too busy to afford luxuries like appendicitis. As for my smoking, she blames the Great War on it, and were I to fall downstairs and break a leg would assert with absolute confidence: "Just what I expected! Too many cigars!" Nor was the Rhine-wine theory less absurd, because I never liked the German stuff, and our mess used always to drink Barsac and a delicious red wine bought from a French commissary about forty miles from headquarters, when we couldn't coax Scotch out of the British at Cologne.

However, my tummy resolutely persisted in declining to accept any league of foods without reservations, and something had to be done. An irreconcilable lurked somewhere inside, so I hied me to a specialist in Philadelphia.

When a man who has always enjoyed robust health is obliged to visit a doctor's office he begins to figure he's on the toboggan and gives way to speculating dolefully on how long he can last if he has any luck. The specialist proved a decided damper to self-pity, however, being very matter-of-fact and businesslike, and he hadn't proceeded far in his queries before anxiety over my condition was succeeded by fear that his cross-examination might uncover some sort of scandal. The questions that man asked!

Getting the Third Degree

TO REPLY frankly as to my behavior since cradle days was sufficient strain on my ingenuity, but when he started a probe of my family history it did seem as though he were carrying the thing too far. How was I to know whether my grandfather's great-aunt had been a woman of temperate habits or inclined to hit the bottle? I had never bothered about those ancestors who were dead and gone, and it didn't seem fair that they should bother me. And whether my great-great-grandsire had passed away piously in his bed like a good Presbyterian or had perished with his boots on at the end of a rope for pursuing the popular Scotch pastime of sheep stealing was beyond my ken. I finally came to the conclusion that my interrogator was trying to get something on the family for an ulterior purpose, and returned crafty, imaginative replies.

"Ever drink much?" he inquired.

"This is a prohibition country," I answered surlily. "Let bygones be bygones."

The purpose of his physical examination was more evident, and my confidence mounted as he called off to his secretary "Normal" for this and "Normal" for that. But presently he fell to employing words I had never heard—strange, harsh, professional terms—and straightway I experienced a peculiar, sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. There was something inexpressibly ominous about their sound. I knew what it all meant, well enough—he was trying to conceal something from me! I was a goner sure, and probably by the most malignant route!

This occurred while he was listening through the stethoscope.

"Ninety-nine," said he.

"Ninety-nine," I repeated.

"Chicago," said he—it was like a game.

"Chicago."

Were I to Fall Downstairs and Break a Leg She Would Assert: "Just What I Expected! Too Many Cigars!"

"Two pairs," continued the doc.

"That beats me."

After a while he whacked me on the kneecap with a little hammer, and getting prompt response appeared to be satisfied. Then he had me stand up and turn my back to him, and without a word of warning gave me a Sam-Langford wallop over the kidneys. It was a knock-out.

"Hurt?" he asked pleasantly.

"I'd like to see you try it when I'm looking! When does my turn come?"

"Now put on your clothes and wait in that other room."

The other room was empty, which gave me leisure to speculate on the probabilities of my lasting out Round Two. By and by a nurse entered softly and deposited a small tray on the table. On the tray reposed a plate with a slice of bread, and beside it a glass of water. Not much of a lunch, perhaps, but then I hadn't expected anything at all, and as it was long past the noon hour I began to think gratefully of Philadelphia hospitality. True, what times I had visited in Philadelphia they had regaled me with the choicest chow the season offered, such as golden bantam corn, but I reflected that to the doctor I was merely a casual patient—the veriest stranger—so he was doing very well by me indeed. Accordingly I ate that dry bread, drank the water and lighted a cigar, not even wasting a thought on whether the meal would appear on my bill.

Eating and Resting and Sleeping—It's a Grand Life While It Lasts

In about half an hour a nurse walked in, dragging several lengths of garden hose. I was intrigued by the spectacle and what she might have in view, but had no time to make inquiry.

"Smoking?" she murmured, with just the slightest raising of the eyebrows. This is what they call the jolt courteous, and I got it all right and threw away the cigar.

"What's that for?" I demanded curiously.

Without a word of explanation she started to tuck a towel round my neck, and something told me—something told me there was dirty work afoot.

"Here," I expostulated, "hold on a minute! What's up? What're you fixing to do?"

As calmly as she might have ignored the peevish remonstrances of a spoiled child she went ahead with her preparations, and I began to take alarm. This young woman was of the quiet, efficient type which the male instinctively fears. I recognized the species right away, and wished to heaven I had never come. For my experience has been that you can reason with the clinging-vine variety, bless 'em, but that when one of these new women takes a hand you've got to toe the line and tell the truth, and all sorts of unpleasantness result.

"Listen, lady ——" I began wildly.

"Take this," she ordered, precisely as though she hadn't heard me.

In wheedling accents: "Aw, come now, come now! Anybody as good-looking as you are ——"

But it didn't get me anywhere. Before I could close my mouth she dropped the end of the hose into it and commanded me, in a tone I found it impossible to defy, to swallow. Such was her moral ascendancy, or spiritual domination, or whatever you call it, that I actually tried—so help me, I did. The woman had me cowed—buffaloed—bisoned; she had the Indian sign on me.

Of course it couldn't be done, but I tried. I swallowed and gulped and died three or four times, but after each failure she would murmur gently as I came up for air: "Once more!" And first thing we knew that hose was slowly disappearing. Often and often have I marveled over human capacity—have stood in rapt awe at contemplation of what a hearty feeder can put under his belt without turning up his toes to the skies. And now here was I, giving a performance that would have made a boa constrictor crawl off to the nearest hole to pine away of chagrin and envy. I swallowed about thirty feet and then signaled that I was about fed up on garden hose.

"I guess that will be enough," she remarked doubtfully, and I closed my eyes against the worst.

Far be it from me to say anything which might reflect on Philadelphia hospitality—perhaps it wouldn't be fair to judge its citizenry from my experience. But this much I feel ought to be set down: They gave me a lunch and then took it away.

"Well," remarked the specialist briskly a little later, "I've found out some things about you."

"I'll tell the world!" I assented with fervor.

"But there're still some things I want to find out before making a positive diagnosis. So in the meantime you'd better take a prescription I'll give you—and quit work."

He was beginning to talk like a man of sense. That had been my own idea for years.

"Quit work and take it easy. Just loaf," he continued.

"And play golf? Every day?"

"The very thing. Play all the golf you can."

Right there I formed an opinion of his ability which time can never dim.

"Doctor," I began in a trembling voice, "if you wouldn't mind just writing that part down—about the golf, you know—something I could show—something that would prove ——"

"Certainly," he agreed. "I understand."

Silently we gripped hands. There's no use talking—married men have got to stand together.

Well, I tried the cure. I returned home, and every day thereafter went out to the country club in search of health and golf balls. It was winter, to be sure, but I live in a land where you can play the year round. Lots of them do it too. Why, when it rains, or a norther swoops down on us, there are a hundred wistful little faces pressed against the window panes whose owners will not be comforted. No place to go but the office!

From Better to Worse

IT WORKED in fine shape. My digestion rapidly grew lusty and my score gradually declined into the eighties. In fact, by the timely use of my commercial iron from the tee I was just beginning to lose friends but win back a few balls when the old familiar discomfort in the region of my vest returned abruptly in aggravated form.

My family doctor said immediately, "Appendix!" I knew the cuss would. For eight years—ever since I nearly croaked from an attack of ptomaine poisoning—I've dreaded to have him pass me in his car, for the look he always bestowed was a sort of triumphant leer. It said distinctly: "I'll get you yet." And now I could detect in his eye that he was already sharpening the knives.

Isn't it extraordinary how doctors delight in operations? I've seen one prance jauntily into a sick room with a grin from ear to ear, fairly beaming with delight.

"What's the matter, doctor? Struck a gusher? Or did a rich uncle die and leave you a million?"

"Got an operation at ten-thirty. He's in fine shape—and thin—flat as a board"—rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "I'll have it out in eight minutes. It'll make a beautiful little scar—lovely."

Not being flat as a board, I didn't intend to submit to any speed trial until urgency compelled it. Curiously enough, this stand appeared to irritate intensely those of my friends who had undergone an operation, but I suppose you've got to blame human nature for that.

"Go on and get it out," they bellowed angrily. "What do you want to monkey with a thing like that for?"

"Well, it's my appendix," I retorted stubbornly. "You fellows leave me alone."

"Shucks! An operation for appendicitis isn't anything. I'd just as soon take one as a cold. Why, it's a joke!"

Fully a score of persons told me an operation was a joke. May heaven forgive them, because I never will.

Despite their urgings, it seemed the part of wisdom to move cautiously in this affair. Hadn't two specialists declared there seemed to be a distinct possibility of a duodenal ulcer? There remained the cigar theory too; that was not allowed to fade out. And I wasn't going to take an operation for the fun of it, or merely to satisfy some of my friends; no, I would wait for a positive diagnosis.

To procure that was a job. I consulted a hundred and eighty-three varieties of specialists. If I have omitted any in this estimate I apologize. It surely wasn't their fault, for they passed me along from day to day in an endless chain. I discovered that no one specialist so much as dreamed of fooling with more than a tiny portion of the human body. Some specialized on the right lung. If so be you were curious about the left, too, why, just step across the hall to Doctor Jones, Room 502; he dealt in left lungs. It's just about got so in this country that a specialist won't treat both ears. I fully expect to see the barbers divide their labors in the same fashion one of these days—one man for the chin, one for each cheek, a high-priced expert to go over the Adam's apple, and the dean of the bunch for conversation.

Did you ever bend over and gaze through yourself to see how your carburetor behaved toward a foaming beaker of Bulgarian buttermilk? It is very intriguing—but I am getting ahead of the tale. That comes in the X-ray portion of the specializing.

Somebody told me an X-ray examination would inevitably reveal the existence of any engine trouble. Didn't it stand to reason that it would? If you could see your interior clearly, then surely you could detect whether there was anything wrong. It was as plain as the nose on your face. As the argument sounded unanswerable, I tried it; I tried everything anybody suggested, for when illness hits me it has a chastening effect, making me pliable and noble and sweetly considerate. A lot of men are that way; it is the only time they ever shed their meanness.

Fishhook or Cow's Horn?

BUT the hordes of people who have theories and prescriptions to offer! Recent events have convinced me that men who wouldn't spare ten minutes of their time to your ordinary concerns will cheerfully take a couple of hours off in the busiest portion of the day to tell you all about their own experiences and advise you on what to do in your case. They positively revel in it. They will stand on the street, in the rain or snow, to detail exactly what to do for that cold, or the flu, or that misery in the right hip. I had a thousand-dollar-a-day man donate a hundred and forty-three dollars' worth of his forenoon to my case, as nearly as I could reckon it.

After a while it becomes a nuisance. Everybody nurses a different theory; everybody wants to prescribe a different treatment, with the result that a real invalid wastes precious minutes listening to perfectly healthy persons drool about how they felt when they had it and the way the reaction set in on the third day. They go maundering along, sunk in egotistical recollections of their own symptoms, and never give you a chance to sneak in a word edgewise about yours. Of course they start off by affecting sympathy for you, and making considerate inquiries they don't mean. But that is only their approach, for no sooner are you decently launched and sailing happily along in your narrative than they horn in ruthlessly and make you listen to what happened to them. There's no denying that mankind is just naturally selfish.

The chaps in charge of the buzz factory which my medico recommended ushered me into a darkened room and stood me against a glass screen. One of them placed a chair comfortably for himself and swung a species of window in front of my tummy. The machine began to z-z-z-z-z and spit sparks, and I became aware that they were going after the inner meaning.

"See that?" one of them whispered. Evidently the other did, for there was an ominous silence.

"What's the matter?" I quavered.

"You've got a cow's horn stomach."

Now, I hadn't come there to be insulted. Supposing I did have a cow's-horn stomach, what of it?

"There's two varieties of stomach," explained the boss sharp; "fishhook and cow's horn. Generally a fat—er—a person with a full figure usually has a cow's horn." Except for the insinuation, this was devilishly diverting. What a comfort to be able to classify your acquaintances!

"Here comes a good old cow's horn," or "That skinny girl probably has a fishhook." And it was patent to me that some of my friends did not fit in either category. From their shape I should judge they had an elephant's tusk at the very least.

The two murmured together a while in a stealthy, secretive fashion, leaving me to perspire and wonder wildly what dark secrets my interior was giving up. From time to time the bird in the chair would prod me with a species of spoon, pressing down hard on the sensitive portions of my anatomy. Not even a relative could have found my tender spots with such fiendish accuracy.

Finally one of them brought in a huge goblet of what looked like buttermilk and bade me quaff a swig. It was a man's-sized drink and required a lot of doing, but a sincere drinker can down anything these days, and I put it away, the two attentively studying the reception accorded to it by an amazed stomach.

"Ah-ha!" said one. "Ah-ha!" And the other whistled.

My knees grew weak. It was all up with me now. A couple of weeks more on earth was probably the best I could hope for, else he wouldn't whistle that way.

"Want to take a look?"

After Each Failure She Would Murmur Gently as I Came Up for Air, "Once More!"

A Horrid Sight

THEY refilled the glass. I swallowed four or five gallons, and bending far over watched what was going on in the inner shrine. It wasn't so horrifying as they had led me to expect. Still, even to an untrained observer it was evident that buttermilk didn't happen to be my beverage. I mean to say, the arrival of that buttermilk was a good deal like an unexpected visit of a country cousin.

"That's enough," I declared. "Is nothing sacred to you guys?"

So they went to work and made a lot of photographs, which turned out like studies of clouds by moonlight. I could detect from my medico's face as he inspected them that they conveyed no more to him than they did to me.

"Terminal ileum dilated," he read from the report, pursing his lips, "showing considerable ilial stasis. Appendix fixed in retrocecal position. H'm! Entire hepatic flexure pulled inward."

"Does it say what the batteries are for to-day?" I inquired eagerly.

"Considerable pyloric spasm," he continued with a thoughtful air, but I broke in.

"Doc," said I, "all that is important—if true. But what does it mean?"

"Why," he answered, "you owe them thirty-five dollars."

Then he went on to explain that it was difficult to obtain a positive diagnosis from an X-ray examination unless you were searching for some hard foreign substance, like a nail or a monkey wrench.

"But I haven't eaten any nails for a long while," I retorted, "and monkey wrenches are out of season."

"Well, anyhow, you owe them thirty-five dollars," he said, and proceeded to point out that the pictures had to be considered in conjunction with other findings and the history of the case and the high cost of living.

"In other words, you can't tell anything at all from those photographs," I suggested. But he denied it vigorously. So I let the matter drop. What is thirty-five dollars, anyway? Pooh! Mere chicken feed when you

(Continued on Page 141)

Of Course You Try to Carry it Off Lightly, and Handy Merry Quips, But Your Heart Isn't in It

THE KONKRIN' HERO

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Ol' Mule She' Steers Noble, But He Kaint Stop," the Wildcat Announced to the Drum Bammer Opposite Him

Ah wuz a fiel' han' 'fo' Ah sailed de sea,
Wisht Ah wuz a fiel' han' now.
Dis konkrin'-hero business don' make no hit wid me—
Wisht Ah wuz a fiel' han' now.

GIMME back a nickel! How come coffee ten cents? Gimme back 'at nickel befo' bofe of us is on de same side of de lunch counter."

"You an' a policeman, you means. Ca'm yo'se'f, boy. If dis wah keeps up coffee gwine cost fifteen cents nex' week."

"How come wah? Wah finished a yeah back. Me an' Cap'n Jack wuz de fust men in de wah. Wah's done. Ah knows. Gimme back 'at nickel."

"Mebbe de war is done, but de Democrats ain't. Git out of heah wid dat goat 'fo' you ruins mah trade."

The Wildcat picked up Captain Jack's bed roll from the floor beside the lunch counter in the Memphis station. He accumulated Lily from where the travel-worn mascot goat was tethered to an adjoining stool. Together they walked from the lunch room in which he had sought refreshment after an arduous ride from San Francisco to Memphis.

"Come on heah, Lily. Ol' Cap'n Jack an' de lady done went home in a takes-a-grab. Boy takes a grab at yo' money an' if deys any lef' you gives it to a policeman fo' arrestin' him. Us rides a 'spress wagon."

On the street fronting the station the Wildcat chartered a rickety express wagon hauled by a languid black mule.

"Whuf!" the driver grunted. "Sho' is de ponderestest bed roll Ah eveh lifted."

"'At bed roll's full of iron helmets f'm dead Germans fo' Cap'n Jack to 'membeh de wah by. De officehs craves to 'membeh de wah. Us 'listed boys craves to fo'git it."

The driver of the express wagon looked sideways at the Wildcat. "When did de goat die?"

"How come?"

"Sit him on de side of me whah de win' ain't blowin'. Wuz he de dove of peace de wah'd go on fo'eveh. Whuts dem culled ribbons doin' on dat goat?"

"De blue ribbon is mah mascot's quality. De red an' white ones is patriotism."

"Thought mebbe dey wuz fust an' secon' prizes fo' smellin'."

The Wildcat handed the driver of the express wagon a cigar. "Smoke dis offsetteh," he said.

Drifting along in a haze of conflicting aromas, the outfit arrived finally at the residence of Captain Jack.

"Heah's de fifty cents," the Wildcat said to the express driver.

"Cost me dat to git de goat smell renovated off me. Wuth six bits."

"On yo' way! I'll six-bits you! Quit whiffin' wid dat nose befo' I busts yo' loose f'm it. On yo' way! C'm on, Lily."

The Wildcat spent the rest of the afternoon shuffling furniture round inside of Captain Jack's house. At four o'clock Captain Jack's wife arrived, convoying a perspiring three-hundred-pound trophy which she had been fortunate enough to capture.

"You is de cook, is you?" the Wildcat said to the newly enthroned ruler of the kitchen.

The ebony amazon looked at him. "Who is you?"

"Ise champion rashun battler ob de world. Wait till I gits back." The Wildcat returned presently with an armful of wood. "You claims you's a cook—well, woman, I lights de fiah. Den you sees kin yo'."

"Kin I what?"

"Fust yo' barbecues 'at ham hangin' theh. When Ah gits th'oo, half of it will be lef'. Whilst de ham's sizzlin' you th'ows enough cawn bread togetheh to fill de big pan. When Ah gits th'oo, dey'll be half of it lef'. When de ham juice begins to git sunburned you makes some ham gravy. Ah spec' ham gravy's de fondes' thing Ah is of. I says 'Howdy, ham gravy!' an' afteh me an' de vittles gits 'quainted mah appetite won't need grub no mo'n a fish needs shoes."

"Cut de ham."

The Wildcat carved off five thick slices.

The cook looked at him. "Is you fo'gittin' me?"

"You hungry? De way you looks you's et all de grub whut is."

"Nach'ral to be fat. Look at de elephant. How come you so skinny?"

"Wah mis'ry. All I et fo' two yeahs in France wuz guv'ment rashuns. Dey wusn't fillin'. I et myse'f down to boy-size pants de fust yeah. Secon' yeah dey lets me run wild 'cause dey couldn't find no unifawm small enough."

"Wuz yo' in de big drive?"

"I'll say I wuz! Us boys drove more railroad spikes at St.-Sulpice dan a colonel has cooties. Woman, how come you knows all about de names ob de wah?"

"I had a husban' uplifteh in de wah whut wrote me letters. Mebbe yo' met up wid him, name bein' Huntington Boone."

The Wildcat's jaw sagged open as far as the roots of his lolling tongue. "Honey Tone! De uplifteh? He's yo' man?"

"You knows him?"

"Ah knows him some; goin' on a thousan' francs he lifted off me wid de gallopin' ivory."

"Ain't de same one. Huntington saw de light an' swerve f'm de sin road to de straight an' narrow in de Fall Revival five yeahs back; de time Sis Ellers got drownded at de baptizin' an' stayed undeh till she blowed up at Vicksbu'g. Mah man went oveh as a uplifteh."

"'At's de boy. He swerved back to de sinful life. De on'y upliftin' he done wuz wid us boys' money an' coonyak." The Wildcat was thoughtful for a moment. "Where at is he now?" he suddenly asked.

"I ain't seed him since he went away. Wore out mah alpaca mournin' dress an' spilt ice cream all oveh de otheh at a social. 'At's how come Ah's in calico."

"I ain't seed him neveh since ——"

"Since when?"

"Since he sailed fo' N'O'leans on de iron boat."

"He done come back? Praise de Lawd!"

"Call de police, you means. Did he git back he's in de jail where at he belongs. All I seed wuz him leavin'."

In the face of the Wildcat's argument the amazon's mood changed. "When I gits th'oo wid 'at man de jail folks sho'll have to pen him up in a barrel to hol' de leavin's. He's 'bout as pop'lar wid me as smallpox. All he eveh done wuz bear down hahd on de money when I come home wid my wages."

At the moment the Wildcat did not feel constrained to explain that Honey Tone's departure from Bordeaux had been one of the Wildcat's contriving, one in which Honey Tone had been battened down in the hold of the cargo ship together with a hundred French colonial negro troops.

"I rec'lects he lef' Bo'deaux on a boat dey calls de Princess Clam headed fo' N'O'leans. Chances is he's in de N'O'leans jail right now."

The Wildcat decided that it might be well to encourage Honey Tone's mate to souse the black mood of her mourning in the whitewash of jealousy. "'Spect he might be married up again, mebbe. 'At boy gits 'gaged wheheveh at he goes."

"Is he rampagin' roun' I makes two widows stid of one does I ketch him. Cleah outen heah!"

Honey Tone's vindictive mate craved solitude in which to enjoy the misery of her ambition for revenge.

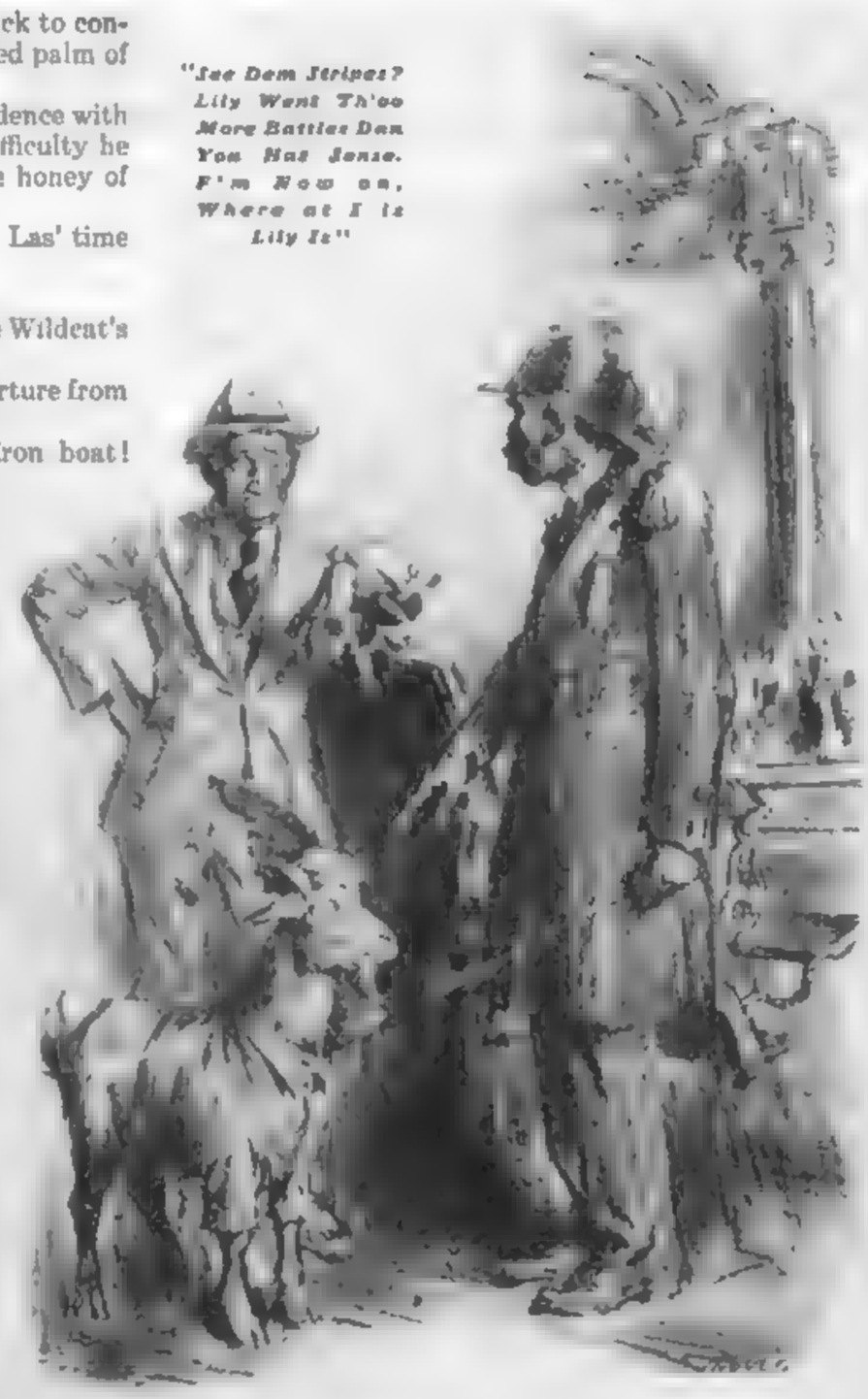
The Wildcat cleared out, taking with him a substantial segment of corn bread and two hot slices of ham.

"Does Honey Tone live th'oo whut de female 'ception committee gwine to git ready fo' him I gives him mah Craw de Gare an' all de woun' stripes whut is."

In the woodshed back of Captain Jack's house the mascot Lily patiently awaited her proprietor.

"Bla-a!" she said in greeting when the Wildcat appeared.

"Whut yo' mean? How come yo' always craves nutriment?" the Wildcat demanded. "Heah." He gave the



"See Dem Stripes? Lily Went Th'oo More Battles Dan You Has Jemze. F'm Now on, Where at I Is Lily Is"

goat a fragment of corn bread. "Whuf! De ol' cawn pone sho' is fillin'. I sleeps me now fo' a little while. Den I goes downtown an' says howdy to de boys. Lily, lay off dat hat! Eat de ham grease offen it, does yo' crave to, but ca'm yo'se'f when yo' gits to de hat part."

The Wildcat reclined on a pile of hickory stove wood and went to sleep. Sleeping was his long suit. At ten o'clock that night he woke up.

"Sho' is late. Front do' de barber shop be locked, but de back do' ain't."

The Wildcat threaded the dark streets which led to Willie Webster's barber shop. The shave-and-haircut part of the Webster establishment served but to camouflage the darker industries which had their being in a room contiguous to the one where shaves were a nickel and haircuts fifteen cents including musk.

At the back door of the barber shop the Wildcat hesitated for a moment in an effort to recall the secret knock which gained admittance in the days before the war. This element of the ritual finally came to him and on the rough panels of the door sounded three quick raps followed by two at more deliberate intervals.

"I gits it 'fused up wid de time I wuz outeh guard to de Lodge of Colored Damons. 'At knock wuz fo' an' th'ee. Fish Club knock wuz two an' two. 'Membehs dat. Dat's how de animals come off de Ark time of de flood."

The door opened an inch and the slot of light from within was interrupted by a rolling eyeball which surmounted a pair of questioning liver-colored lips.

"Who dat?"

"Wildcat—Vitus Marsden."

The door opened quickly and the Wildcat edged into the company of his former associates.

"Men, howdy!"

"Dogged if it ain't ol' Marsden! Boy, how is you? Is yo' back f'm de wah?"

"Heah us is, ain't I?"

Willie Webster, the proprietor of the establishment, came forward.

"Don' see no arms an' no laigs missin'. Yo' neveh used yo' haid nohow 'ceptin' to eat wid. Boy, how is you? Hail, de konkrin' hero!"

"Tol'able, Willie."

The konkrin' hero looked about him. At a table against the wall under the rays of a smoky coal-oil lamp a crap game was in progress.

The Wildcat's fingers began to itch. He walked over toward the table. In the outline of one of the figures standing beside the table the Wildcat identified an acquaintance of his former days.

"Seems like I knows de shape 'at boy's got." The Wildcat edged up to the table.

The owner of the familiar silhouette faced the Wildcat.

"Wilecat, how is you? Hot dam boy—is you back?"

Honey Tone Boone, the exile uplifter, was quick to conceal the inconvenient recognition in the extended palm of cordial insincerity.

The Wildcat's mouth opened and closed in cadence with the wild leaping of his Adam's apple. With difficulty he pacified his organs of speech and presently the honey of hypocrisy filtered from the tip of his tongue:

"Honey Tone! Honey Tone, de uplifteh! Las' time I seed yo' yo' wuz in Bo'deaux."

"Las' time you seed me I wuz in trouble."

"How come?" A mask of surprise covered the Wildcat's face.

Honey Tone explained the method of his departure from Bordeaux.

"You penned up in de gizzard of de ol' iron boat! Ain't it s'prisin'? Us boys sho' missed you."

Honey Tone relapsed into the vernacular. "I'll say 'at's all you missed. Afteh you made de las' pass wid de gallopin' ivory you sho' lef' me clean. All I had on me wuz cooties. How come you heah, Wilecat?"

"Cap'n Jack brung me. Ise still workin' fo' Cap'n Jack. Afteh us landed offen de boat f'm France us rode de train clear acroes de country. Jes' broke loose f'm de Army in time to keep f'm gittin' sent to Russia—place whah dey bury you. What you doin' heah?"

Honey Tone evaded a direct answer.

"How's all de rest of de boys?"

"Ain't seed 'em. Me an' Cap'n Jack come back casual."

"Where at's he now?"

"Livin' heah. Memphis is de cap'n's home town. Us jus' got in heah yes'day. F'm now on I works fo' Cap'n Jack. Ain't much to do an' cap'n's lady sho' foun' a good cook. I aims to eat heavy f'm now on to ketch up wid whut I missed in de Army. Whut is you doin' 'sides lookin' fo' easy money?"

Honey Tone, the ex-uplifter, was silent for a minute, and then his organizing instinct welled strong.

"Me? Ise organizin' a returned-heroes' parade. Us konkrin' heroes what wore de army unifawm jines in de gran' ruckus."

"Sho! Honey Tone, whut yo' mean, army unifawm? You was 'fested wid letheh straps an' uppity talk when I knowed you fust. Now you talks plain niggeh."

"Sounds more homelike."

Honey Tone did not feel constrained to explain the finesse which prompted him to abandon the vocabulary which he had derived from a year's schooling and considerable subsequent speech making.

"Afteh de parade mebbe us organizes de Colored Militarriers of America. Ise been ponderin' considerable how come some of you ain't started dat lodge yit? Dues a dollah a month. Parades fo' baptizin's, marryin's and funerals. Special buryin' department whah you gits crematized or secluded in de ground as you prefers, dependin' whether you pays fo' bits a week extra or not."

"Sounds half gran'—mebbe folks takes up wid it. Ol' parade sho' sounds noble."

In common with other overseas veterans, the Wildcat listened strong to the appeal made by the jingling hardware of heroism. He had visions of himself prancin' along where white folks could look at him, in an O. D. uniform plentifully festooned with wound stripes, colored ribbons, service chevrons and a few decorative military crosses.

The group about the crap table thinned out. The Wildcat picked up the dice.

"Does you crave high life, Honey Tone, read a chapteh f'm de clickers."

"I might ride a couple of r'ars."

The Wildcat produced a bulky roll. Several pairs of gleaming eyeballs about him testified to the exceptional dimensions of his capital.

To the Wildcat's surprise Honey Tone hauled out a wallet in which lay a thick package of twenty-dollar bills. Hope burned strong in the Wildcat's chest and with the flame of hope the Wildcat warmed the dice within his hand.

"Shoots ten dollahs. Fade me, Honey Tone, does you crave action."

"You's faded."

"Wham! Ah lets it lay. Shoots twenty dollahs."

"Roll 'em." Honey Tone dropped a twenty-dollar bill, which landed as gently as a snowflake on the green surface of the table.

"Bam! Five an' a deuce." Under the heat of the Wildcat's luck the uplifter's green snowflake melted into his opponent's roll.

"Ah lets it lay. Shoots fo'ty. Fo'ty ways. Shower down, Honey Tone. Mah luck builds homes fo' de ignorant poor. Ise got de musk smell. Bam! Land, little dove of peace. Land wid yo' bill full of greens. An' I reads fo' tray!"

The Wildcat gathered in his winnings. He laid a twenty-dollar bill on the green table. "Fade me, is you frantic."

Honey Tone covered the bet.

(Continued on Page 72)

"Stan' Back! Ah Aims to Trample 'at Snake in de Dust!"

QUEEN SILK

By EDWARD H. SMITH

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN

IN THE summer mornings the lady of Si-ling went daintily among the mulberries in her gardens by the treacherous river. In the delicate sunlight she watched the avid si feeding on the leaves. She saw the white larvæ of her dun moths at their slow revolutions, winding cocoons from their shining filaments. In the afternoons the lady of the silkworms sat in the shade with her singing girls and taught them to manipulate the loom which she had invented. Slowly, with divine patience, they wrought the unraveled cocoons of the si pupa into fabrics soft as petals.

All this was very long ago—some 2640 years before Bethlehem, if the ancient Cathayan records have any value. The celebrated wife of the great if legendary Hwang-ti, the Yellow Emperor, could have had no notion of what she was beginning in her groves by the river Hwang-ho. She could have had no foresense of the emperors and slaves to be lured, of the blood to be shed, of the golden heads to fall, caught in the shimmering tresses of the siren silk. She had no vision of the epic of industry, of adventure, of crime to be written about the frail weaves of her handmaidens. She could not have foreseen her dilettante rearing of the *Bombyx mori* erected into perhaps the foremost concern of Eastern husbandry or her playful weaving of strips of shining stuffs grown into an industry producing annually billions of dollars. The silk queen of prehistoric China never dreamed of the splendors and miseries of the modern American queen, Silk.

If we have had King Cotton and King Corn in the past we have an indubitable Queen Silk to-day, royal by the vastness of her growth, the fullness of her purse, the richness of her history. She enjoys an opulent regency in the world of fabrics, an imperial position in industry. Like all modern monarchs she has had to yield much to the democratic spirit, it is true. Silk, which veiled the deathless light at Paphos, and was reserved for the shoulders of Solomon and Cæsar, incases to-day the bulkiest proletarian ankles. Silk, which was rare in the wardrobes of Faustina and Zobeide, is plentiful in the dresser drawers of the waitress and the stenographer.

All the seas are spotted with bottoms bearing the fine strands of the Bombyx to looms and mills at all the ends of the earth. Millions of industrious human beings are supported by silk. Millions are wearing silk, against thousands a few generations past. Long ago the value of the world's silk manufactures doubled the returns from the linen industry. To-day silk is fast gaining on wool as a staple fabric. The world's wool values, which were about two and one-half times as great as silk in 1913, are said to be only one and one-half times as large to-day. Only cotton retains its great lead.

The May Slump in the Silk Market

THE reasons for the rapid growth in the popularity of silk are not easy to set down. The figures on this growth, however, are at hand. They are worth the attention of everyone who wears clothing. In 1874 the United States passed permanently the million-pound mark in the importation of raw silk, the staple form for import. In that year 1,101,681 pounds were brought into the country, valued at $4,504,306. In 1914 the imports of raw silk were 26,030,925 pounds, worth $80,531,785. But in 1919 there were brought into the country 44,816,918 pounds of the stuff, with a valuation of $329,338,872.

Thus, in forty-five years, the amount of silk imported has grown forty-four times as great and the value of this import has multiplied itself by about seventy-three. As compared with 1914, before war conditions supervened, the quantity has increased eighty per cent, and the value has quadrupled. On these figures a pound of raw silk at import valuation was worth about four dollars in 1874, a little more than three dollars in 1914 and something less than eight dollars in 1919.

These figures become more surprising when reduced to the terms of the American market, which comes a good deal nearer the consumer's purse. As recently as the spring of 1918, when there was already a great cry about the inflation in silk prices, a bale of raw silk containing the standard quantity of 130 pounds was worth about a thousand dollars, and the pound price was roughly $7.50. In March, 1920, silk reached its apex when bales of the raw material brought $2300 each—nearly eighteen dollars a pound. In May of this year, owing to the financial panic in Japan, the chief exporter of silk to the United States, there was a dizzy drop to twelve dollars a pound, but this decline was looked upon as temporary, and silk merchants everywhere were stocking up and predicting the twenty-five-dollar silk shirt as a possibility of to-morrow.

Yet the buying and wearing of silk and the use of silken fabrics in garments where cotton was formerly thought good enough went forward at the merry pace set at the beginning of the war, and accelerated from time to time since. This demand for silk was reflected emphatically in the growth of the worth of the silk industry in the United States within five years. Just before the war the total value of silk manufactures in this country was about $280,000,000. In 1919 it was in the neighborhood of $875,000,000 and threatening to pass the billion-dollar mark this year.

These figures are supplied by the Silk Association of America, in New York, and many of the facts and relations which follow come from Mr. J. J. Hamil, head of the investigating force of the Silk Association.

What these leaps in the price of and demand for silk have meant to the abject ultimate consumer is known to every woman and many men. Crêpe de Chine has risen from an old range of prices of $1.25 to two dollars to the present range between $2.75 and four dollars. Satins, brocades and taffetas have suffered similar inflations. A man's silk shirt costing from three to six dollars before the war is now priced at from $7.50 to eighteen dollars. The best grade of silk hose for women cost twelve dollars a dozen at manufacturers' prices before the war. To-day they command twenty-eight dollars. Such stockings brought two dollars a pair at high retail price in 1914. To-day one pays four to five dollars for them. These prices refer to the best grade of plain standard hose in popular colors. Fancy stockings are literally out of sight. There are no pre-war prices wherewith to compare the extravagant stocking weaves of to-day.

Yet we are using twice as much silk in 1920 as in 1914!

Back in 1916, when silk garments started to climb the scale at rapid strides, we began to hear the patent explanation that there was a great shortage due to the diversion of ships from the Pacific for war purposes. There were no bottoms to carry the material to this country. This was a popular and satisfactory explanation. We liked to think that we were going short of silk so that Japanese and British ships could be sent into the Atlantic to defeat the submarines. Alas, like so many other explanations perhaps rightfully given the public at that time, the shortage of bottoms for silk carrying was an illusion. The amount of silk brought into the country leaped from the 26,000,000 pounds of 1914 to nearly 34,000,000 pounds in 1916 and nearly 35,000,000 in 1917, the year this country went to the battle fields. The Japanese saw to it that their war fervor didn't leave them without the carriers for their silk, which was rising steadily in export price. Yet there was undoubtedly a shortage of silk in this country, a fact demonstrated by the jump to nearly 45,000,000 pounds of imported raw silk for 1919, as against only 34,000,000 pounds the year before. The fact seems to be that there was no shortage of ships compared to pre-war requirements, but that the demand for silk had grown so rapidly in this country that even an increased shipment of thirty-three per cent left us still crying for the threads of the busy Bombyx.

I am told this shortage persists in spite of the war's close, the return to trade of numbers of ships, and an importation of silk for 1920 expected to register a thirty per cent increase over 1919.

Queen Silk is on her throne hard and fast.

Prices Boosted by Easy Money

THERE are, to be sure, many forces besides mere inflated demand behind the skyrocketing of silk prices. There is a shortage in production. France's output, which was considerable before the war, is greatly reduced through the neglect of five years, and is only slowly recovering. Italy, which has been the most important silk grower in the Occident, also suffered heavily through the war and is just beginning to send silk across the seas again, so far in small amounts. In China and Japan the increased production has not kept step with the risen demand and the fallen supplies in other countries. Again, labor has made its claims and taken its increased wages in Japan as elsewhere. This risen cost in a country where ninety per cent of our silk originates is reflected in the price we must pay. In America the wages in the silk mills are said to have risen 125 per cent. Garment makers have got, I am told, even larger additions to their pre-war pay. All these things are reflected in the toll Queen Silk is collecting—not to speak of the always suspect profiteer.

Yet when we come down to essentials as regards the situation in this country the truth is that the spending orgy has as much bearing on the prices as anything. There is too much money in circulation, too little economy in use. The mechanic thinks he must have silk shirts, and his wife silken frocks. They do not wear so well as woolen

or cotton garments; frequently they do not look so well. But silk is fashionable; there is an impression that the rich and the aristocratic wear it exclusively. So the tradesman or workman must exhibit himself in the tissues of plutocracy. Such vanities must be paid for. And they must be paid for in more than the actual outlay of money.

Whenever any product of the earth or of human manufacture becomes scarce and high in price the criminal is at once attracted to it. Silk, grown expensive and hard to get, is readily convertible into cash—frequently with no questions asked. As a result there has grown up about the handling and transportation of silk a vast criminal activity, confined to no special quarter of the world but operating in highest perfection and productiveness to the lawbreaker in the United States. Here is a genuine criminal romance of the largest proportions, for the lawless operations against silk are of no common order.

In one morning's newspapers I find a cablegram from London describing the workings of an international conspiracy to rob ships at their points of loading and unloading. Ports as far apart as Sydney, Hong-Kong, Nagasaki, Yokohama, London, Liverpool, San Francisco and New York report the operations of these wharf and vessel thieves and burglars. Their chief loot is silk.

In New York a raid carried on against a suburban roadhouse, supposedly in disuse since prohibition has made many such places unprofitable, yielded the detectives of the New York Central Railroad a recovery of $218,000 worth of stolen silk in one haul. This raw fiber had been stolen from the cars and unloading piers of the railroad company in New York in the course of a few weeks—apparently by an organized gang of thieves and fences.

What Insurance People Say

IN THE same weeks the lofts and storage houses of New York silk merchants and manufacturers were burglarized in no less than nine instances and fabrics of an unofficially announced value of $150,000 were taken by the felons.

On one memorable night a gang of thieves backed a big truck up to a full freight car standing in the yards on the Jersey side of the river opposite New York and broke into the car, getting away cleanly with $125,000 worth of the raw silk. Again, an impetuous detective announced in local newspapers that the town police were in collusion with the silk robbers and that he was about to expose them.

These are sporadic instances. They are part of the greatly ramified story of modern silk robbery, of a wave of crime that has risen on the crest of the uptide in silk use and silk costs.

According to Mr. Hamil, the losses to various types of silk thieves, robbers and bandits in the New York district in 1919 reached about $3,000,000. This includes all the forms of silk and the numerous ways of its criminal procurement, but it refers to the New York district only. Just what that means will appear.

On the other hand, Mr. Russell A. Algire, one of the leading authorities among insurance men, tells me that the loss from lofts, storehouses and factories alone, but inclusive of the whole United States, was more than $3,000,000 in 1919. This figure restricts itself practically to cases of burglary—breaking into locked places. It excludes all the silk stolen from ships, piers, railroad cars, depots and from horse and motor trucks in the course of local or short-haul transport. Both these figures may be taken as authoritative and conservative.

It will be seen, however, that neither includes the whole toll taken by the criminals. If, as Mr. Algire says—with sufficient statistical backing, I feel sure—there was a loss in the country of $3,000,000 to the silk burglars alone, the total must be placed at not less than $5,000,000, for the stealings from the railroads have been staggering, and those from trucks and wharves perhaps as great.

This situation may not seem to be out of hand when it is remembered that the import value alone of our 1919 silk quota was about $330,000,000, making a loss of less than two per cent on this basis. But there is a very serious problem to be faced here, and one that the utmost exertions of the public and private police have not yet mastered. The New York district losses to silk thieves for 1918 were less than $2,000,000, according to Mr. Hamil. Just before the war the annual stealage was less than $500,000. In those days the police and other protective systems used by the public, the railroads, the insurance companies, the silk men and others were slight and simple. To-day the most expensive and complicated protective measures are being employed. Yet the stealage has multiplied six or seven times in five years. It jumped up about $1,125,000 in 1919 for the New York district alone—and the end is not in sight.

As a result of these augmenting attacks on the industry the insurance rates on silk in its various stages of preparation have been forced up to unprecedented levels. The merchants and manufacturers tell me that it now costs twice as much to insure $10,000 worth of silk, let us say, as it did in the days before the war.

Inquiry among the insurance companies disclosed an interesting situation as regards coverage against silk burglaries. My informants were free to say that the rates for insuring $10,000 worth of silk are now practically twice as high as they were five years ago. This is, however, a formal or theoretical figure. Before silk began to climb to high values and silk burglary became common, this material was taken at risk without much formality, and policies were written on silk stored in lofts and factories where there was no protective system employed. To-day all insurance companies demand that watchmen be employed on premises where valuable stores of the material are kept and that burglar-alarm systems be installed. Where this is done the rate is now only about twenty-five per cent higher than in 1914. Where this is not done the rate is actually twice as high, but the rate is a mere figure, for the insurance people will not take such risks under present conditions.

The silk man naturally counters with the argument that the installation of a burglar-alarm system and the employment of a watchman are costly, and must be added to the price he pays for insurance against burglars. Thinking it all over, he argues that it now costs him more than twice as much as formerly to protect his goods.

The insurance companies add another interesting detail. Before the war a policy covering such a loss as $50,000 was unknown. But when silk became doubly and trebly valuable and when the business of merchants and manufacturers expanded, necessitating greater stocks of the material, such risks became common, and coverage is now often issued in amounts of $75,000 and $100,000. Here a contradictory state of affairs appears. It would have cost one-third more to insure $50,000 worth of silk in 1914, with the lofts and factories in the condition common to that period, than it costs to-day to cover a similar amount of the stuff kept in places equipped with the protective devices now demanded. These facts give the present situation considerable illumination.

Silk robbing is no new thing. It wears the glamour of a history as long and bloody and various as that of gold itself. There was a day when Roman emperors paid more than gold weight for the precious fabrics of China, which had come to Europe first with the returning armies of Alexander—spoils of prostrate Persia and India. In the later day of Justinian, silk was weighed opposite gold coins. These enormous values brought crowned heads and yoked necks to the ranks of criminals who operated against the law of silk. It was an early emperor of Japan who personally organized the robber raid through Korea into China, by means of which the silkworm and some Chinese girls adept in sericulture were stolen and taken to Nippon. Justinian, tired of paying the great prices demanded by those who smuggled silk out of China at the risk of their heads, induced two Christian monks, on missionary assignment to Cathay, to bring back across the deserts and wastes of Central Asia a few of the precious eggs of the *Bombyx mori*, which the holy men concealed in the hollows of bamboo staffs. And early Chinese history and legend are red with the records of unfortunate lawbreakers who were caught trying to smuggle the si and its eggs into the valley of the Brahmaputra, and paid for their indiscretions with their blood. Some of the cruelest of those picturesque Chinese modes of execution were devised to discourage the men and women who sought to grow rich by stealing the silk makers and silk secrets from the Celestial Empire. Harun-al-Rashid had to send armies to guard the caravan routes from Persia against Bedouin silk brigands.

It is something to the credit of lawbreaking that those Bombyx eggs, stolen from China at the behest of Justinian, produced the parent stock of moths from which European silkworms and sericulture sprang. In Greece and Asia Minor the silk industry was already in a flourishing condition in the seventh century. In the twelfth century the Bombyx and its necessary mulberry tree were beginning to be reared in Italy, and by the fifteenth cycle of our era France, too, was in the field. The silkworm and its culture came to America in the early days of the Virginia colony, when many unhappy adventurers were lured to the new province of King James by glowing pictures of the wondrous silk plantations, which never flourished. To this day this stage of silk production has not made any measurable growth in this country.

Silk as Good as Gold

IN ALL its wanderings over the world the innocent si and its gossamer thread have been followed by the thief, the robber, the brigand, the assassin and the official headsman. For long nothing was so prized by the expert at theft as cash, gold, jewels, silk—in the order named. But silk is at the moment easier to dispose of than gold or jewels in any considerable quantity, and a larger percentage of its true value may be expected by the thief. On the other hand, silk is, to be sure, bulkier and harder to handle than gold or jewels. From the viewpoint of the criminal these advantages and disadvantages compensate, so that silk is just as desirable loot as gold and jewels or precious stones.

To understand the adventurous feats of the silk thieves of to-day it is necessary to know how the material is shipped and handled and something of the points of attack chosen by the felons. Ninety per cent of all the silk that comes to America is Japanese in origin. China sends nearly all the rest and is beginning to swell her exports of this material. A very little is beginning to come from Italy. All other supplies are utterly negligible at present. Thus about ninety-nine per cent of the silk comes from the Orient to our Pacific Coast ports in tramp ships or the holds of liners. Occasionally shipments reach New York directly by water, but again the quantity received in this way is minimal. On the Pacific Coast the silk is unloaded at the docks and there placed on freight cars for shipment to the East. Nearly all this is in the shape of

(Continued on Page 165)

HE NEEDED THE MONEY

He Knew President Harding of the Fabricators' National Quite Well—Had Played Golf With Him Once or Twice

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IT WAS shortly after eleven in the forenoon when the door of the Old Man's private office opened and Wallace Pollister came out. The men and girls at their desks in the main office—at least those who paid attention to the comings and goings about them—observed that Mr. Pollister's face wore an unmistakable expression of self-congratulation.

"Bet the Old Man's raised Polly's pay," mumbled Rosy Gilkins to another stenographer. "Lookut um!"

"Hope for us all, maybe," rejoined the neighbor. "Mr. Pollister's swell, I think—dontchu?"

"You said ut! He's a reg'lar guy! You said a toothful!"

The reg'lar guy passed on between the close-set desks of the Kronork Knitting Company's busy office staff. As he did so he nodded a trifle grandly. One would have thought Mr. Pollister not less than a third, or perhaps a second, vice president of the corporation—that is, unless one knew the concern had only a single vice president—and very vice at that.

P. J. Kronin was head of Kronork Knitting and by far its largest stockholder. The explanation for the latter half of its spell-it-backward-or-forward, trade-mark-registered U.-S.-Pat.-Off. name, was, or had been, Charles Orknee. But Charles Orknee was now somewhere on the Pacific Coast selling the jewelry trade a line of plated novelties, hat pins, imitation pearls and loose synthetic stones. Only the first syllable of his name remained an asset of the knitting concern he and P. J. had founded five years back.

P. J. had bought him out, half name and all, for reasons which have nothing to do with this story.

This is about the last thing the Old Man, who wasn't really much older than Wallace Pollister himself, had said to his head salesman at the finish of the interview just terminated:

"You dig up your three thousand, and do it lively. Here is a big chance, Polly—you know it. You've sold Kronork goods enough to appreciate how we stand with the trade and what our future is with a bit of extra capital. I'm not asking you boys for much"—P. J. had his nerve! Boys! They had nearly all started in with Kronork Knitting when it was formed—"and I don't need to tell you I value your ability more than your money. But I figure a man's heart is where his capital is, even if it's not a heavy investment.

"You've been getting more salary than the others, but I don't ask you to put in any more. Just three thousand; and the way I figure, that will be worth a good-sized fortune in another five years. With the kind of a bunch we've got working day and night there isn't anything can stop us. So run along, Polly, and unearth the old sock. We want to get this reorganization thing cleaned up."

That was why Wallace Pollister, walking jauntily between two close-set rows of desks, had nodded with the air of at least a second vice president.

He left the Kronork offices and went down Main Street, bowing to many of those he met. He was well known in that small but growing industrial city, a popular man whose self-esteem was not inconsiderable, though indorsed by the liking of his fellow townsmen. People invariably referred to Wallace as a mighty nice chap. Oh, no heavyweight, to be sure, but a good fellow, yes indeed.

He was forty-five and didn't look a day more than forty-four and a half. In fact when he was feeling right—and he did feel right as a result of his interview with P. J.—he might easily have been taken for forty. He looked like a man who had lived a clean life. His eye sparkled with alertness, his color was good, his back straight and his step brisk; he wore good clothes. Of course you should dress well when you are selling merchandise. You are all your customer knows, in a personal way, of your house. He may wear a blue serge seven years old and a pair of congress gaiters not nearly so shiny as the elbows of his coat; he may have a hundred-thousand-dollar stock of goods, enjoy practically unlimited borrowing privileges at his local banks and smoke five-cent cigars; he may even disapprove of pearl-gray spats and silk shirts costing fifteen dollars each; but he surely does get the impression that your concern is a live one from the freshly pressed condition of your suit and the dewy carnation in your buttonhole.

He Never Knew Wallace to Own Anything But the Clothes on His Back

Besides, though some men can work day in and day out in trousers so shaped at the knees that their owners always look as if just about to jump, and still make money, others are temperamentally unfitted to fitless mufti. Wallace Pollister was one of the latter.

"Well, Wally-polly," he was saying to himself in a manner quite kittenish for a man who didn't look a day more than thirty-five, "now's your chance to show you are a real salesman. You've got to sell yourself, Wally-polly. You've made the stony-hearted eggs back in the bushes buy Kronork knit goods in bales and bundles. Now let's see you persuade the native princes of finance to dive for the dotted line."

Running up the steps of the Fabricators' National Bank, Wallace Pollister was full of pep and confidence. He knew President Harding of the Fabricators' National quite well—had played golf with him once or twice. Harding would be mighty glad to hear the news of Pollister's opportunity. The salesman hadn't the least doubt of his ability to sell Harding. Polly didn't feel a day more than thirty, and you know a man is only as old ——

"Morning, Mr. Pollister."

"Hello, Mr. Harding."

Pollister had reached the mahogany rail at the rear of the banking rooms behind which sat the officers of the institution. That was the way with modern banks, Polly had observed—no remote private rooms where you penetrate only if you have the courage and persistency of a Peary; everything in plain sight, the president's desk just as accessible as that of any clerk.

"Want to see me, Pollister? Step inside, won't you?"

The salesman took the chair alongside Harding's desk.

"Yes, I did have a little matter of business I wanted to talk over with you. We're starting a reorganization up at the factory."

"You don't say"—very politely. "You have a nice business, if—er—conservatively managed."

"That's right, Mr. Harding. It's a business with a peach of a future too. I believe we have an account here."

"Yes, Kronin has done his banking with us since he started. A rather capable man, I should say."

"P. J.? He's a wonder. A fine man and square as a die. And very farseeing too. Oh, there's no doubt about the future of our business, Mr. Harding. And that's what I'm here to talk about."

"So I guessed."

"You notice, I speak of Kronork as 'we' and 'our.' Get me?"

"Oh, you mean ——"

"Sure! P. J. and I just fixed it up. He wants me to be a director, possibly an officer. Then there'll be seven or eight besides me who are to have stock—men Kronin has faith in, all inside the plant—like Jake Kindred and Appleton Price and Mike Harrigan and the two Scott boys—workers, you know, and bound up in their jobs. That's P. J.'s idea—to give us wheel horses a chance to grow with the concern and share the profits. I've been there since the beginning, and I don't believe any other man has had so much to do with the success of Kronork knit goods, unless it's P. J. himself. Of course I don't mean to brag, Mr. Harding, but ——"

"You say Mr. Kronin is making you and some others stockholders? A very good idea. How much stock is he retaining himself?"

"Oh, he keeps control of course—anyhow for the present. But you know how it is—a controlling owner can't put much of anything over on the minority when they're all good men, insiders, and familiar with the business."

"No-o-o," agreed Mr. Harding in a tone implying judicial reservation. "Is the reorganized company going to require additional capital?"

"Enough shares are to be voted out of the treasury so we new stockholders can take up three thousand dollars' worth apiece. Naturally with a business growing as fast as ours we can use a few thousands of liquid capital."

Wallace Pollister liked the sound of that expression—liquid capital. What he knew about the technicalities of finance would never have hurt his eye, but he had now visualized himself in the status of a capitalist. He was going to do business with a bank—something he had never done in the past, excepting the management of a checking account of erratic dimensions and shrinking disposition.

"We hear pretty fair reports of the Kronork company," Harding informed him, "but it's a young enterprise. Though it has shown signs of healthy growth, it has seemed to us Mr. Kronin was rather cramped for capital. A few extra thousand will help; and of course the staunchness of the company's personnel doesn't hurt it with the banks."

"Well, I should say not; and an established connection with a successful house like Kronork isn't exactly what you'd call a black eye for the individual, eh, Mr. Harding? That's the kind of chaps the banks like to do business with, I guess you'll agree."

"Well, h'm!" remarked the president. "That would depend on the kind of business and the standing of the individual."

"Oh, sure, sure, Mr. Harding! That's why I dropped in this morning. I want a little loan. I've never borrowed any money from this bank, or any other, and I have to confess I'm a trifle green about the—er—formalities."

"About how much do you want to borrow, Mr. Pollister?"

Right at this point the confidence of Wallace Pollister began to wabble. The bank president's simple question, simply put, embarrassed the salesman who had been up against some of the hardest-boiled dry-goods merchants between two coasts. But Pollister still strove to retain his jauntiness.

"Why, I'd like three thousand dollars, Mr. Harding, if you have it handy."

"H'm! Is this for the purpose of investing in Kronork Knitting Company stock?"

"Certainly."

"I'm a little doubtful in that case."

"But I'd be perfectly willing to put up the shares as collateral. They're as good as government bonds. Company cleared over forty per cent on its outstanding capital stock last year—oh, of course that wasn't all divided. Most of it went back into the business. We're not the biggest in the field, to be sure, but we aren't exactly pygmies either. You've got to hand it to P. J. He's a wonder."

"Mr. Kronin is, as I said, a very capable man. I believe in him. But Kronork is, or has been to date, a one-man organization. Kronin has been the whole thing. If anything happened to him the concern would hardly survive: that is, we so believe in banking circles here in town. But for all that, the banks have been more than liberal with Kronin—more than liberal. We have faith in his squareness and ability, and we have at times allowed him to go pretty far. I've felt he was overextended more than once, Pollister. Still that's nothing conclusive. A man who doesn't use his borrowing capacity is making a mistake, and Kronin has pulled out each time—and, I suppose, with a profit."

"That's exactly my idea, too, Mr. Harding. Now I've never borrowed money from banks, so I have to come here to make good with you before you can see the advisability of ——"

"Haven't you any collateral, Mr. Pollister, other than this Kronork stock?"

Pollister shook his head. He was perspiring gently, and not quite so sure that he approved of this rather public way bank presidents had of meeting their customers—where everyone could see you and probably guess what you were after.

"Has your wife any property? Do you own your home, or does Mrs. Pollister own it?"

Another negative.

"I never believed in owning a house, Mr. Harding. It's always seemed better to rent. You don't get stuck in one place, you're not bothered with taxes or insurance or repairs, and you don't have a mortgage to worry about."

Harding nodded in a dismissing kind of way as if he knew all about that, and anyhow Polly's excuses for not owning a home didn't interest him. The fact was, Pollister owned nothing, and reasons why were quite superfluous.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pollister, but I'm sure my directors wouldn't consider a strictly personal loan to you unless secured by better collateral than Kronork stock. Perhaps some of your friends would consider it; I know you have a

(Continued on Page 177)

"Could You Spare Me a Couple of Hundred?" "Wait One-a Minute—Half-a Cash, Half-a Check?"

EARLY GEORGIAN

Confessions of a Newly Rich

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Stepping Rapidly Toward the Rear of the Shop He Engaged in Low Conversation With a Piratical-Looking Personage

HUMAN beings are divided into two classes: Those who believe in luck and those who do not. Those who do not are mostly those who never had any. Having luck is like being bit by a rattlesnake—when it comes you know it, though previously you may not have thought that it looked at all like a good day for snakes. It is impossible for anyone to travel nowadays and to classify the occupants of drawing-rooms and bridal suites without believing in luck. It is luck if you get a berth.

But why press a painful topic? When it comes to that, you can prove the proposition absolutely in the privacy of your own apartment if you have a telephone—it is nothing but luck if you ever get your right number. There even may be other and special reasons in your own case for being positive that such a thing as a goddess of fortune does exist, and that she is blind in one eye. Let me adduce such an instance.

Everyone knows that in a broker's office there are tickets of two colors, one white and the other pale pink. If you write your name on one color you are asking your broker—who is your warm personal friend and always wants to see you win—to buy for you 1000 New Jersey and Oklahoma Aërated Oil at 86¾. If you had written the same thing on the pale-pink slip you would be ordering him to sell just that many shares. It is very simple when you get the hang of it. If you are color blind you have a chance. Otherwise you have no chance at all. The broker has the best chance, either color you pick.

The Family Pig as a Silversmith

I HAD word from a friend who is close to headquarters in New Jersey and Oklahoma Aërated Oil to get on board for 1000—you know what that means. I concluded that I would like to join the ranks of those who have attained affluence, so strolled into my broker's office and casually reached out for one of those slips that always lie on the window ledge. I wrote it out all in plain figures. What I intended to have him do was to buy me $1000 worth of that oil, I having sold $1250 of Liberty Bonds.

I may have been careless about the little point which marks off the dollars and cents. The broker always said I ordered him to sell 10,000 shares. I never quite understood what really happened. I must have written on the wrong color of paper. Anyhow they did not send me any of those green folded papers which go in a box, but instead sent me a check for $16,752.80. I pondered on it for some time—this being the first time they had ever sent a check and had not asked me to send them one—and I figured it out that I ought to have had $167,528. However, such things as figures mean little today, when exchange is so jumpy, and I did not want to haggle over a small thing with my broker, who is a very fine man, so I resolved to cash his check, because evidently through my piece of luck in writing on the wrong color of paper I had made that much money and had not lost it. I hated to give them the earlier stock certificates in New Jersey and Oklahoma Aërated Oil which I already had, but Willy Lou said not to mind, because they probably had preserved the negative. The price of the stock in two days fell on the curb to 2⅜. The next day after that I think it went in under the curb. I never have heard from it since.

But now having made all this money against our will, it did not seem right to Willy Lou and me that we should keep all of it. Nobody keeps money now—it isn't being done. So the question was, how should we spend this money which we had achieved or had thrust upon us?

Willy Lou thought that we had about everything we needed except some early Georgian silver. At her woman's club she was advised that early Georgian silver was being done by the best people, and that those who did not go in for it were rather impossible. So we concluded to go in for early Georgian, because as nearly as we could learn most of our wedding presents were not early Georgian but sadly late Victorian, all except the spoons, which had come down from Willy Lou's grandmother.

These spoons, of which we had inherited six, are quite all right, with the exception of one. You would not think that a young and immature pig could bite so hard. One time an impulsive hired girl, in the day when there were hired girls and not second maids, casually threw this spoon out in the dishwater into the pail of cereals, condiments, carbohydrates and proteins from which we were accustomed to feed the family pig. The latter did his best to eat the spoon, but practically failed. We found it later on, and preserved it on account of caring for grandmother so much. We always valued this spoon a great deal more after Prof. Robert Hazelton, who writes books on porcelains, silver, antiques and that sort of thing, told us that he thought it one of the best examples of early Georgian he had ever seen in the Middle West. We re-christened the family pig after that. He lived to a ripe old age, and when properly ripe we gathered him.

At least, one thing with another, Willy Lou and I drifted into early Georgian this year. We had already drifted into cars, rugs, mahogany and several other lines when fortune transiently, temporarily or momentarily had turned her blind eye on us.

I recalled that Aunt Lucretia, a relative of ours, once spoke of some early Georgian pieces which she had owned. Some of them she had bought for $2.98, others for $1.49. She was always great for finding things in rummage sales. It therefore seemed to me that the accumulation of Georgian silver would be simple and inexpensive as a pastime.

What the Hall-Marks Mean

AUNT LUCRETIA was one of the sort that always gets things cheap, but Willy Lou says that when we do it is by accident. Of course I paid no attention to Willy Lou's talk about her Aunt Lucretia. On the contrary, for sixteen dollars I bought a book on early English silver which was made up exclusively of pictures of things owned by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, the Metropolitan Museum and the South Kensington Museum. It gives one a line on the game to look at these things, without which no book on antiques could be printed with any chance of success.

I was told by Prof. Robert Hazelton that in buying old silver it is desirable to get the sort that has funny little curly marks stamped into it, mostly on the back, the bottom or the handle. He said these things were called hall-marks, and meant that the silver was imported and not made in Germany, Belgium or America. Also he said that I ought to get posted on hall-marks, so for twenty dollars I bought another book which had more than 5000 little pictures in it. I would much rather learn the Chinese written language than tackle the business of remembering all those marks, so I went into it in only a sketchy way.

It seems that George made a great deal of silver in his time, working out in the hall for the better part of a century. Sometimes he would put on it a picture of his own head, but a good many times he would not. If he was working in Ireland he put on a shamrock, and if in Scotland a thistle. If he happened to be at home in

Our Housemaid, Who Is of an Inquisitive Turn of Mind, Had Said She Heard a Sort of Sloshing Sound

London or somewhere he likely enough would stamp in a thing which they called a leopard's head. Then there were a lot of numbers and letters which showed the year when George was working. Of course if you could remember five or six thousand of these things you might get a line on the time when your silver candlestick was finished.

I have never seen any dealer who could not read hall-marks. It is the best thing he does. He may call "ojzy-darr" "objert dee artt," but he can read those curly marks till fare ye well. He is especially good at finding 1763 in all these ideographs. I think that 1763 was one of George's best years. You know there are good years in everything, such as wine in the old times before the war, also in car engines, and in years when artists painted and all that sort of thing. It became my ambition to get a good many things which were made by George in 1763, after I had learned that that was one of his good years.

In order to encourage me in my examination of hall-marks, Willy Lou bought me a magnifying glass like that with which Prof. Robert Hazelton examined the spoon. I am not able to assert that it ever did very much good, for I never yet have been able to guess whether the tooth marks on our early Georgian or the picture first little mark is the head of a leopard of a shamrock. Of course everyone knows that the shamrock is the emblem of Ireland as well as the token or totem of good luck; and yet if you listen to Mr. de Valera and other orators you would think that Ireland has been having harder luck than anybody. This is simply one of the complications of the game. Early Georgian really has bridge whist beat by a mile for intellectual intensity.

We entered upon our campaign with an education practically self-made, so naturally we felt a little cautious, because $16,752.80 does not go very far in anything these days. One day while we were standing undecided about a cake basket which one of the swellest of swell dealers on the avenue assured us was made in 1763 by King George himself, Willy Lou said: "I wish we could ask Aunt Lucretia about this thing. She would know."

"In these days, my dear, that is perfectly simple," I said. "If we had a ouija board you might ask Aunt Lucretia, and probably she would give you a good tip."

"I have a ouija board here," said the dealer, a gentleman by name of Carolus Marx. "Quite often I consult it of evenings when anxious to learn the future price of laundresses. If you care to use it you are quite welcome, and if you care for assistance I must say that I have gained a certain facility of my own in my frequent experiences.

"You place your hands alongside mine, just the tips of the fingers resting lightly upon the surface of the upper plane."

We did as requested, and almost at once the moving finger began to write.

"Look at it go!" exclaimed Willy Lou. "Ask it something quick! I'll tell you—ask it if Aunt Lucretia recommends us to buy early Georgian!"

The Earliest of Early Georgian

AT THIS question I distinctly felt a motion beneath my finger tips. I was positive that the control or the spirits or Mrs. Ouija herself was acting directly upon the instrument. After a time it stopped. Mr. Carolus Marx turned the sheet of paper toward us. There, as plainly as you could ask, was written in large and slightly sprawling letters the single word "Yes!"

"It's quite extraordinary," said Mr. Carolus Marx as he put the ouija board back into the show case, "what that strange little instrument will do. I have known it to answer many perplexing questions and to certify many who theretofore had been of a hesitant frame of mind.

"Now in regard to this cake basket," he resumed as he placed it on top of the counter where the ouija board had been.

Well, that is how we got our early Georgian cake basket. We have always found great pride in telling our friends that it was made in 1763, which was one of George's very best years. It cost us only $600, and Willy Lou said we could easily save that much by not buying an early Georgian silver-fox fur, or by doing without a washerwoman a couple of weeks.

When we showed our cake basket to Prof. Robert Hazelton he rather chilled us by remarking that cake baskets were not being done in these times, and pointed out that in our antique silver book there was no picture of a cake basket owned by either Mr. Morgan or Mr. Kensington. He completed our discomfiture by turning the cake basket over and pointing in silent scorn to the inscription on the bottom. I had noticed that the marks here were different from the others I had seen, and now observed the figures 925.

I asked Professor Hazelton what was wrong with the figures 925, but he was so convulsed with sobs that he could not reply. We therefore took the cake basket to Mr. Carolus Marx the next morning and asked him what those figures really meant. He was very gentle and kind, as he always is with a customer.

Our Cake Basket Cost Us Only $600, and Willy Lou Said We Could Easily Save That Much by Not Buying an Early Georgian Silver-Fox Fur, or by Doing Without a Washerwoman a Couple of Weeks

"That, my dear madam," said he to Willy Lou, who really is fine-looking in a way when she has on her new spring hat, which cost $240, "I am surprised that you should ask me. Of course that indicates the year in which the piece was made."

"Is that so?" said Willy Lou. "Nine-two-five from one-seven-six-three is eight-three-eight, isn't it? According to that, this ought to be before 1763, oughtn't it?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Marx.

"Would you mind telling me," I ventured here, "whether the 925 means A. D. or B. C.?"

Mr. Marx did not bat an eye, but replied at once that without doubt or question a cake basket with a patina showing such an age as this one now must have been made 925 B. C.

"Without doubt or question," he added, "this positively is the oldest cake basket we ever had in our house. The date proves it absolutely. You may tell all your friends that you positively have one of the earliest of the early Georgian pieces."

As he said this he had the same air of profound conviction sustained by a campaign orator when he leans forward and declares something without fear of successful contradiction. So what were we going to do when our friends laughed at us about any authentic B. C. George?

Our cake basket became so much a matter of household recrimination between Willy Lou and myself that we resolved to get something else. We went to another store, where we saw displayed in the window six salt shakers with corrugated surfaces, which made part of a general window display placarded "Early English Silver." We did not know this dealer so well, so were very cautious until he showed us the hall-mark on the bottom of one of the salt shakers, which he assured us was 1763.

"I sold the other six of these elegant salt shakers yesterday," said he, "to the wife of a bricklayer at forty-five dollars each. She happened to have only a little loose change with her at the time, but said she would be in to-day for the remainder of the set. If you'd like to have these at fifty dollars each I'm willing to disappoint my earlier customer in order to please a new one."

The Bawbaw Dish

THIS looked reasonable enough to us, so we took the salt shakers, reasoning that we could easily save the price of them by doing without breakfast bacon for a month, and using creosote, or whatever it is, as a substitute for butter when cooking things.

As to the Robert Hazelton person, we have paid no further attention to him since his rude laughter at our salt shakers. He stated that the figures which we saw were 1863, and that if any George made them it must have been George Carpentier. We are disposed to think Mr. Hazelton a very coarse person.

It was not long after this that we went back to our first dealer, because we saw in the window a little contrivance which looked like a baby cake basket, and did not know what it was. Mr. Marx told us that it was a bawbaw dish—that is the way he pronounced it. He assured us that this was a fine old English piece, probably of the time of the second George, and was a very considerable possession for the price named, $87.50.

We enjoyed this piece very much for a time, though we discovered that the handle was loose on one side, so that we carelessly had to pick up the whole business by one edge while passing the bawbaws to a guest after dinner. Only one thing ever led us to doubt the authenticity of this piece. Some burglars got into our house and stole all my 1763 bourbon and six Aunt Lucretia spoons, but left the bawbaw dish standing on the sideboard in plain sight. I told my friend Hazelton about this, and said I thought we had been lucky. He looked at the article for a moment and said he was not so sure about that, adding that expert burglars took only solid silver and left plated things.

We asked Mr. Marx about it, and he told us Sheffield plate articles of the time of the second George, with silver mounts soldered on, were worth as much as the solid silver and sometimes even more.

"Of course you understand," he added, "that Sheffield was rarely if ever marked. You are obliged to know by the patina, and from the general look of the piece, whether it was of the period of the second George or the first George."

"About how many of these Georges were there in all?" asked Willy Lou, who has what seems to me to be an impertinent sort of skepticism at times.

(Continued on Page 126)

THE LITTLE GIRL EVE

By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR FULLER

THE door was opened to us by a slight childish-looking girl in a gingham apron, her thin face set like a delicate new moon in a mass of dusky hair, not curly, but with a cloudy trick of blowing its curved ends against brow and cheek. A work-roughened little hand pushed these back absently as she stood waiting to shut the door behind us. I got but one glimpse of her eyes; after that she looked on the floor.

"Er—uh—Evie"—Homer Dodds shoved past and started for the stair—"Mrs. Dodds not here yet?"

"No, sir. She hasn't got back from the meeting."

Part way up the steps he wheeled with: "Oh—forgot something, didn't I? John, this is our little Evie—Miss Eve Denning. Evie, Mr. John Lamborn. One of our old-timers here." She had already fluttered too far along the hall, kitchenward, for there to be any question of handshaking. I was looking over the banister toward her as Homer finished: "He's come on here from California unexpectedly; just to see Bruce, he says."

"To see Bruce?" The face she raised to us lit up with the words into almost startling loveliness. "Oh, I know who you are now. I—I'm glad you've come." So far on impulse evidently. Now she caught herself back with a scared glance at Homer, and added in a diminished voice as she ran on: "Dinner'll be ready in ten minutes."

The comfortable modern guest room was at the farther end of the upstairs hall; Homer leading the way to it resumed the steady ballyhoo he had maintained all the way up from the depot in his smart roadster: His own high standing in Elkington—this little Iowa town where I was born—his wife's influential position. I hadn't seen Homer's wife since she was Beulah Spence, a holier-than-thou young woman on a jay teachers' excursion out to the Coast nearly twenty years ago. If I'd thought of her since it was to pity her and Homer because, a mature pair, they'd married five or six years back and were, I supposed, trying to keep up a home on the profits of a perishing business; but these surroundings certainly looked prosperous.

"Who was that opened the door to us?" I asked abruptly.

"I've been telling you that Beulah got to be principal of the Seventh Street Grammar." Homer took the answer smoothly in his conversational stride. "This was a girl't went to school to her there from the orphans' home. When we were married we had her bound to us. Evie was a youngster of thirteen then—hardly worth her keep. Now Beulah's trained her till she does every lick of work on the three floors."

"So that puts the kibosh on the servant problem for you, heh?" I commented dryly.

"You said it!" How good Homer's own voice did sound to him! "Wages is a question that's never come up between Evie and us. She's had her home and—everything, for five years now. Anybody in Elkington'll tell you what kind of a home it is."

The eyes of that girl downstairs. Surely no doe with the hounds in full cry after it ever carried a more hunted look than lay in their depths as she raised them fleetingly to middle-aged Homer Dodds. After seeing it I could hardly stand his rant.

I cut him short with: "Beulah sends me leaflets. I know you folks are moral uplifters in your home town. Look out the shoemaker's children don't go unshod—that's the way it usually works with reformers."

"Hunh? Hunh?" He swung round for me to enter the room before him. "Whaddye mean by that, John?" following in.

"Well, what does the saying mean—that they reform everything but their own affairs?"

His shallow brown eyes wavered; his jaw fell a little.

"You're not hitting at me about the store, are you? Why, Johnny, what you call moral uplift and reform is perfectly good business. Maybe you don't know it, but that sort of thing helps a man's credit in bank. I could walk into the First National to-day—any day—and get whatever I needed. On my personal note."

"All right," I said, looking him straight in the eyes as I threw hat and coat on the bed. "That's fine. Things break about right for you, don't they? Where's Bruce?"

"But hold on, Johnny ——"

"Well—can I see him now? Is he at home?"

"Is he at home?" For some reason my question seemed to astonish Homer. "Of course he is! Right down this way." And he led along the hall to a door near the stairhead, one we had passed going to my room. He sounded on it that insulting bump which sometimes, within the membership of families, does duty for a civil rap. "Is Bruce at home? I like that!" He was still chuckling as he threw it open.

I Have Never Seen Anything More Exquisite Than the Tenderness That This Poor Child Showed Toward the Blinded Boy

At first, coming from the broad light, I could hardly make out anything in the long room; then I saw, down at the farther end, a figure sitting before a small heating stove, not reading; near a window, but not looking out of it—just sitting there, motionless.

Homer hailed from the threshold: "Bruce, I'll bet you can't guess who I've brought to see you."

My eyes were getting used to the dimness. The figure turned its head. Silence for a moment, then an odd hushed voice asked: "Well—who is it?"

I can't express the dreariness, the lack of expectation in the query. Where I stood the light from the hall was on my face; but he didn't recognize me. I felt chilled. Though it was eight years since I waved good-by to him, a tall lad of fourteen on the rear platform of an S. P. train in San Francisco, we'd kept up an exchange of photographs, and I thought I should have known him anywhere. But he just sat there facing toward us, inert, indifferent, till Homer bawled my name with factitious heartiness. Then he was on his feet instantly, both hands out. And still he didn't move from his tracks.

"What is it?" I whispered. "Can't he walk?"

"Blind. Stone-blind." Homer pushed me forward. "Thought you knew of course. Wondered what you meant by asking if he was at home. Yes, stone-blind. Can't tell day from night."

The fact that Bruce showed no consciousness of offense in Homer's speech or manner made me angrily aware that he was used to it. I went over and took both those outstretched hands. Twenty-two years old; six feet tall; his muscular, perfectly balanced body held and groomed as the Army teaches them—he was a magnificent-looking fellow; everything here to gore the male vanity of a middle-aged, small-town Adonis like Homer, with his saved-over good looks and prayerfully selected haberdashery; to keep him harping on the boy's one disability with a savagery of which he himself was largely unconscious.

"And this is J. L." Bruce freed one clasp, felt up that arm and patted the shoulder. "Find a chair for yourself, old man. How's the fire? I'm afraid I let it run down. Is it cold outside?"

"Not very." I steadied my voice. "A fine sunny day. They've got you dark as a pocket in here—makes it cheerless."

"No difference to him, you know, John."

But at the look I gave him Homer scuttled across to the window and ran its shade up—crooked. No sun came in; the room was a north one. When Bruce and I were alone at last he didn't wait for me to ask any questions, but began at once quietly:

"The optic nerve. Sight's gone for good. Got to make adjustments to a blind man's way of life. Lord, but I'm glad you're here, J. L.! Homer got me bundled into this room, determined I should live with them, before I realized how staying here—even temporarily—was going to cramp my hand."

"Meaning?"

"The business!" It burst from him like a cry. He leaned forward and groped to touch me. I caught his hand and held it as he repeated: "The business—everything I've got on earth. Ought to be decent—let you get the cinders out of your throat—but I can't think of anything else. Sit here all day long in the dark and figure the thing out in my head. Couldn't see any way—any sort of way—till Homer opened the door there and walked you in. Don't think I'm just a morbid fool—it—I tell you it was like an answer to prayer."

"Weren't you going to send for me?" I demanded, and my voice was husky.

"Thought you were in the Islands still, on that government work."

"So I was," I admitted, "till about a week ago. Well, I'm here now. Want to put me wise to the situation? What's the state of affairs between you and our respected partner?"

There was a tap at the door.

"That's Evie." Bruce's troubled young face cleared suddenly. "Little Eve Denning. She—oh, you met her downstairs? Don't say anything of—this—before her. I'll tell you why later. We'll find some quiet place to talk it over."

The girl Eve came shyly in, scarcely to be recognized as the same who had answered Homer's ring: not even much like the wistful little thing who finally smiled up at his announcement of me as a friend who had come to visit Bruce. What wonderful violet fires the child's big long-lashed eyes held! What a look of race and spirit she showed!

"I just ran up to see if Bruce needed anything. Mrs. Dodds has got home. Dinner's about ready. You'll be coming down with him."

"Yes, Evie, he'll look after me," Bruce told her.

Halfway to the door again she checked, exclaiming: "I didn't know I left the shade all crooked like this! You ought"—pulling it out a little and deftly rerolling it—"you ought to have the south chamber, anyhow, Bruce. Why don't you say so to them?" She turned with that smile. "The south room's so pleasant; it's done in pink chintz; and that set's a lot better than this one. Then it's got an open grate—and the loveliest view from the windows!"

It was beautiful to me to see these two young creatures together. Back of to-day were the years of association stretching off into a common childhood, a past which they shared. And nothing of the high romance was lost by long-time intimacy. The girl was a rare spirit; I have never seen anything more exquisite and touching than the

passion of protective tenderness that this poor child, in her miserable situation, showed toward the blinded boy. What God-given instinct made her talk to him, and to me, of the colors of the room he should have, the view from its window? With all she said and did, giving him eyes, putting him back in his place in life, while Homer's every word took his sight from him, shut him out!

As the door closed after her, "There goes everything that makes a home of this house." Bruce reached for his cane. "The reason I told you not to say anything before her about the business is that she's worried herself almost sick over my affairs already." Following Evie's unconscious tip I allowed him to find his own way to the wash bowl. "Guess it was a darned shame for me to load her up with my troubles, the way she's fixed here."

Startled, I stared at his bending back as he soused and splashed, but when he came up and turned to me, toweling, there was no more than a baffled sadness in his face.

"J. L., I was pretty well up against it when I got back and found I was liable to have to live on my insurance—not even certain I'd have a home of my own. Don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for that child—someone to let out to a little."

Again by the aid of his stick he crossed to the bureau and, with the brushes that lay ready there, opened a systematic attack on the sculptural outlines of his thick, stubborn brown hair, lifting his face from habit to the unseen mirror before him. Over his shoulder I watched his expression, intent, frowning, as he went on.

"With all Beulah puts on her here, Eve's kept up her high-school work—at night. Can you beat it? Right abreast of her class—that was graduated last year. She's had no chance to take special training and fit herself for an office position or anything like that; but I thought, of course, she'd walk out of this door the minute she was of age. When her birthday came, about a week after I got home, and she hadn't a word to say about leaving them, you don't know how I felt."

He brushed away vigorously for a minute, then:

"You see, she used to be the greatest hand for planning—spunky little thing—and I've always sort of expected I'd send her through some good college; she has the brains and abilities to make it worth while. Now—I've got nothing to send her with. If it wasn't for my insurance I'd have the prospect of being a charge on my friends. I've thought sometimes that's the reason she never talks to me any more about the future. If I could see, one look at her eyes would tell me more than I can get her to say. How did she appear to you? Would you say her spirit was really broken?"

With the impulse of lifelong habit he turned toward me as though to scan my face. I knew that I winced. If Bruce had seen what I saw in the eyes of the little girl Eve he wouldn't be walking quietly downstairs to sit at meat with Homer Dodds.

"Am I all right?" He stood at attention, erect, immaculate, a powerful young figure, formidable in spite of his handicap.

Below there had sounded the rippling run of a dinky little Chinese gong such as are sold in every department store.

"All right—and then some!" I echoed his inadequate phrase, took his arm, and we went down.

There in the hall was a heavy-jowled sandy woman whom I could have sworn I had never seen before. Her sonorous apologies for keeping her hat on, for leaving us immediately after dinner to attend the second session of the meeting—were my first hint that I was shaking hands with Beulah.

We followed into the dining room. Homer was there ahead of us, prowling about, fumbling things on the sideboard and, I thought, sliding a glance toward the kitchen door. But he came instantly to taw, hastening solicitously to draw out Beulah's chair for her; it was almost ludicrous to see the deference with which he eyed the leader of progressive thought in Elkington, taking pride in her along with his pretentious home, his snooty roadster, his high credit in the First National Bank. No more glances went kitchenward. Beulah settled herself in her chair with a critical frown. The report which she proceeded to give her husband of the morning session at the civic center opened out with "So many were disappointed that you were not on the program," and closed with "Mrs. Hulse told me she liked to have you among the speakers because your appearance is so impressive to strangers."

Homer ate up this sort of thing; his smooth-fleshed dimpled face was the countenance of a cat at a cream jug.

I realized now that I had hoped something, so far as the little girl Eve was concerned, from Homer's wife. Of course I had; wasn't she a woman, and what is technically termed a good woman? But as the meal—a perfectly cooked one in several courses—went on, Evie circling the table tirelessly, changing plates, serving us with a practiced hand, Beulah very much at her ease, taking everything for granted, with only an occasional automatic word of disparagement, one saw that in her relations with Eve Denning there was only sterile formula, the dehumanized attitude of the schoolmistress toward the recitations of a pupil.

And steadily Homer seconded any suggestion of disapproval his wife made. Camouflage! Under the ready fault-finding I divined an unflagging cruel pursuit, recognizing it more surely by her swift instinctive evasion of his neighborhood than by a sudden glance of those clear eyes that momentarily expressed hatred, even dread.

The talk became general, turned on the inexhaustible table subject, the high cost of living. There was no sign that any economies were necessary in the Dodds ménage; apparently Beulah and Homer had solved this burning question as satisfactorily as they seemed to have ciphered the servant problem. Yet that didn't keep them from lamenting loudly. Bruce and I scarcely exchanged a free, natural word; it was anything but an enjoyable meal, for all its excellence.

That afternoon with Beulah gone back to her meeting and Homer at the store, Evie buried under a mountain of work somewhere in the back regions, Bruce and I strolled round the square to the old McClellan place.

"If I'd brought my keys we could go in," Bruce said softly. We were walking along the drive that led back to the little box of a garage. "This thing's got a combination lock on it. My old flivver's still standing here. Homer thought for one spell he'd have a delivery body put on her and use her for the store. Notion was to make me go—if I went at all—in that car of his, with him or Beulah to drive me. I still held back, though, thinking Evie could take me out sometimes in the Lizzie; but she's never been able to get away for it yet."

"Could she drive you?"

"Sure. She's a crackajack. I taught her myself. Evie's one of the few drivers I never felt like grabbing the wheel away from. Pretty good mechanic too. When the war took all the boys she could have got a chance to drive a farm tractor—if she hadn't allowed Beulah to block her"

"What say I go in now, look the flivver over, oil up, feed and water her, and I'll take you out in her when we see the time for it"

"Great!" Bruce agreed.

He gave me the combination of the lock, and it was with him sitting on the running board or perched on a tool bench while I tinkered the good little old tin Lizzie, that we talked over what was to be done about his affairs. I know

(Continued on Page 132)

"What—Have You—Done With—It?" Not a Word From Eve

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXXII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

IN ATTEMPTING to analyze the political motives which inspired the governing bodies, and the passions and tendencies which swayed the minds of the ruling classes of the leading nations of Europe in the years preceding the world catastrophe I shall have to begin with a few reflections in regard to the two contending forces of the modern world of the white race—the principle of nationalities and the principle of internationalism—at present engaged in a struggle for supremacy, the issue of which will determine the future destiny of mankind.

The principle of nationalities as a guiding principle of world politics and a source of armed conflicts between states is of very recent origin, as I have endeavored to show in one of the preceding chapters. The world of the middle ages, as it emerged from the chaotic condition subsequent to the downfall and ruin of the Roman Empire and the disappearance of the highly developed and refined civilization of the Greco-Roman world swamped by the tidal wave of barbarism, was a world unified under the all-powerful ægis of the victorious Christian church. The power of the church, as exemplified by the penance imposed on the then most powerful monarch, Emperor Henry IV, when, after three days of profound humiliation and penitent waiting at the gates of the Castle of Canossa, he was granted absolution by Pope Gregory VII, was supreme in all the Christian states of Europe.

The supremacy of the Roman Catholic church, which had saved from total destruction what remained of the ancient Latin civilization, brought in its train another and a most potent element of unity—the element of language. Latin, which had been the universal language of the ancient Roman world and which was also the language of the church, became and remained for centuries the ecclesiastical, political and official language of Europe, so much so that in Hungary until the end of the eighteenth century it remained the language of the court, the administration and the educated and privileged classes.

Narcissus Fountain in the Grounds of Peterhof Palace

The unity of the Christian world of Western Europe was broken by the advent of the Reformation. The medieval church had been essentially an international superstate, and the character of the Protestant secession from it was largely determined by this fact. After the Reformation the division of the churches corresponded roughly to the two principal racial and linguistic areas of Western Europe—the Latin and the Teutonic.

But in the ensuing sanguinary religious and dynastic wars the principle of nationalities had no part, nor had the question of languages as yet acquired any importance as an element of discord between nationalities included in the same political entity. The supremacy of the five great cultural languages—English, French, German, Italian and Spanish—was being given unquestioned and willing recognition by minor nationalities within the confines of their respective spheres. It never would occur to a Scotchman, a Welshman, an Irishman, or to any representative of the numerous nationalities settled in this country to resent as a hardship the necessity of using the English language in official or business or social intercourse with fellow subjects or fellow citizens. The same, of course, may be said of the Provençal, the Basque, the Breton and the German-Alsatian elements composing the population of France. Similarly the coexistence on a footing of perfect equality of three of the principal cultural languages in Switzerland has never given rise to any discord or friction among the population of German, French and Italian nationality.

Not so, however, in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, where in the Austrian half the dominant state language, German, was confronted with three branches of the Slav language—Polish, Czechoslovak and Serbo-Croatian—neither of which could claim cultural equality with German; and in Hungary the dominant state language, the Magyar language, could not lay claim to cultural superiority over the Slav and Rumanian languages spoken by Serbians and Moldo-Walachian subjects of the kingdom.

With the awakening in a militant form of national self-consciousness among minor nationalities in the second half of the last century this question of languages acquired a momentous importance. When language ceased to be a welcome and willingly accepted unifying element it was apt to become on one side an instrument of oppression, and on the other a palladium of nationality and a standard of revolt. It is easy to see what a powerful disruptive element this language question was bound to prove in a state composed of many different and mostly mutually antagonistic nationalities. In this respect Austria-Hungary presented, indeed, a strange anomaly among European states. But it was an anomaly that represented the growth of centuries of historical development and that had its justification in the common good of all the heterogeneous nationalities concerned, on whom it conferred the invaluable benefits derived from the advantage of being united under the shelter of a great and powerful state.

It was, therefore, the obvious, well-understood interest of the populations themselves that was primarily concerned in the existence of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Its continued existence as a political entity was no less desirable in the interest of the family of European states, and it was this weighty consideration which caused that truly great French statesman, Talleyrand, to say that: "If there had not been an Austria it would have been necessary to invent one." He would turn in his grave could he see the utter ruin and threatening chaos which have turned Southeastern Europe into a bear garden of warring nationalities.

The unintelligent handling of this language question by the Austro-Hungarian Government has evidently been the principal if not the only really serious cause of the discontent and even hatred of its subjects of Slav nationality; for it is difficult to understand in what other way oppression could possibly manifest itself in a modern civilized state such as even its quondam enemies will concede Austria-Hungary to have been.

However, the potent influence of this disruptive tendency in the Austro-Hungarian body politic has powerfully contributed to the genesis and growth of that "feud between Slav and German," the linking of which with the "feud between German and French" Earl Loreburn rightly considers to have been brought about by the conclusion of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and which therefore has been the really determining element rendering likely an armed conflict between the leading nations of Europe.

In trying to account for the undeniable existence of these feuds one would naturally come to ask oneself whether there is something in the very nature of man, as a zoological specimen of the genus *homo sapiens*, which impels him to look upon his fellow man as a natural enemy as soon as he belongs to a different family of the same race; or whether such feuds are the product of artificial and consequently removable conditions, dependent on the will of man. In the first case one would have to recognize the presence of a superior force, a biological law of Nature from the influence of which escape is as impossible as would be a refusal to submit to the law of gravitation, and therefore any hope of mankind ever freeing itself from the curse of war would have to be relegated to the domain of idle dreams. In the second case one would have to inquire into the conditions favoring the genesis and growth of that psychology which finds expression in international feuds, and, on the other hand, to weigh the forces which counteract its influence.

As long as political power was concentrated in the hands of the few there could be, between dynasties and states, feuds of varying complexion according to circumstances, as combinations of statecraft or objects of the ambition of rulers would necessitate. They might even assume the character of long-standing feuds, such as the centuries-old feud between England and France, or France and Germany. But they were feuds between rulers and between states, not, however, strictly speaking, feuds between nationalities. They could assume the latter nature only since political power and influence had practically passed from the narrow circles of courts and aristocracies into the hands of the middle classes, without whose support no government, however autocratic, could pursue an active foreign policy. It was the educated middle classes, the Intelligentzia, who were the molders of that public opinion on the support of which every government had to rely. They had it in their power to impart to what had been feuds between states the character of truly national feuds, or to create such feuds where none had existed before,

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The Main Street of a Typical Siberian City

because they had command of the most powerful influence of modern times, by the printed word in book, periodical and daily press, an influence most beneficent when used in the cause of reason and justice, and most dangerous when misused for the creation and promotion of national or race hatreds and animosities.

Such movements as Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism—whose baleful influence finally brought on the outbreak of the World War and the ruin and destruction of the empires of Russia and of Germany, the interests of which the deluded followers of these movements imagined they were serving—originated in and were fostered by the middle-class Intelligentzia in both countries. They were exploited as powerful political weapons by ambitious politicians and militant general staffs. But the popular masses had no part in these movements, nor in the acutely hostile feelings they generated. Similarity of conditions and of outlook on life would tend to create between the toiling masses of all nations a bond of sympathy, just as in the highest circles of European society similarity of tastes and pursuits, the command and habitual use of English or French as a common language, constant intercourse in such centers of international high life as London, Paris, Rome or the Riviera, not to mention frequent intermarriages, had created a sort of freemasonry excluding the indulgence in national or race hatreds, which would be apt to be looked upon not merely as irrational but simply as bad form.

To the passive resistance of these two elements situated at the extremities of the social scale will have to be added a very potent active element tending to neutralize the influence of militant psychology favoring international strife and animosity, and that is the influence of international trade and finance. Their network nowadays embraces the whole globe and their prosperity is dependent on the solidity of the vast structure of credit, whose delicate fabric in its turn is closely linked up with the maintenance of the world's peace.

Nothing therefore could be more unfounded and incongruous than the accusation persistently hurled at international capital and finance by the socialistic parties of being mainly responsible for the origin and outbreak of what they are pleased to describe as the capitalists' war.

Neither can the growth of gigantic armaments works be justly held to have tended to bring about the World War. It is not the supply that creates the demand, but the demand that brings forth the supply. And the demand was not created by the greed of capitalists or of expectant profiteers, whose fantastic enrichment has been rendered possible mainly as a consequence of the reckless finance practiced by all belligerent governments during the war.

The demand was created by that same international psychology for the genesis and development of which the responsibility must be laid in all countries to the charge of the Intelligentzia, the writers, professors, preachers and other intellectuals of the educated middle classes, the molders of public opinion—the support of which enables the ruling politicians and strategists to pursue in the dark their nefarious schemes of hegemony, of supremacy, of conquest, of revenge, at the expense of the deluded millions who are expected to lay down their lives for their rulers' triumph and glory, in which they can have no share whatever.

But the ruling classes of the leading Powers of Europe were apparently blind to the multiplying symptoms of the ominous growth in the dark of a sinister movement, led by renegades from their own ranks, from the ranks of the Intelligentzia, whose slogan, "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" meant the menace of a coming war of the proletariat against the propertied classes—a menace to the very existence of the civilization of the modern world, whose fundamental principles were being assailed with the blind fury of demented fanaticism. Instead of making ready to oppose a united front to the common enemy of them all, these ruling classes were absorbed in preparations for cutting each other's throats in a titanic contest that could only, whichever side won, leave Europe a bleeding victim—as Romain Rolland, one of France's noblest minds, predicted.

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Interior of the Odessa Cathedral

And yet there is at the bottom of this international of hate and of revolt the same idea of the essential brotherhood of man which governs what may be called the international of thought, represented by the highest and noblest minds in the leading nations of the world; the same idea also which unconsciously sways the minds of the multitudes in all countries who clamor for a league of nations, and desperately cling to the hybrid product under that name upon which they are invited to pin their faith as the only hope for the future of mankind.

In the meantime events in the Balkan Peninsula had taken a turn little expected by the diplomacy of the Great Powers.

The collapse of Turkey, which had been weakened by the Young Turk Revolution and by the war with Italy, had been unexpectedly rapid and complete; and the victory of the four allied Balkan Powers—Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece and Montenegro—had given each of them more than they had dared to hope for; a result which was not at all to the liking of the Great Powers, whose solemn warning about the maintenance of the *status quo* had been thrown to the winds by the exultant victors. Besides, the division of the spoils threatened to become a problem far from easy to solve.

The probabilities were, indeed, that a peaceful solution of the problem might have been found if the four victorious Balkan Powers had been left to settle it among themselves without any outside interference. But, of course, such a disinterestedness on the part of Russia and Austria-Hungary was not to be hoped for, though it was manifestly the only really sensible policy they could have adopted. In both countries light-headed incompetence and

(Continued on Page 113)

The Mister Jolly Well Murders His Wife

A Fortnight Elapsed, a Fortnight of Teas, Dinners, Dances, and of Week-Ends Spent on Peter's Capacious Steam Yacht

By LINGARD LOUD

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"HOO-OO, Miss Ladeau!" the plumber called.

"Yes, Mr. Magonaghy, I'm just coming up."

"The job is finished."

"Good."

Michael Magonaghy was strapping up his soldering irons.

"The Mister can take his cold tub in the morning," he said, "though God knows how a banker gets dirty enough to be so heartfelt after water."

Aunt Eliza Ladeau paused for breath at the head of the stairs and studied Magonaghy gently through her spectacles.

"Mr. Magonaghy," she said presently, "you've been working in this bathroom for a week, and never once have you called Mr. Jameson by his proper name. Would you mind telling me why you always refer to him as 'the Mister'?"

Magonaghy hastily set his blow torch on the floor and pulled a choking brier pipe from his teeth.

"And why wouldn't I call him 'the Mister'?" he inquired crushingly.

"He has rented our top floor," Aunt Eliza admitted, somewhat taken aback, "but the building belongs to my nieces and to me. Am I not mistress in my own house?"

The plumber shook his head with masterful intolerance.

"Gwan with you, you're only a woman!" he retorted, and stuck out an argumentative jaw. "Himself is the only man in it, ain't he? He's the man of the house, ain't he? Well then, he's the Mister!"

Aunt Eliza patted her gray curls to hide a smile.

"In our home," she confessed, "we've had no Mister for several years. Evidently we've fallen behind the fashion in titles."

"It's a grand fashion of gentleman you have now," said the plumber, "and one that is open-fisted with a smoking tobacco that would curl the beard of Saint Patrick. If I might take the liberty I would say I never saw a nobler company of weed burners!"

He jerked an envious thumb toward the crowded pipe rack attached to the sitting-room mantelpiece.

"I'll tell the—Mister"—Aunt Eliza smiled—"that you approve of his smoking apparatus."

"Whatever that may be," Magonaghy mumbled. "Tell him my liver is clogged by admiration for the fat calabash on the end."

Aunt Eliza was surprised at such evidence of taste on the part of a mere plumber.

"My nieces and I also admire that one," said she.

A knowing smirk spread over the other's wrinkled visage.

"Whichever of them young ladies," he asked, "the dark one or the blonde, is going to captivate the Mister's heart?"

Aunt Eliza froze.

"Really, Mr. Magonaghy," she began, "really ——" She could find no words with which to express her indignation.

He elevated his eyebrows and his nose in her direction.

"No offense, no offense at all," he declared with an air of magnanimously overlooking her resentment. "I can remember them girls since—well, since they both were towheaded. Dorothy has grown dark like her mother, but Viola is still taffy-haired like she used to be when their nurse led them off to school past my shop. Mind, I'm not hinting that you've rented this floor just to catch a husband for one of them."

"Really!" Aunt Eliza protested once more.

"Not at all!" he continued angrily. "And I'd punch the head of any man that said the like of that. But just between ourselves, wouldn't you like to hear small childher yelling round this old house?"

"My dear Mr. Magonaghy," said Aunt Eliza patiently, "have you been plumbing in Greenwich Village for thirty years without realizing how far into disfavor marriage has fallen?"

"You're not referring to the fine old Village families. You're talking about them strange artist women from the devil's barnyard and beyond. Would you like to know what I think of them? Sure it's the crafty cats they are, and the most shameless husband hunters in the world. With their cigarettes and their bobbed hair and their wild conversation they aggravate some innocent mouse of a man into ruining them and then ——"

"Mr. Magonaghy, please!"

Magonaghy looked offended but he continued determinedly.

"I was only going to say—then he's forced to marry them. After that they move to the suburbs where nobody knows them, and become respectable. I know women. They're just as crazy for marriage as ever they were—but I won't say another word. Tell the Mister I'll be round for my check to-night."

"Just a minute," Aunt Eliza detained him hastily. "We're dining with Peter Conolly this evening to celebrate my birthday." She paused aghast, and grew very pink at having inadvertently admitted Michael Magonaghy to such intimacy.

"The saints preserve you!" he exclaimed with an elaborate bow and an inflection which might have meant either 'May the saints preserve you!' or 'It is miraculous how the saints have preserved you!' But he was not the man to be embarrassed by a mere ambiguity. With great heartiness he continued: "I hope you will last without cracking up for as long as your new tub will last, and that'll be about three hundred years!"

"Thank you," said Aunt Eliza, her cheeks suffused with color. "That leaves me at least ten years to live."

The plumber chuckled and would have protested, but Aunt Eliza had had enough of his gallantries for one day.

"I was about to say," she remarked hastily, "that we shall be here until six-thirty at least, and—the Mister will probably come home for tea. You might see him then."

The plumber nodded.

"Him and his tea," he muttered. "The Mister is that English you wouldn't believe he was Canadian at all."

"He was born in England," Aunt Eliza explained, wondering why she should sound apologetic.

Magonaghy waggled his shaggy head sagely.

"He's just like America," he philosophized. "Half his life he's been as English as marmalade, and the other half as American as—stud poker. Anyway, don't forget to drop a careless word about the calabash," he cautioned her as he staggered down the stairs under his load of tools, "that's all I ask."

Tea proved a gala affair, all the friends of the Ladeaus having turned out to celebrate Aunt Eliza's anniversary—all, that is, except Peter Conolly, who was detained by a directors' meeting, and telephoned distressfully his excuses. Aunt Eliza, fresh from her encounter with Magonaghy, reviewed what portions of her conversation would bear repeating into a telephone.

"As our lawyer and the mainstay of our family," she said, "and as suitor-in-chief to Viola and Dorothy, I think you should know that the plumber believes I have rented

a portion of our huge house to catch a husband for one of the girls."

"Silly ass!" said Bertrand Jameson, who was sitting too near to pretend not to hear.

"Moreover," Aunt Eliza continued, "Magonaghy insists that the only man in the house is entitled to be called 'the Mister' yes, 'the Mister'—and has browbeaten me into adopting that name for him."

"That's rather nice," said Dorothy. "I had been wondering what we were going to call Mr. Jameson. Will the Mister have two lumps? And lemon?"

"Bertrand—Bertie—Bert," Viola mused. "I think 'the Mister' is an excellent substitute for 'Bertie.'"

"Give our love to Peter," said Dorothy as her aunt hung up.

"Too late," said Aunt Eliza. "Never mind," she added for the Mister's benefit; "you've both done that so thoroughly and often that once more wouldn't matter."

Dorothy laughed.

"Auntie doesn't want the Mister to think Magonaghy was right about the husband catching," she observed.

"Auntie dear," Viola cooed, "I'm glad you've allayed the Mister's suspicions. He'll be easier to capture if he isn't on his guard against us."

"You dreadful darlings," Aunt Eliza sighed. "I blush for you."

When Michael Magonaghy returned for his check shortly after six o'clock he found Bertrand Jameson perched before his mirror, shaving. After the briefest exchange of greetings the plumber sat down on the edge of the new bathtub and waited as patiently as one of the cast-iron dogs which guarded the Ladeaus' front door. Presently the Mister turned to him.

"You're a plumber of parts, Michael Magonaghy," Jameson remarked with a roguish imitation of the other's brogue.

"I like your sense in not talking to a man who's shaving, and I've wrapped your check in the package on the mantelpiece."

Magonaghy walked through the open door and crossed the sitting room to the fireplace, his face falling as he noted the absence of the brown calabash from its accustomed place. He took down the package and fingered it gingerly.

"What would be in this?" he asked.

"Your check."

"And what else?"

"Three glasses of jam from the three Misses Ladeau for your wife."

"Jam, is it!" Magonaghy exclaimed joyfully. "And no sweeter than themselves, God keep them young and frisky on their feet. They are three uncommonly eminent ladies." He shook a grave finger at the Mister, then as he clasped the package he added in a startled tone: "There is something else here besides jam."

"Open it, man!" the Mister laughed.

"It's never that beautiful pot-bellied pipe!" Magonaghy gasped, fumbling at the string.

"It is then," said the Mister, "and a two-pound tin of my own blend to reward you for the title you've bestowed on me in this house."

Magonaghy drew a deep breath and became oratorical.

"Sir," he cried in a loud tremulous voice as though the Mister were a street meeting, "if the English were like you Canadian bankers, there'd be no trouble with Ireland!"

The Mister placed his hand on his heart and bowed.

"Thank you for that saying, Michael Magonaghy. The Dominion banks and particularly their New York offices unite in thanking you."

The plumber looked cautiously round and spoke behind one grimy hand.

"Whichever of the two young ladies grabs you"—he winked and nudged the Mister—"will be a lucky woman!"

Bertrand Jameson's face expressed his feelings.

"Magonaghy," he called after the departing plumber, "I never knew a man to get sunstroke in November before. You've gone clean daft!"

"You'll never escape them," the other declared imperturbably. "How could you? What chance would a figure of a man like yourself, a man was a hero in the big war, have in the same house with them two adorable creatures?"

The Mister dropped his imitation brogue in his annoyance.

"You grinning idiot," he said, "I happen to know the man they are both in love with."

Magonaghy became impressively gesticulatory.

"One of them will marry yourself, mark my words. For you're rich ——"

"I'm nothing of the sort."

"—— and, saving your presence, you've looks, and what is more ——"

"You confounded matchmaker, you're alarming me!"

"Such sweethearts!" Magonaghy threw a kiss at the ceiling. "It's the son of good fortune you are."

The Mister was filling a bath sponge with water.

"You get out of here!" he observed menacingly.

"I'm gone!" Magonaghy chuckled and hastened down the stairs.

Bertrand Jameson stared after him.

"You addle-pated old serpent," he called down the stairs, "Saint Patrick overlooked you when he drowned the Irish snakes, but I'll get even with him by wearing no shamrock on the next seventeenth of March."

"You've the last word," Magonaghy shouted back, "but watch out for yourself."

An hour later Bertrand Jameson and the three uncommonly eminent ladies walked over in the early twilight through Washington Square to the Hotel Lafayette. Dorothy went to the desk and gravely announced them to the girl at the switchboard as "The Misses Ladeau and—the Mister—calling on Peter Stuyvesant Conolly," and they all laughed gayly at her dumfounded expression.

They trooped noisily into Peter Conolly's tall massively furnished rooms, where the table had been set for Aunt Eliza's birthday dinner. Peter had bought her a softly gleaming sealskin and silver-fox coat, which Viola joyously

(Continued on Page 84)

"Dorothy is Delicately Implying," Viola Laughed, "That We Ought Both to Marry Peter"

CLASS

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"The Jones Sank With All Hands"

IF YOU must have a key to what you call the mystery of the steamer Lady Nell," Samuel Garfinkle told me, "you must go back into the history of the man who built her and ran her and smashed up old Henry Ransome just when Henry thought he had the shipping world at his feet. Actually there is no such thing as mystery in the world, even if you come to what my employers, the underwriters, term an act of God. Logic rules."

"Nothing could be more illogical than the way Aurelia Rouse acted," I protested.

"Everybody said, 'How like a woman!'" Garfinkle admitted. "Which means that people confessed the logic of it all, though they wouldn't acknowledge that Rolf Haroldson enjoyed anything but outrageous good luck. The truth of the matter is, Haroldson believed in what we call class."

"Slang, and cheap at that," I remarked.

"Perfectly intelligible, though," my companion urged. "And there is no other expression that fits Haroldson's creed. He believed in showing class, as we say. He started off with the idea that he was first-class himself; that nothing was worth while except what showed itself first-class, and he stuck to that all through. I'll freely confess that I spent a lot of time investigating him, and there is no doubt that most men in the shipping business thoroughly distrusted him."

"They openly accused him of secretly spending the funds of his company on his personal extravagances," I said.

"That was six years ago, when I had to make that rush trip to Hong-Kong over the repair bills on the Hyacinth," Garfinkle remarked. "I reported back that the Hyacinth job was square, which it was. The next year they tried to smash him by auditing the books of the old Pacific Banks Canneries. Then for a year or two I was kept busy shadowing Haroldson to find out where he put his private funds. He was, everybody said, a mysterious fellow. He wasn't. He was logical."

"You can't explain the Lady Nell—or Aurelia Rouse," I retorted.

Garfinkle's calm face flushed slightly. "I can," he answered. "Listen! And don't forget for a minute that Rolf Haroldson never did anything which didn't mark up to his idea of class."

You remember possibly the formation many years ago of the Pacific Banks Canneries by a small group of unknown men. They came mostly from the Eastern States, and their capital was insignificant, and the boys simply grinned at the notion of a lot of ignorant chaps starting in to can salmon in Alaskan waters with two old square-riggers, a few tons of tin plate, fifty nets and a crew of nondescripts. Nobody laughs now, and Pacific Banks pays its twenty per cent regularly to the widows and children of the nondescripts.

Haroldson came West with the outfit and stopped in San Francisco to act as their port representative. Naturally I met him. He was a youngster with the stature and figure of an athlete, the manners of a shy schoolboy and the face of a girl. Of course he didn't belong. No one paid him any attention. He went about his little duties like a bashful kid, kept to himself in spite of a few good-natured invitations, and only achieved notoriety when the canneryman, H. T. Swope, romped into port sixteen days ahead of all the rest of the northern fleet and cleaned up $38,000 above the market price for her catch.

Then it developed that the H. T. Swope had been partially dismasted in a gale off Swiftsure Bank, had almost foundered and had been boarded by young Haroldson in a thirty-foot launch. He sailed her down the coast and won the market. It was a smart bit of seamanship and a smarter bit of business. It put Pacific Banks Canneries on their feet, and next year they had five ships and began to pay dividends like a trust company.

The third year Rolf Haroldson quit 'em, and nobody thought a thing about it. He simply vanished from the fish business. But I found him in three months. He was skipper of a little green tops'l schooner, owned a sixth of her and was trading south. He and I had some talk over a wreck which he had run across in the Friendlies, and I got interested. He was the same schoolboy kind of chap—nice and sociable and shy and with the sort of face that seems out of place on the poop of a dirty two-sticker. Looking back on him, I confess that he had that indefinable something we know now as class.

Very slowly he got a name for himself along the water front, and seven years ago he came ashore and went into business himself with the old two-sticker and a second schooner, which he bought cheap off old Henry Ransome. Ransome chuckled over the sale—he had the soul of a junkman—and predicted a speedy end to Haroldson's venture as an independent shipping man. But Rolf added a third vessel, and a fourth, and San Francisco woke up one day to hear about the organization of the Perfection Packet Line. Haroldson was its president and manager, and it advertised seven vessels sailing to any and all ports. I laughed myself when I compared the advertisements with the reality. Haroldson told the world that he would accept and deliver cargo from any port to any port more expeditiously and at less cost than anyone else. You would suppose that he had a line of 10,000-ton twelve knotters and loaded a vessel a day. In fact he had seven old tubs, which the underwriters surveyed with scorn.

But he made money. You know, there is always a certain amount of business which will be done in out-of-the-way places if there is an opportunity to ship goods. All big concerns have a floating surplus which they will risk on snap deals. Haroldson got this at good rates. He went about and listed odds and ends that manufacturers were disposed to gamble with. He took, for example, a whole consignment of cheap looking-glasses made as an advertisement for some concession at a big fair and never accepted, and sold 'em on the beach in Tonga to a trader at an advance that paid the freight and first cost and a few hundred per cent additional. He bought six cargoes of calamander wood one time and disposed of it to furniture men at a profit of $50,000. Finally Ransome sent for me. The old man was cross as two sticks.

"This angel-faced Rolf Haroldson is getting too uppish," he told me. "This is a man's game and no pikers need apply."

"That is none of my affair," I reminded him.

"He's coming in on a shoe string and betting us off the board," Ransome went on. "The only thing that saves him is that he wins. One loss—and he'll not be able to settle up."

I waited. Ransome chewed his cigar and scowled at the ceiling. Presently he said slyly, "Has he tried to get insurance for the Hyacinth?"

"My people are always glad to hear something to their advantage," I told him, and my tone must have hinted that I didn't fancy his manner. Nothing flustered Ransome, though, when he was scheming to down a rival. He gave me the particulars of the deal he had on. The long and the short of it was, Haroldson was the kind of upstart—his word—who refused nothing in the way of business, no matter what the risk of loss, so long as there was a good profit to be hoped for. Ransome was banking on this, and had arranged to induce Haroldson to bid for a voyage to Shanghai with a cargo of cutlery.

"I wanted that business myself," the old fellow said. "I could make delivery and make a good profit. But I insure, keep my vessels well found and all that. Haroldson is carrying his own insurance, cuts rates and—what if the Hyacinth never arrives? Can he pay?"

Now cutlery is poor stuff to handle if you can't afford to take risks. I went away from Ransome's office with a feeling that Rolf was gambling—and sooner or later he'd lose and the devil would demand his due. But as Rolf didn't ask for insurance, and dispatched the Hyacinth in due course, I discharged my mind of what Ransome had said. I merely figured up what the Perfection Packet Line would have to settle if the schooner didn't arrive. The sum was more than Haroldson could raise, I thought. He had no business carrying his own insurance, and we wouldn't take the risk. You see? He had gone on his nerve and bet that the Hyacinth would arrive.

She didn't—meeting a gale—and there was a terrific ruckus stirred up by Ransome. Ransome, it turned out, had bought the Hyacinth's cargo. He had bet that the schooner wouldn't arrive. Haroldson had bet his whole capital that she would. The old man proceeded to collect. He sent me to Hong-Kong to see to the details. Before I went he called me in for a last talk.

"It will take all Haroldson can beg, borrow and steal to settle," he told me. "But first I want to know the ins and outs of the loss of the Hyacinth. She's been floated and taken to dry dock to repair. I want you to find out whether the schooner was fit to receive cargo when Haroldson berthed her here and started to load. Find out whether she was well found and all that."

You see, this made it plain that Ransome was going after the Perfection Line tooth and nail. He was not only going to smash Rolf financially but blast his reputation in the bargain. Men don't send unseaworthy vessels on long voyages with valuable cargoes, and carry their own insurance, and not suffer the full penalty if they are caught.

But right here Haroldson showed of what mettle he was. He promptly offered Ransome a full settlement. The old man held off for my report and openly stated that he thought the Perfection Packet Line was bluffing. He spread it right and left that Rolf didn't have the money and couldn't raise it. Then I came back and reported that the Hyacinth was a just loss; that the schooner had been well found, carefully sailed and no blame attached to the Perfection Packet Line. Ransome was crosser than ever.

"All right," he said, when he couldn't get any more out of me, "I'll collect my insurance."

Haroldson not only paid but overpaid. It was a kind of royal gesture he made before all San Francisco. Ransome bit his lip, took the money and went off in a sullen fit to scheme again. He didn't know that Haroldson was broke; that settling that bill had wiped his capital clean away. But I soon found it out. With as quiet a manner as if he were simply clearing up a few odds and ends, Rolf closed the affairs of the Perfection Packet Line, paid every claim, gave the few stockholders back their money and walked out of the office without a cent.

"Ransome will find this out pretty soon," he said when I condoled with him. "But nobody has lost a penny."

"Ransome has made a hundred thousand by the deal," I replied. "He cheated you—and got rid of a rival line. You should never have gone into that cruise, and when you found yourself pinched you should have fought him to a standstill, given yourself time and saved your line."

He smiled at me boyishly and modestly.

"That's not the way I do business," he said.

I drew him aside right in the crowd on Market Street.

"I want a few words with you," I told him. "I'm an oldster in the game. You're a youngster. It's my business to see that men in the shipping game play straight, so you can be sure I'm advising nothing crooked. In this case you should have put Ransome off. Nobody likes him. Other men would at least have kept their hands off your fight. You could have gone out and raised money. Your stockholders would have had to back you up. You could have got fresh capital in. At the end of the year Ransome would have been glad to take half the bill, and you would have been in business with seven ships and making money. Now you're broke."

"I don't do business that way," he said just as modestly as before. "I admit that I took a risk. But the Hyacinth, as you know, was an able vessel and well manned. I couldn't afford to risk your people turning me down. They would have, for Ransome had arranged it. You know how he roared round San Francisco that I was a four-flusher and a shoe-string gambler. Well, I settled up. Nobody lost a cent."

"You lost!" I insisted.

He looked at me with a shy, deprecatory grin.

"I don't think so," he said, making a kind of placating gesture. "I know you mean it kindly. But I have my own way of doing business, you see. I always have. Some day you'll understand." He flushed like a girl. "I have to play the game right."

"You won't play it again in San Francisco," I told him with more feeling than I cared to show. "You're counted out. You're a failure, Haroldson."

"Oh, but I'm not!" he said, almost plucking me by the sleeve. "I met with bad luck, Garfinkle—that was all. And I paid up and everybody is satisfied."

"Ransome is satisfied," I remarked.

Then he said a queer thing.

"He isn't. He knows he's not in the same class with me. He never will be. And some day I'll make him confess it."

Rolf went his way and I went mine. But that stuck in my head, what that boyish figure said that morning—"He knows he's not in the same class with me. He never will be." And that was the truth, the great big fact that dispels the mystery folks insist hovers over Rolf Haroldson.

In six months the lad was in business again. This time Tom Rouse took him on his staff. Tom told me himself he liked the boy. He didn't know why. He suspected Rolf of all kinds of queer notions. He even went so far as to whisper in my ear: "The lad may be—may be crooked at heart, Garfinkle."

The H. T. Swope Had Been Partially Dismasted in a Gale, Had Almost Foundered and Had Been Boarded by Young Haroldson in a Thirty-Foot Launch

I made no response. But Rouse had that dim notion in his head, put there by Ransome's loud vociferations. It stuck. And there you have a fresh light on the next years. With all his success, Tom Rouse had a profound fear that his right-hand man was dishonest.

And of course Rolf never showed any signs of not being a faithful, loyal servant. He rose in the Rouse Line steadily and brilliantly. He made the business over step by step. He made old Tom preen himself like a peacock over the success of his company. The Rouse ships got a name above all others. The Rouse employees were loyal against all blandishments. But down in Tom's heart was that black thought which tortured him at night—maybe Rolf Haroldson is a crook.

So Rouse forbade his daughter Aurelia to have anything to do with Haroldson, even when Rolf became general manager of the line.

One thing I want to impress on you: Rolf never knew that his employer suspected his good faith. The boy remained a boy in spite of increasing years and responsibility. I fancy he knew as much about the ordinary chicanery of business as any man. It was under his nose all the time. Yet he never practiced it. He was always open and aboveboard. One knew just where he stood. He did things with a gesture. He flamed up occasionally and asserted the inalienable right of every general manager to do business for his firm as an honorable gentleman would do it for himself. He had more than one rumpus with Rouse, and invariably won. But the old man always went home and lay awake in his big bed and cursed the day he had taken into his confidence a man he couldn't trust. And the next day he would send Aurelia overseas on some pretext or other. She should never have the bitterness of discovering that handsome, debonair, gallant Rolf Haroldson was in his heart a crook.

I think that at last Tom couldn't endure the strain any longer. He dropped into my office and told me he was going away. He hadn't much to state about his plans.

"I'm just going to turn things over to Haroldson," he said. "He can look after things for a year. Of course he's young. He may need an older and wiser head. I've asked him to consult you if he really needs help."

"It's a tremendous responsibility to put on his shoulders," I suggested.

Rouse looked at me with weary eyes. He seemed about to tell me something, closed his lips on it and remarked: "Anyway, if he breaks the line I have laid up a small fortune for Aurelia which isn't dependent on it. But I hope Rolf will make good."

There you have another light on what you call the mystery that veils Haroldson's career. Rouse turned over his immense business to him because he was being driven mad by dread that Rolf was really a crook—would turn out some day to have deceived him. He had to take the

(Continued on Page 90)

FLOATING ISLAND

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

IT IS a curious and interesting fact that in ancient times milk used to come from the cow. True, at times cows were balky about this, especially when the hired man was a green hand from the city or the county jail or some equally sophisticated location. But in the end she usually gave up; actually furnished a lacteal fluid known as milk which possessed a market value of something like four cents a quart if you went after it just before supper; or six cents if one of the kids carried it over to you in the morning after ma had taken the cream which the night accumulates off the top.

Of course this was a long time ago. Not quite such ancient history as that remote biological period when pearls came from oysters, because, of course, pearls have been coming from big department stores for over thirty years now. But it's a long time, none the less, and few indeed are those who take the trouble to recall the days before milk came from a wagon. And why should they? Isn't it a whole lot easier and simpler just to accept the fact of having twenty-three-cent milk brought to your door in a mysterious, impersonal-mannerlike manner than to return to that ancient vulgar contact with the actual physical cow?

Perhaps one reason for the new method is that the cows have unionized. Possibly they have struck—or would, if you went near enough to the front part of them. At any rate, why bother about causes? Unless, indeed, it so happens that you are fond of floating island.

Glories That are Gone

ARE you willing to admit you are old enough to remember the days when that delectable dessert was something more than a printed form in mother's cookbook? When there were actual egg-and-sugar stains upon the margin of the page which bore it? I am. Indeed, like most people in the neighborhood of thirty, I love to talk about the past. I can still get away with it. And when I think of the possible revival of floating island as a not too concrete but yet perfectly tangible actuality, I will confess anything, whether I know it or not, including my age. If the prospects for this revival are at all good I am even prepared to take some constructive action—a thing mighty rare in Americana nowadays when it comes to criticism. I should be glad and willing, for example, to speak personally with several cows and see if perchance a little counterpropaganda might be spread among them—say in the direction of withholding their milk until the price comes down. And possibly some results might come of the investigation despite their well-known congressional habit of cud chewing. No offense to any cow intended.

A Drinking Kiosk

Let me see if I can irritate you into a like alertness. If you have just finished a meal in an average hotel or restaurant where you have paid for the funeral of a piece of beef which in its unhonored old age has become hash, plus an egg which has sat down thereon from sheer fatigue, plus something which started out in life to be glue and having failed is making a feeble effort as cup custard, plus coffee in which the last syllable has the strongest flavor, plus more than he deserved to the waiter—if perchance you have just finished such a typical up-to-date commercial meal, or are about to face one, I may indeed succeed.

I wish at this moment that I were a manufacturer of Easter, Christmas and birthday cards so that I might have the right medium through which to visualize for you a properly made floating island. Its beauty has angels, lilies and Christmas snow beat a mile. Think, oh think, with your palate if possible, dear reader, think upon the custard, rich and smooth, egg-golden, vanilla-flavored, which once glowed through the depths of the pressed-glass dessert bowl! Think likewise upon the islands themselves which floated upon this succulent sea—those firm yet foamy islets with their crimson cases of currant jelly lying like a ruby in the heart of each: think of how unobtrusively you counted 'em to make sure there was one for each person, before the commanding tablespoon in mother's hand made its first fatal dip! My idea of sheer beauty is one of these saucers full of floating island in three colors upon a picture postal, with an appropriate motto, such as "Happy Days," beneath it. And until the H. C. of L. sinks sufficiently to permit us the makings for such nourishing and legitimate dishes—to allow us our just desserts, if I may be permitted to call them so—a picture post card is as near as I am likely to come to any such delights.

A Modern Substitute

YET if indeed it be true that the happy days of homemade desserts are gone and must be irretrievably regretted, along with my pigtail and school apron of starched muslin, it will become increasingly necessary to look round for a modern substitute which will furnish something of the same delicious, frothy flavor. And it can be found. It will cost more than fifty cents for enough to serve six persons, but appetite knows no menu price list in these days when we have to earn twice as much as we want in order to have as much as we need left over from our income tax. No wonder that we don't care what we spend; we can't save enough to save, anyhow. Or so we like to claim.

As for the modern floating island I suggest the following recipe:

Enough Bacardi Rum	1 Bale White Gardenias
2 Chickens Fought to a Frazzle	14 Hours of Sunshine
10 Carrot (diamonds)	2 Ounces Latin Temperament
6 Boxes Imported Face Powder	1 Pinch T N T

Mix thoroughly, strain through a short perspective, serve immediately, and you will have a perfect Island of Cuba.

PHOTOS BY AMERICAN PHOTO COMPANY, HAVANA

At the Races

A Glimpse of Cuba

Once you have been to Cuba you realize that for a long time to come something in your inner consciousness will pull out the tremulous and beautiful stop marked "Vox Habana" at odd moments. The least odd of these moments is perhaps the one which occurs about half an hour before dinnertime each night. At least so my Cousin Rex, who went on the trip with us on account of his health and added considerably to his health account thereby, tells me. But, then, Cousin Rex is a hard drinker whenever he can see anything hard to drink. And it's a curious fact that though very near-sighted he never even missed his eye glasses, which he broke going over on the boat, all the time he was in Habana.

In a lady that sort of reminiscent pang is, of course, unacknowledged except by hearsay. Besides, there are so many other lovely things in Cuba which call to one with a liquid—I mean figuratively—liquid voice. It occurs to me that I have left many of these unmentioned in my first article on the subject of the island. I have begun to realize it is highly probable that I observed many things down there which escape the average tourist. You know how it is yourself. I'll just bet that when you were down there you saw heaps of things that no tourist ordinarily sees. If you didn't it's because you haven't been there yet, in which case I have the drop on you. In the other event, you can check up on me and write to the editor about how wrong I am. However, in that case I will merely say that you didn't have the opportunities which I thoroughly enjoyed—and leave you to prove me guilty, just as if you were a Federal investigation committee.

Severe Thinking About Cuba

WELL, anyway, the aforementioned short stop having been pulled in the organ of my consciousness—I suppose it is an organ, isn't it?—I am determined to shoot a second Cuba story, and prefer to do it on paper to risking the loss of my friends through personal individual recitals of my experiences.

You may have bucked the same situation yourself, the first time you came home after visiting Niagara Falls or some place. You told the family about it, and the Local Gleanings column ran a piece with your front but unfamiliar name and secret middle initial right out in print, to the effect that you were again in our midst after a short trip; and then, unsatisfied still, with all this notice, you cornered each fresh victim who hove into sight and held him firmly by the lapel until he had heard all about standing under the Bridal Veil, the canned vegetables at the hotel and the beauties of Nature generally. You were undaunted by his haunted look or the twitching of his impatience to be off. You were ruthless. I am ditto. But while your bayonet practice was individual my slaughter will be wholesale to the extent of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST'S circulation. For I have thought several new thinks about Cuba and the Cubans, and these gems of my intellect must have the air. Gee, just think of talking about your travels and being paid for it, to say nothing of letting off all that steam without losing any of your desirable acquaintances! It's perfectly easy to lay a magazine down, but gosh-awful hard to escape a lapel hold.

As I have hinted, for a mere wife and mother I have done several pretty severe pieces of thinking about that there Cuba island, and the leading theme of my thoughts ran like this: Cuba is a small nation, and like the rest of her kind holds something of the same position as the dog who has the only bone in sight in the center of a hungry ring; or, better yet, the kid from the primary grade with a handful of lollypops and no older brother in the group of observant grammar-school boys round him—unless you except Uncle Sam. But Cuba is none the less in a very similar position to that of her many small cousins all over Europe, where each little country has an uncle or, at any rate, a would-be uncle of its own. Almost every small nation is a titbit of some kind, whether its flavor be military or commercial.

Under Cover

CUBA smacks of both. She has her enormous value as a sugar and tobacco producer, and her strategical position as a gateway to and from Mexico. I from the depths of my properly feminine ignorance will venture to assert that Belgium, Ireland, the Balkans, Czechoslovakia and other W. K. Wilsonian protégés all have an extra lollypop up their sleeves which some big boy would like to have. It must be so, or where would all this talk about the rights of small nations come from? Wouldn't said rights be sort of taken for granted unless it seemed highly probable that somebody wanted to take them away? You couldn't sell much burglary insurance if there weren't any thieves round. And all this talk has sort of called the attention of the world to the existence of said small nations, which is rather good for the poor things. So long as nobody was paying much attention to them they were in a fair way to be swallowed quietly and comfortably by the most logical rich relation at hand. Nowadays it can't be done without a whole lot of noise and interference by the fellers who didn't get any lollypop. And this is annoying because it delays an inevitable end and forces open covetousness openly displayed. And the little nations, seeing this, are demanding a fair deal.

All of which is, I am aware, politically feminine and perhaps sophomoric. But having the floor I intend to keep it, because I mean to tell you this: I believe that, despite the developments of the recent and in a way still current war, the small nations all over the world are in a sense doomed. It is absolutely contrary to the history of

(Continued on Page 98)

"Every Day is Saturday in Cuba"

CATCHING UP

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IX

NITA listened to Calvert's report precisely as though it were she who had been given charge of the inquiry and Calvert a subordinate whom she had instructed to make a certain line of investigation. They were lunching at Armenonville, and Calvert had just finished his description of the man Howard Townley, to all of which Nita had listened with such a lambent glow in her tawny eyes as one might have seen in those of a cheetah, a hunting leopard, held on its leash by the shikari while the antelope with twitching nostrils and pricked ears alert moved slowly across a distant meadow.

"That's our man, Calvert. I know the type. I should say that I did know the type! I have been visiting some rich Australians at a big place in Kent, and there were two or three like that hanging about—gentlemen gone rank. One or two of those expressions you have just quoted as having heard him use gives his number. He's a wallaby. Once a wallaby always a wallaby, and an adventurer, and well—almost anything that's necessary to get him what he wants."

"It strikes me, Nita, you're making an awful jump at conclusions," Calvert protested.

"That's what the complete policeman has to do, buddy; guess two-thirds, find out the rest, then prove the whole. All great discoveries have been foreseen by hypotheses. I tell you, my little boy, we are on the right track. It's going to be rough sledding to follow it, but the main thing is the throw-off—the levee—to strike the *piste*. Then when we get the view halloo all we have got to do is to stick out our tongues and run.

"And let me tell you there is no time to lose. Jerry is in a beastly state. He frightens me. His very attitude has got all the suggestion of surly, vicious, hangdog guilt, which only an innocent man would ever be fool enough to wear. His best friend would be forced to admit that he was an assassin, and poor Jerry hasn't got any very best friends but his little sister and—you, you darling boy. I could give you a big hug and a kiss that would make you giddy"—her tawny eyes glowed at him thirstily—"and it's only a question of time before I do."

"Well," said Calvert, "I'll be somewhere round. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to hotfoot it over to the Villa des Lilas and pipe this Agnes girl. I'm sorry, but I can't altogether share your and Mr. Harker's and Jerry's chivalrous conviction of her stainless innocence. *Entre nous*, I've got a low, base, sneaking suspicion that Jerry was out with her that night and is shielding her maidenly reputation. I know these polyandrous little fly-by-nights. With girls like that it's not a man—it's just men, men, and then more men. They are the outbreak of generations of smothered passions. Well, I'd better be off."

"Where and when shall I meet you?" Calvert asked.

"You go back to your hotel and stick round until I make a noise. Something tells me we are going to get action pretty soon."

Calvert frowned.

"I'm getting fed up on this thing of sticking round waiting to hear something from somebody."

"But my dear chap," Nita protested, "we can't all be doing it all, all the time. A good agent is precisely what the term signifies—an individual whose function is to bring people and things together. This lone-worker stuff is all right in novels and movies, but doesn't happen in real life. You've got to have packs of them, like beagles. A good agent might go halfway round the world to ask one man one question and cable the answer in code, when somebody else brings home the bacon. Be good now and go back to the Cecilia and wait. If I don't turn up anything we'll make another night of it."

Calvert grumblingly agreed and they parted. He was engaged in writing a letter to his mother when summoned to the telephone, and to his astonishment Nita's voice—almost laughingly, he thought—requested that he meet her immediately inside the Madeleine by the entrance opposite Hediard's fruit shop. This struck Calvert as a singular place of rendezvous for Nita to make, but he reflected that she was merely following a practice no doubt in vogue since temples had been built, and now more than ever exercised by *mondaine* Parisiennes. So he went out and jumped in a taxi and drove to the church, where on entering the little lectern door he came upon Nita in the act of placing a candle devoutly enough before the shrine of Saint Christophe. She finished her votive act and motioned him to follow her out.

"I Didn't Mean to Give You the Creeps," Said Calvert. "You Haven't, My Little Boy. No Fear. You've Given Me Something Else—an Idea, More Than That—a Clew"

"Are you planning to take a voyage?" Calvert asked.

"Saint Christopher is the patron saint of travelers in a general way, buddy dear," said Nita. "But he looks after divers casualties; runs what you might call the central accident-insurance agency of the calendar—witness all the little medallions perched on the front of motor cars—and I have a strong premonition there may be a casualty ahead for some of us. Now we must hurry over to Landolff's in the Chaussée d'Antin and see if we can't rent a couple of costumes for a big *bal masqué* that we are going to to-night."

"'Why a *bal masqué*?'"

"Because the scent leads in that direction, my little boy. It's getting warmer every minute. I went up to the Villa des Lilas and found Agnes alone. She may have been a very nervy and devoted war worker, and fried delicious doughnuts and cheered the boys up no end, but with all these other attractions she is what I would call some chicken. I let her think that I had called to get some information about Lady Audrey's hospice. She was explaining to me in her demure Puritan way what a worthy charity it was when the telephone rang somewhere in the rear—the pantry, I think. Agnes excused herself, and went out closing the door behind her most discreetly. I opened it a crack and heard her say, 'Yes, Howard. She'll not be back until Monday, so the coast is clear. My Columbine costume has come and it's simply dear. I'll meet you outside at eleven.' Then she began to say good-by, so I closed the door and slipped back to the salon. I remembered then having seen in this morning's Herald that there was a *bal des jockeys* to be given under the auspices of the jockeys and trainers of the big racing stables."

"Yes," said Calvert, "I heard them speaking about it at Bagatelle. It's to be a carouse to celebrate the reopening of turf activities, and I imagine it will be a real party. That bunch is about the toughest in the world. Where is it?"

"At the Grand Rink de Montmartre."

"A *recherché* neighborhood, I don't think. How about tickets?"

"Oh, we can manage to bluff our way in by the window or skylight or something. That's the least of our cares. If I can get the sort of costume that I want they'll never have the nerve to keep me out."

"Any sane judge, especially a French one, would pay you to come in."

They came presently to the costumer's, where Nita explained her needs in a brief and succinct manner to an intelligent young man with two war medals and an artificial leg.

"We'll stop now at Quinaud's and get some make-up stuff, then take these things and leave them and go somewhere for dinner."

"Leave them where?"

"At Jerry's apartment. That's where we'll have to dress." Her laugh rippled out afresh. "I told you that you'd be shocked before morning. But it can't be helped. I imagine that Jerry's concierge will not lose any sleep about us—and you would be positively frightened if you knew how little I care for what Jerry's concierge may think. Listen, my dear, you mustn't be misled by my ill-timed levity. We are going to play a game of life and death to-night."

"Very well," said Calvert. "Go just as far as you like. But I wish I could dope out where Agnes sits in."

"She wouldn't know herself," said Nita, "but it is perfectly plain to as finished a movie fan as I've become."

They stopped at the *parfumerie*, where Nita bought costly cosmetics with a disregard of price which dismayed Calvert a little. He commented on this as they got into the taxi.

"Look here, Nita," said he, "you'd better let me finance our investigation."

"Nonsense!" said she. "Jerry's going to pay the shot, seeing that it's all to clear him and that he's a potential millionaire."

"Well, but so am I."

Nita shot him a mischievous look.

"I've not lost sight of that fact either," said she. "Under the circumstances I think I can afford to dig into my capital a little. Money is at this moment the least of my considerations. I suppose you are wondering if I am in the habit of dashing about in this mad way. You may put your mind at rest. I am!"

"With whom?"

"With almost anybody who has the dash—and appears able to stand the daylight test of gentlemen. You see, Calvert, Jerry and I have both done pretty well what we pleased since we came to years of indiscretion. Some of my experiences might surprise you a little, but so far I have managed not to break anything. However"—she shot him another look—"one can never tell when this may happen. I hope you are not answerable to anybody yourself."

"It wouldn't make much difference, would it?" Calvert asked.

"Not the slightest. When a young man and girl become associated for the lofty purpose of detecting crime or enemy espionage, or even when thrown together closely and violently by fortuitous circumstance, the intimacy of their association is perfectly right and proper so long as their deeper motives are pure. You can prove this by any modern novel, magazine story or five-reeler, and these are written by clever authors in need of money; so, of course, they must be right. The only moral principle involved is not to let anybody find it out."

"If I happened to be your fiancé," said Calvert, "I should be rather worried about you."

"Well, I don't happen to be your fiancée, and such self-nominated candidates for that office as exist are quite aware of its perils. For this adventure to work out right the true criminal must be discovered and take poison, and Jerry shall stand before the world vindicated and very rich, and you discover a secret passion for Agnes, and I fade out rapidly, disappearing in the jungle or walking over an Alp or swimming out to sea or something. I am a sort of fairy summoned from the realms of light to relieve the distress of worthy hearts."

"I think," said Calvert, "that you could do almost anything brilliantly but fade."

"I don't know. I never tried. There might be a renunciatory embrace followed by a dissolving view of me wending toward the Seine. I say, there's something you haven't told me. What was your own alibi?"

"I happened to be at the Opéra Comique."

"With friends?"

"No, but there were some people in the next box who remembered having seen me—the Grenfell Ormes."

"Oh, I've met them! Has Little Blue Eyes grown up?"

This time her slanting look was shot with quick suspicion.

"Quite a lot. I heard their names, and went to their apartment next day with Major White."

"So you made an impression. Well, that's not surprising. And if she has fulfilled the promise of her childhood I fancy you registered about one hundred feet of admiration. Has she asked you to call?"

"Her mother did."

"Have you called?"

"Not yet."

"When do they get back to town?"

"Most of them are coming back Monday from Romorantin with Lady Audrey," Calvert answered. "Mr. and Mrs. Orme have not left Paris."

"I see!" Nita flashed him a message-read-and-understood look. "You are a bit like Agnes, aren't you? A bit of an opportunist. I suppose that after Monday morning I can scarcely count on having you entirely at my own service."

Calvert frowned. "I rather understood that you had placed yourself at mine," said he.

Nita gave him a malicious look.

"Suppose we agree to run our separate trails without interference from each other, but comparing notes from time to time," she suggested. "We might work like a brace of pointers in the field. When one strikes a hot scent and comes to a point the other backs him up without asking any questions."

"That's perfectly fair," Calvert said.

They drew up at Heming's apartment, where Calvert left the bundles.

"Now let's go somewhere for dinner," said he, "and take our time and make a good job of it, as we've got a long night's work ahead. I imagine this ball is going to be a scrumptious affair. It's lucky we were able to get such good costumes, as we shall have to count on them and your physical charms and probably a few hundred francs to get us in. The tickets are no doubt limited and all subscribed for."

"There will probably be a dozen Columbines," said Nita, "but it's your job to pick her out. She'll probably be a little timid or hesitating. You may have to make yourself known to get her to dance with you, when it will be my detail to mix things with the man. Of course if it can be managed without your giving yourself away, so much the better. I imagine it will be pretty wild."

"To judge from the general spirit of Paris at just this moment, that is putting it mildly," said Calvert. "It's really most indiscreet, Nita."

"I'll tell you about discretion, Calvert. It's got to be complete, or else it just gets in the way. Agnes is an example of that. Instead of being discreet she's secretive. American girls of her type are apt to be that way. Because their intentions are not bad they take a chance on fooling people, and sooner or later they are bound to be caught. Then they go to the other extreme, get reckless, and then good night! She's probably had a stupid girlhood in some little Down East village and always longed in her heart for adventure. This nearly swamped her; then the Salvation Army fished her out, and at that moment the war came along and gave her a chance to make good. She did so from all accounts like lots of others; and like these lots of others, sudden peace—or what they call peace—set her spinning again in the other direction."

Calvert nodded.

"I suppose Agnes knows as much about life and people and things in general as a South Sea Islander."

"Rather less, I fancy—just as I feel like an Eskimo in the midst of these bare arms and legs and throats and things. If I had known it was the fashion to go naked over here I might have saved myself a lot of luggage. My costume for to-night ought to be quite *de rigueur*. Hope you won't be too shocked to keep your eye on the ball."

"I'm getting broken in by degrees"

"Well, you'll do with a bit of breaking. But don't get me wrong, Calvert. I am baring my maidenly charms with a purpose which is neither vanity nor license. I've made a clear mind picture of the sort of scoundrel Agnes is mixed up with. I want to take him off his guard—make him think that I'm a wild woman. He's got to want me to show my face, and the price of that will be to show me his hand. Once I've got him well vamped, the rest will be easy."

"What do you think he is? A common blackleg?"

"No, I've got a sort of hunch that he's the very worst of all bad lots—a thorough wrong 'un—a well-bred Englishman gone absolutely to the devil. A racing man perhaps."

"That sounds reasonable. The cold-bloodedness of the crime would need an absolute moral paralytic—a sort of devil."

"Yes. You see, Calvert, Latin criminal nature is apt to be hot-blooded or deliberately stealthy, but this crime was swift and deadly and diabolic in its ruthlessness. Fancy stabbing a boy in a drunken sleep. Besides a Frenchman would not have felt so sure of Agnes' consenting to marry him. I hate to say it, but the crime strikes me as distinctly Anglo-Saxon. This man was first attracted to Agnes by that pretty piquant face of hers, which is rather English. A Frenchman would scarcely have thought of marriage, but been looking solely for a love affair. He approaches

(Continued on Page 151)

"How About It, Old Top?" Calvert Asked. "Want to Change Partners Once Round?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 26, 1920

Slow Poison

PROPAGANDA, like camouflage, has been so overworked that it has become a half-wit among words. To many people any opinion that does not square with their own views is poisonous propaganda; to most people anything that they can get over boosting their own particular game is beneficent propaganda.

Neither is propaganda in the original or German sense of the word. The blatherskite and the demagogue, the press agent and the publicity man we have always had with us, appealing to blind prejudice and stirring up strife; popularizing and putting over everything from the made-up charms of chorus girls to the superman bunk about captains of industry—largely made up, too. The true propagandist is at once a producer of war and a war product. His work is successful in proportion to the extent that it is not recognized and labeled for what it is. In the present state of the world mind it is extraordinarily successful, for hysteria believes everything except the truth, welcomes anything that offers an excuse for throwing a new fit.

Propaganda is slow poison, based on international envy, malice, ignorance and hate. It has been an affair of government, directed by rulers and diplomats, iterated and reiterated by press and platform, and finally parroted by every fathead and bullhead until the national psychology is saturated with it. Its aims may be disguised as concern for the safety of the nation or cloaked under a desire to save an erring sister country, but the purpose of propaganda is always to foster hate and its end is war.

The Continental press has been controlled and directed by government in a way that ours never has been. It takes orders and changes its opinions to further the purposes and to reflect the views of those in power. Though there has been much talk in radical American newspapers and periodicals about "the kept press," the nearest approach to a kept press that we have in this country is those same radical newspapers and periodicals. They are owned, financed and their deficits are met by small class and racial groups with economic plans that are either confiscatory or that seek special privilege at the expense of the larger public—in short, a group of new "interests." Their news is colored and their editorials are dictated by leaders whose sole aim it is to put over their disorganizing schemes on the country.

It is a favorite dust-throwing fiction of these papers that the press of the country is owned by "the interests," though they all know that to comply with a Federal statute every newspaper and periodical must print a list of its real owners twice a year. It is no doubt true that some newspapers are owned either directly or indirectly by "the interests" or someone interested in "the interests"; it is possible that some are controlled through advertising, but they are not the great influential journals of the country.

Laymen have very vague ideas about advertising, and few of them understand that it is a commodity, sold on its merits, like steel, with just as concrete and definite a value, and that our leading journals exercise a careful censorship over their columns and refuse business of doubtful quality. Many of them could print twice as much advertising as they do if their standards were lower.

The business men who advertise in the leading journals understand perfectly that there is nothing for sale in them except their advertising columns, and those only under restrictions. They no more expect that the views of such a publication on the trusts or anything else will be thrown in for good measure with an order for space than they expect to buy the views of a manufacturer on the questions of the day with an order for a carload of flour or pork.

The public should understand that there are in this country to-day new and quite as influential interests as the old ones that sought special privilege and special legislation from city, state and national governments. These groups, tightly organized along class lines, some of them with an absolutely controlled press, seek selfish advantage for themselves at the expense of the general public. We cannot see how the country will be any better off if one of these groups, comprising a hundred thousand members or more, gets special legislation in its favor, than if a corporation secured the passage of a law that directly benefited its hundred thousand stockholders. Special privilege for any class at the expense of the public is vicious in principle. Yet we find these new interests lined up to do something that is the same in kind as the thing for which they have been attacking the old "interests."

Though our organized campaigns of national class hatred and class grabbing are largely confined to class-owned publications, we have free lances of international hate among our independent newspapers, professional mischief-makers among our politicians and public men—stirrers up of racial and international strife, prophets of and preparers for the next war. Parroting them, the bullheads and the fatheads are already beginning to talk of the "inevitableness" of war; of the necessity for us to prepare and arm for "the next war."

Now no matter whether the rulers and the prime ministers and the diplomats meant it when they told the fighters that the great struggle was a war to end war, the soldiers meant just that, and they still mean it. The great mass of people and their real leaders in the press and on the platform must start a campaign to pound into the heads of rulers and ministers and diplomats and writers and talkers who are preaching hate, keeping alive strife and trying to lay the foundations of an even more monstrous war, that the world will have none of it or of them, whether they be Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Italians or Germans. Leaders who will work for international tolerance, forbearance and understanding are the only ones whom the nations can afford to trust with power.

A man who has done some foolish things since the war said a very wise one in Italy shortly after the armistice was signed when he declared that the world needs a new psychology. The press, more than any other single factor, can help give it that psychology by standing for a policy of national and international tolerance, by fostering good will and understanding between nations. It can put the mischief-makers, the blatherskites, the demagogues and the war makers out of business by refusing to print their rotten stuff.

The new psychology that the world needs is simply the psychology of common sense. It needs to go off in a corner and hold its head in its hands while it thinks things out calmly and sanely. It needs to get together in some kind of coöperative body, if only long enough to lick the eternal stuffing out of any nation that is talking war and preparing for war. It needs to analyze all these taxes, as not one man in a thousand who is paying them has analyzed them, to find out just how much of them is chargeable to old wars, to the last war and to preparation for future wars—to look down the vista of the years at the procession of new taxes forming to pay for more bonuses, more pensions and more armaments. Any man who spends an hour on these figures will get up with a headache and a chill. Finally, if the world has a spark of humanity, a bit of imagination left, let it call back the bloody and mangled millions whom it has half forgotten and ask whether what the buglers and the parrots and the bullheads say is true—that this thing is necessary and inevitable. If it is, there is just one redeeming feature to the whole business—the new war will be an affair of strangling death on land and of swift destruction from the sky. No one, not even the ruler in his palace, the diplomat in his snug embassy or the general back of the lines, will be safe from being strangled by creeping gas or blown to bits by bombs along with his cannon fodder. For the first time in history the safety-first boys who start things will have to take a fairly even chance with the boys who do the dirty work and finish things. And the new war will be the last—at least the last that this civilization need worry about, for it will send mankind back to the caves and the jungle for a fresh start.

The world needs new leaders, men who will plan as patiently and directly for peace as its old ones planned patiently and indirectly for war. The soldiers of the Allies and America fought with the hope and the promise of permanent peace. Surely the world's leaders will not have the effrontery to tell them, or even to intimate by their actions, that they were "only fooling."

To be unprepared for defense against wanton and unprovoked aggression is fatuous; but to accept war as inevitable and to do our share toward making it inevitable and peace impossible by thinking war and preaching war and living war are damnable. Only by peace can the world be saved morally and economically. The first step toward it is a stoppage of the propaganda that engenders hate and leads to talk of war. The American and Allied press can do more to promote the cause of world peace or world war than all the other agencies that are devoted to either.

The world needs a new psychology, and even more a new morality—a morality that will brand the man who foments hate between nations, whether he be king, statesman, journalist or demagogue, as a dangerous criminal.

Frozen Loans

EUROPE has so many influential spokesmen to present her claims for financial assistance from America that it behooves us to keep clearly before our minds those more immediate and more definite obligations that we owe to our own Government, to our own financial fabric and to the banks with which we personally do business. Our obligations to Europe are still obscure. No man or set of men has brought them to a sharp focus. In time the fog will lift and we shall be able to see the European situation clearly and understandingly, and we shall no doubt do whatever may be fairly expected of us. In the meantime if we concentrate every energy upon setting our own house in order we shall the sooner be in a position to undertake betterments beyond our own borders.

Our most immediate and most obvious duty is to complete payment on the Liberty Bonds we bought so free-handedly before the war was won. A large portion of these issues, to quote the governor of one of the Federal Reserve banks, was "badly placed." By that he meant they were bought with borrowed money. These bonds were from the first, and still are, held as collateral security for their purchase price. They will not have been well placed until they have been paid for in full, redeemed, taken out of pawn and permanently put away in the strong boxes of the buyers.

In the meantime the sums advanced upon them are what the banking fraternity with melancholy humor dub "frozen loans." This burden of debt lies as distressingly upon the banking system of the country as a gutta-percha Welsh rabbit upon the uneasy stomach of a midnight reveler. Every banker knows that great masses of Liberty Bond subscribers—men whose incomes were never before so large as they are to-day—have made no real effort to pay off

their loans, but have cheerfully assumed that the banks would carry them for an indefinite period. Inasmuch as these purchases of Liberty Bonds were largely made from patriotic motives, local bankers have been unwilling to put on the screws and run the risk of vexing or embarrassing their customers.

If your banker has been hinting in rather plain terms that he would like you to clean up your loans on Liberty Bonds, his request was neither unfair nor unreasonable. The frozen loans must be melted down before money conditions can return to normal. We are too apt to think of the Federal Reserve System merely as an ingenious device for giving elasticity to our national credit. This is, indeed, one of its functions; but a no less important duty intrusted to it is that of putting on the brakes when credit is running wild. Its decisions are not apt to be arbitrary or ill-considered. Great as its powers are, it is still amenable to the laws that created it. Limits are put upon its activities. Its power to rediscount is automatically indicated by its gold reserve. If a considerable portion of its resources is tied up in order to enable member banks to carry slow-paying and non-paying Liberty Bond subscribers, its capacity for financing trade and industry is lessened by that precise amount.

According to the latest compilations made by the Federal Reserve Board, there are now outstanding, in round numbers, twenty billions of Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes, of which two billions are owned by banks and eighteen billions by the public. Out of the eighteen billions owned by the public, one and a half billions are borrowed on at the banks, so that a little less than sixteen and a half billions have been bought and paid for and are now held by the public.

Out of the three and a half billions which are either owned by banks or held by them as collateral for loans, about one billion has been rediscounted with Federal Reserve Banks. There are, therefore, about three and a half billions of bonds "undigested," of which one billion is being carried by the Federal Reserve Banks, and two and a half billions by national and state banks and trust companies. These figures are exclusive of Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness.

If we will all save up, pay up and thaw out our frozen loans as rapidly as possible the credit stream will swell and flow more freely and the necessary business of the country can be kept safely afloat. Once we take our Liberty Bonds out of pawn we shall be free to invest our new savings where we will.

A Good Example

THE Speaker of the House of Commons lately intervened to check a debate that threatened to involve an attack upon the policies of foreign nations. Mister Speaker's sensible example might well be copied in Washington. Congress has more than once indulged in injudicious debate upon internal affairs of other countries and, regardless of the merits of the questions discussed, has thereby brought itself into disrepute with those who are not willing to see the country made technically responsible for such breaches of international decency and good manners. Paul Pry is never an admirable character, whether in the House, in the Senate or in private life; but he is never more mischievously employed than when engaged in producing international irritations, whether he is actuated by ignorance or by the perennial itch for racial vote-getting. The majority of taxpayers would far rather see Congress set its own house in order and find remedies for our domestic ills than to waste its time and lower its reputation by taking days off to play bull-in-the-china-shop with nations across the water. When our lower House has rehabilitated itself in the esteem of thoughtful Americans there will be plenty of time in which to confer upon transatlantic nations the undesired benefits of its overflow of wisdom.

In a Line or Two

A conservative is one who would try another dose of medicine before giving up hope and knocking the patient in the head.

It might be cheaper to die, but who wants to be a cheap skate?

Considering what whiskers have done to Russia, one can understand why it is called the safety razor.

Much of Mr. Hoover's popularity is due to the fact that he doesn't recommend himself too highly.

The reason the countryman wishes to live in the city is because he doesn't know that the city man longs to live in the country.

The communist's theory that one has the right to take what he has not earned has put many a poor burglar in jail.

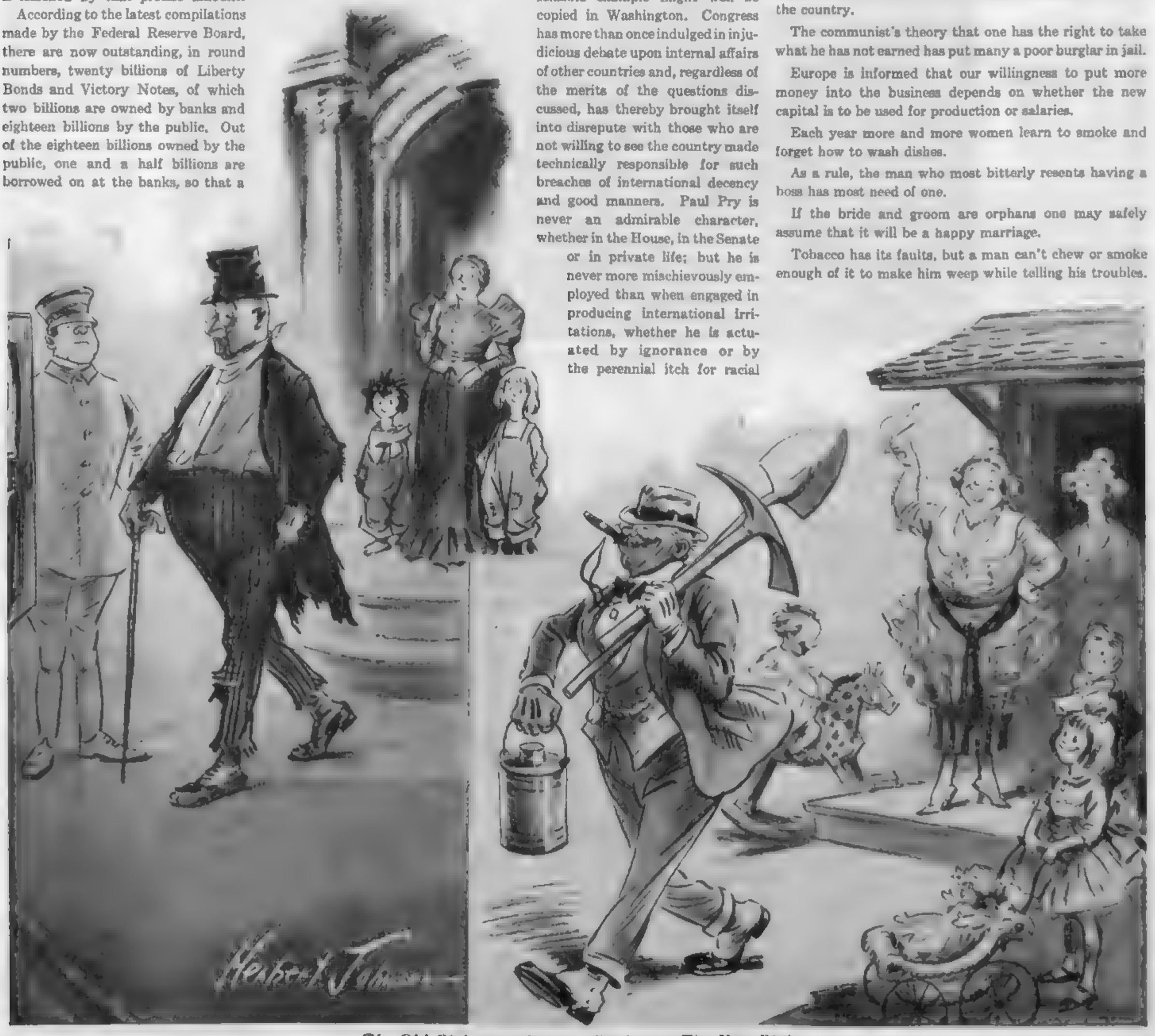
Europe is informed that our willingness to put more money into the business depends on whether the new capital is to be used for production or salaries.

Each year more and more women learn to smoke and forget how to wash dishes.

As a rule, the man who most bitterly resents having a boss has most need of one.

If the bride and groom are orphans one may safely assume that it will be a happy marriage.

Tobacco has its faults, but a man can't chew or smoke enough of it to make him weep while telling his troubles.



The Old Rich —— Going to Work —— The New Rich

A PERSONAL REPORT

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

I WISH you would take what is written here as a personal report addressed directly to you from me about your business. Don't think of it or read it as an article about politics or remote public affairs at Washington. It is not that at all. It is what I ask you to think it, a personal business report to you relating to your individual concerns, your pocketbook and your welfare. You are the boss. I have no other interest than to tell you the exact truth.

Assume that you have sent me to Washington to find out for you what your agents are doing, how they are managing your affairs and spending your money. I call them your agents, for that is all they are—the President, the members of the cabinet, the senators and all the members of the House of Representatives. You hire them, you pay them and you can fire them. You may think of them in deference and awe as a group of eminent statesmen, or you may call them in flippancy and too hasty contempt a lot of cheap politicians. But whatever you call them, they are your hired men. You made them what they are to-day. I hope you're not satisfied. They attend to your collective business, which is called the public business.

Query: Are they doing it efficiently and with a single-minded devotion to your interests? Answer: No. Specifications follow:

Why is the excess-profits tax still in effect when experience has shown that it discourages initiative and enterprise, rewards overcapitalization and discourages conservatism in capitalization, confirms great corporations in their monopolies, encourages extravagance and wasteful management and adds to the cost of living?

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The Capitol From the Air

Mr. Leffingwell's Diagnosis

YOUR hired men couldn't make up their minds what to do with the railroads, and held them for a year and a quarter after the world war ended, meantime furnishing transportation at less than cost. You make up the difference out of your pocket. Then Congress ordered the railroads returned to their owners with a new expenditure of $1,000,000,000 by the Government for their account and deferment for years of the $1,000,000,000 the railroads owe the Government. Mr. Leffingwell, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury adds, "It is safe to say that the Government's expenditures and losses on account of the railroads and its investment in the railroads will shortly amount to $2,350,000,000."

The United States Shipping Board expended in the fiscal year 1917, $14,000,000; in the fiscal year 1918, $771,000,000; in the fiscal year 1919, $1,820,000,000; and in the fiscal year 1920—to March 31, 1920—$433,000,000. The actual cash expenditures since armistice day amounted approximately to $1,600,000,000, while Congress deliberated as to our shipping policy. Notwithstanding the fact that it has been engaged in commercial shipping at a time when it is exceptionally profitable, the Shipping Board has made as yet no net return to the Treasury, its expenditures still exceeding its receipts.

Five billion dollars spent or invested in railroads and ships, the larger part of it after the fighting was over! Why are the railroads being run to-day at a loss at the Government's expense? To what end are we moving in our shipping policy?

Your general manager, President Wilson, has been very sick, and is not recovered entirely yet. He is still more or less isolated in the White House.

Your managing directors, the members of Congress, instead of devoting themselves wholly to your business, are wondering whether you are going to fire them in November or keep them on their jobs. They are concerned with what is loosely and inaccurately known as politics. What this means in its bleakest terms is the desire of the ins to stay in and the desire of the outs to get in. The working out of this problem by your agents produces the present commotion and takes their minds off your business. It is a part of the unavoidable waste of our biennial turnover.

Your general manager, Mr. Wilson, and your managing directors, the congressmen, are not on speaking terms. This helps to slow your business and put it in a snarl. They are supposed to be coördinate branches in your business of government, and to mesh like two perfectly adjusted cog wheels, but at this juncture they don't Mocha and Java at all. I quote Mr. Leffingwell of the Treasury again, because he is a part of the governmental machine and knows from experience what he is talking about:

"From November, 1918, to March, 1921, the first two years and a half after fighting stopped, and probably the most critical two years and a half in the world's history, the Government of the United States has been deadlocked against itself—a government by obstruction. It is at least questionable whether the progress of reaction would have been so complete or so disastrous if our institutions had not given this country, during the most critical period of the world's history, a government divided against itself and therefore incapable of effective leadership in national or international affairs.

"At this most critical moment in the history of Europe, when our own financial and economic stake in Europe's affairs is so great that disaster there could mean only disaster here, many of our own people have turned gamblers and wasters. For plain living and high thinking we have substituted cost of living—of silk stockings and shirts for the poor, of automobiles for men of small means, of palaces for the profiteer and the plutocrat.

"We must cut government expenditure to the quick, abjure bonuses and realize promptly upon all salable war assets, including ships, applying the proceeds to the war debt. We must have a national budget with teeth in it, which means among other things that no appropriation shall be made by Congress without a critical examination and report on ways and means by the Treasury, representing the financial end of the executive branch of the Government; and the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate, representing the financial end of the legislative branch. We must promptly revise our tax laws to make them more equitable and less burdensome without reducing the revenue. We must restore the railroads to a self-supporting basis by establishing rates which will insure a return for capital and labor commensurate with the return to be had elsewhere at a time when there is a world-wide shortage of both. And above all we must work and save. We must produce more; but more important still, we must consume less."

You see you are not entirely blameless for the low estate into which your public business has fallen. Your agents take their cue from you. If you spend money with both hands and give no attention to how they manage your public affairs they too will throw your money about. I reveal no secret when I declare that your hired men are just average human beings in no way unlike you and me. You have provided money in great sums for them to spend. Do you ever think or do you know how much money you do provide? Here are a few items you paid in the fiscal year 1919:

How We Make Our Money Fly

YOU paid in income and profits taxes $2,600,783,902.70. The estate tax yielded $82,029,983.13. Corporations to the number of 350,000 paid a capital stock tax of $28,775,749.66. You paid a transportation tax of $237,839,572.30. The excise taxes on the sales of automobiles, motor cycles and certain other commodities was $82,424,873.83. The tax you paid on sales of works of art, carpets, picture frames, wearing apparel, perfumes and cosmetics, soft drinks and ice cream came to $6,147,269.45. The taxes on various occupations, admissions and dues amounted to $59,713,455.17. You paid for the privilege of drinking certain wines and cordials $10,521,609.14. You paid in duties on imported articles $181,496,860.

These are incredible figures. Neither you nor anybody else has the faintest conception of what $1,000,000,000 really is. We speak familiarly of billions as a commonplace, but most of us live our lives in terms of hundreds. Mind you, these astonishing figures represent your contributions for only one single year, and I have not set down all of them.

Do you ever bother your head about these bushels and bushels of dollars that you contribute to the support of the Government? You earned them. You know whether they came easily or not. Do you know where they go after they leave you, how they are spent, whether wisely or foolishly? It's all your money, contributed for the proper

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Order by the case for summer

Then you have them ready at an instant's notice to give you a delicious dish, hot or cold, made doubly tempting by Campbell's famous tomato sauce. For the picnic, for the outing, the motor or boating trip or for regular use on the home table, the quality and convenience of Campbell's Beans make them an ideal summer food.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

and economic conduct of your business. There is no such thing as government money. The Government never earned a cent.

You own the Government and you support it, and it is merely administered by men of your selection. I have always been puzzled about why you do not take an active and eager interest in what becomes of your money that you pay in taxes. You think of government finances as something so complex and large and mysterious that you can't ever hope to understand it, as something beyond your powers of comprehension. That is a great mistake. The essentials are really very simple. Any man these days who can support and clothe and educate a family of four on $2000 a year or less must have a skill in finance that makes as easy as A B C the most involved operation in government finance.

But let's go on, and get down to cases. I have some details to recite under these general specifications that immediately concern you.

Whoever becomes President on March 4, 1921, will find himself very much in the position and situation of a man who takes up an abandoned farm. At least that is true so far as Washington is concerned. It was James A. Garfield who declared on one of the blackest days in the history of this republic, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives."

Encouraging and inspiring words, and still true, of course, but the Government at Washington needs the pulmotor, or a shot in the arm, or something. Its blood pressure is low. Or, if I may put it another way, the machinery of the national Government is rusted and in a poor state of repair. The national estate has been allowed to run down. Something ought to be done about it. Something will have to be done about it. Nothing can be done until the lease of the present tenants expires next March. The whole place must be gone over then and put in order. It ought to be talked about now and the present condition and situation of the governmental machine made thoroughly known.

Our General Manager's Long Illness

I HESITATE to say there is a crisis at Washington, because that doesn't mean anything. There is always a crisis at Washington of one sort or another. The whole process of affairs at the capital is marked by swift passages from one crisis to another.

But I do say that Washington has fallen upon evil days. It is in a slough. The country can look for no help from the seat of government for the problems that beset us for another year at least. That ought to be known. From now until next summer the people in this country will have to solve their own problems. They need expect no assistance, no leadership, no light from Washington. On the constructive side the Federal machine is as impotent as if it did not exist. It's a pity, for there is so much that needs to be done.

It is not an entirely novel situation. Washington has fallen into these sloughs and muskegs before. Take, for example, the testimony of Henry Adams, one of the keenest minds of that illustrious family of public men and political ob-

"At Washington in 1869–70 every intelligent man about the Government prepared to go. The people would have liked to go, too, for they stood helpless before the chaos. Some laughed and some raved; all were disgusted. But they had to content themselves by turning their backs and going to work harder than ever on their railroads and foundries. They were strong enough to carry even their politics. Only the helpless remained in Washington.

"Dissolution of ties in every direction marked the dissolution of temper, and the Senate chamber became again a scene of irritated egotism that passed ridicule. Senators quarreled with each other, and no one objected, but they picked quarrels also with the executive, and threw every department into confusion.

"One might search the whole list of Congress, judiciary and executive during the twenty-five years, 1870 to 1895, and find little but damaged reputations. The period was bare in purpose and barren in results. No public administrator achieved enough good reputation to preserve his memory for twenty years. A number of them achieved bad reputations, or damaged good ones that had been gained in the Civil War. On the whole, even for senators, diplomats and cabinet officers, the period was wearisome and stale."

Washington is at this juncture as it has been and fearfully will be again. It is always saved from the morasses into which it falls by the common sense of the country.

In the present time of need there is no effectiveness at Washington. It is recognized and openly conceded by all our chief agents of government. No secret is made by men in high places that the Government in none of its branches is functioning as it should. The war and the disarrangements growing out of it, Mr. Wilson's long illness, the uncertain and unsettled economic conditions that have affected the whole world are each in part responsible for this decay and rust at the seat of government.

Consider in all kindness the anomaly at the White House. Mr. Wilson as the general manager of our national business has mighty powers. Practically there is no limit to what he may do and may not do. He is absolutely independent of any outside control. Congress cannot sway or move him, and certainly public opinion cannot, for it does not even reach him in his isolation. The question of what constitutes the inability of Mr. Wilson to perform the duties of his office has ceased to be acute since he began apparently slowly to recover his health.

Mr. Wilson has been ill and isolated since September last. From August, 1919, until April, 1920, he did not meet with his cabinet. Nobody yet knows definitely and authoritatively how ill he has been, what lasting effect—if any—it has left on his mind, constitution and character, or how complete and permanent his measure of recovery. In the absence of any trustworthy information there has been and continues to be a flood of surmises and guesses and lurid gossip

Occasionally Mr. Wilson has been seen, as this is written in late April, on the public streets, being driven on fine days in a motor car, always attended by his wife and his physician. His power and facility of expression are apparently untouched by his illness, and certainly there is no sign that his will, always of an extraordinary inflexibility, has been impaired. Beyond that we know nothing much about him. He has never been accessible to any great number of advisers, influences and such aids in counsel as have been supposed as a matter of course to be indispensable in the conduct of such weighty affairs and in the exercise of such great power as are the constant portion of a President of the United States.

The presidency has come to be such a tremendous burden, such an onerous responsibility, so freighted with duties and powers, that the ablest mind, guided and supported and assisted by the most expert counselors, can do no more than barely meet its obligations. A sick man or a man of impaired vitality or judgment can't properly attend to the duties of the office. Mr. Wilson's breakdown and consequent decrease in efficiency has been felt and reflected all the way down to and through the executive departments of the Government. It is seen and felt in a hundred ways. It is openly commented upon in the departments daily by cabinet officers and their subordinates.

Nothing to be Done About It

WHEN Mr. Garfield, the fuel administrator, resigned he was called before a Senate committee to tell why. He declined to give the committee a copy of his letter of resignation, but did say, "I believe I represent the real opinion of the President in the matter—if I were able to see him and talk it over—because I know his mind." There Mr. Garfield touched the heart and core of the present situation.

In the distribution of governmental powers so many springs of action proceed so directly from the man in the White House that when he is not functioning perfectly and at the peak of his capacities the whole public business is slowed down and falls into confusion. He is the central power station, the mainspring of all important action. When he shuts down, or partially shuts down, all the lights along the transmission lines go out or become dim and ineffective.

That is the condition now. There is nothing to be done about it. In carrying on the Government in this halting fashion and to the best of his ability in his present physical condition Mr. Wilson is violating no law. There is no remedy to be proposed. At the best this condition and situation will continue until next March. But in ordering our own affairs we can and should bear this situation in mind and take into account the possibilities which it discloses. We have got to bear with it and do the best we can.

Mr. Wilson as our general manager was employed for a stated term of years. That term does not expire until next March. That he has been partially disabled is just our hard luck. If he chooses to stick on—as he does—without calling in help, that is his privilege, and we must make our plans to fit that set of facts. But we mustn't expect anything in the nature of constructive leadership this year in solving our pressing national problems.

In his final report to the President, upon completing his work as Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane sketched with a sure hand out of the abundance of his experience the present Washington condition:

"The call is for thinking, planning, engineering, statesmanship. For we are quickly passing out of the rough-and-ready period of our national life, in which we have dealt wholesale with men and things, into a period of more intensive development, in which we must seek to find the special qualities of the individual unit, whether that unit be an acre of desert, a barrel of oil, a mountain cañon, the flow of

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Mosquito Remedies and Cures

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

SOME of our economists place the value of a human life at from three to five thousand dollars, according to the age of the individual. Other investigators say that this estimate is too low, and establish a figure several times greater. If a person were to base his determination of the value of a life on the care that is exercised by some communities in the conservation of the health and life of its citizens, the foregoing estimates would appear to be a hundred or more times too high. In fact the indifference exercised in many localities with respect to the physical well-being of the population leads one to believe that the value of a human life as fixed by a Virginia judge was about correct.

This particular jurist was presiding in a case where a darky named Zeke was being tried on a charge of petty larceny. The prosecuting attorney had been devoting many minutes to the delivery of some severely abusive language concerning the defendant. Finally, when Zeke couldn't stand the attack any longer, he said: "Jedge, if dis heah man don' stop talkin' dat way 'bout me, I'll jes' natully haf to kill him." "Now, Zeke," warned the judge, "I want you to be careful about what you say and do, for if you kill this lawyer I'll have to fine you a dollar and give you two days in jail."

In a number of communities throughout the United States the expense incurred in undertaking work that would result in saving scores of lives would amount to only a few cents per person per year, and yet such preventive measures are completely ignored. The season has arrived when our lively little acquaintance, the mosquito, is with us again. It cannot be denied that his life in some communities is not the same old merry round of pleasure that it once was; however, we have more mosquitoes than are necessary, and certainly more than are justified in view of the low cost required to rid the country of the pest.

The mosquito is not only a nuisance, but is the one and only agent that transmits malaria from one person to another. In addition, this insect is a conveyor of yellow fever, filariasis and dengue fever. Malaria, however, is the disease most commonly transmitted by mosquitoes and is a far more serious ailment in this country and throughout the world than is generally supposed. The development of some of the richest agricultural lands in America has been retarded by the extraordinary prevalence of malarial mosquitoes, and even now, in congested sections of the East, many communities have failed to realize their possibilities because of the mosquito pest.

Malaria is not a difficult disease to fight, though even to-day it is responsible for one-fifth of all the sickness that occurs in the tropics. People suffering from malaria may be able to withstand the fevers of this troublesome and persistent disease, but if attacked by pneumonia, dysentery, or some other common ailment, they are likely to succumb to the new disease because of their already weakened condition. If the malarial patient does survive, the parasites will eventually die out of themselves.

Years ago it was believed that the air and exhalations from marshes produced malaria, as the disease was most common in such regions. It has since been proved that the parasites of malaria do not exist in the soil, decaying vegetation or the air and water of marshes. The infection can be introduced into the blood of a healthy person only through the beak of one of the insects that has bitten some person already suffering from malaria.

Of all the different species of mosquitoes only the female Anopheles transmits malaria, as the male of this type does not bite. The Anopheles variety can be distinguished from other mosquitoes by its peculiar habit of resting with its head down. In other words, it appears almost to stand on its head, whereas other mosquitoes when resting or biting appear humpbacked. Therefore if the insect you happen to notice is sort of standing on its head, hit him twice as hard, for he may be a carrier of malaria.

A New Jersey Mosquito Inspector Hunting for Wrigglers That Will Soon Become Mosquitoes

The Anopheles is far less annoying than other mosquitoes, for it seldom bites in the daytime and does not often attack a person who is moving about. The bite is also less painful, and the hum of the insect is not so loud as that of other varieties. A recent Federal investigation showed that Anopheles mosquitoes can subsist on food composed of either living organisms or their dead remains, and, contrary to popular belief, "it appears that the purer and more sterile the waters may be, so long as they contain sufficient food, the more suitable they are for Anopheles breeding." This would seem to account for the fact that rain-water puddles and seepage pools frequently permit much more prolific breeding than near-by stagnant waters. It also serves to emphasize the danger of doing more harm than good by cleaning the refuse from such places as sloughs and stagnant puddles, unless adequate provision is made for subsequent drainage, oiling or fish control.

The way to rid a community of the mosquito pest is to attack the nuisance at its source. Proper drainage of pools, ditches, streams and ponds is an essential remedial measure. It is more effective as a permanent proposition, and in the long run is less costly, than the temporary and continuous method of oiling. In Essex County, New Jersey, the mosquito commission found that satisfactory results were obtained from cutting the grasses and high weeds that grow on both sides of the ditches. This cutting is commenced at the end of the growing season, so that one cutting is sufficient. Its object is to prevent the vegetable growth from falling into and obstructing the circulation of the water. This late-season cutting is less costly than spring and summer cutting or the pulling out of the dead growth. The cost of this cutting has amounted to about one-fifth of a cent a foot.

This same commission secured good results by using tile pipes instead of wooden flumes. The cost of twenty-four-inch pipe was $2.02 a foot, while thirty-inch pipe cost $3.96 a foot.

Oiling as an antimosquito measure should be supplementary to drainage. When the funds available for drainage are limited, oiling provides a good substitute remedy. In this method the surface of the water must be completely and continuously covered with a film of oil. Mosquito larvæ are unable to penetrate this oil film with their breathing tubes, and so drown and die. Oiling was largely and satisfactorily used to protect the builders of the Panama Canal from the ravages of malaria.

The larvæ of mosquitoes do not occur in bodies of water of considerable depths. They are found only near the banks of such water. It is unnecessary and expensive to oil ponds or pools that may be more economically treated by filling or drainage. An ordinary watering pot is useful for oiling limited areas. Ditches and small streams containing moving water may be satisfactorily treated by using an oil drip. This permits a sufficient number of drops of oil to fall on the moving water surface to form a continuous thin film. Lakes and lagoons or the edges of stagnant rivers can be taken care of by a spraying machine with a hand pump mounted on a small flat-bottom boat.

Recent investigations have proved that fishes are effective eradicators of the mosquito in its aquatic stages. The little fish known as the top minnow is an efficient destroyer of mosquito larvæ. This minnow seeks its food at the water's surface and thrives under conditions that will not satisfactorily support other fish life. It is prolific, and since it does not lay eggs but gives birth to well-developed young, it requires no special environment for depositing and hatching eggs. These minnows eat the larvæ before they are a day old.

In order to secure satisfactory results in mosquito elimination through the use of these and other fish it is necessary for the authorities to insure that the fish are protected not only from other and larger predacious fish but from fishermen who would like to use the small minnows as bait. In some cases it has been possible to connect larvæ-infested ditches and swamps with ponds that have been well supplied with top minnows. Whenever this was done large numbers of the minnows entered these waters and destroyed the larvæ in a surprisingly short time.

The star-headed minnow has also been found useful in antimalarial work, as also have roach minnows. Two of the latter kept a well ten feet long, five feet wide and two feet deep wholly free from mosquito larvæ for several months. Later this well was accidentally sprayed with oil, which killed the roach minnows, and when the oil had evaporated mosquito larvæ appeared in large numbers.

No matter how much work is done during the next few years, we shall likely have some of the mosquito pests with us, so it is not out of place to mention a few remedies that may be used to protect one from these dangerous insects. Oil of pennyroyal or spirits of camphor rubbed upon the face and hands or dropped upon the pillow at night will keep mosquitoes away for a time. Oil of citronella is another good substance to use, but the odor is objectionable to some people. Oil of peppermint and oil of tar are also used by many people in regions where mosquitoes are plentiful. One of the most highly recommended preventives is made by mixing one ounce of oil of citronella with one ounce of spirits of camphor and one-half of oil of cedar. Several drops of this solution placed on a towel and hung over the head of the bed will probably keep mosquitoes away. If this is not effective a few drops of the liquid may be rubbed on the face and hands.

Practically all these solutions possess the same disadvantage, which is that they lose their efficacy before the night is over. Certain varieties of mosquitoes do their very best biting in the early morning hours, and as this is

(Continued on Page 38)

(Continued from Page 34)

the time we are usually sleeping most soundly our supply of preventives generally fails to protect us, unless we are fortunate enough to wake up before dawn and give ourselves another application of the remedy.

In some homes powders and fumigants are used to rid them of mosquitoes. The burning of pyrethrum powder—Dalmatian insect powder—in a room at night will free the place of the insects. This powder gives off a pungent smoke which stupefies the mosquitoes and causes them to fall to the floor. If the windows are open, however, this preventive does not work so well, and if they are closed the person must sit in a cloud of smoke, which may be effective but not pleasant. Sulphur dioxide and several other compounds, when burned, are efficient mosquito preventives, and one investigator states that in Japan the burning of dried orange peel is recommended.

Probably the simplest and most satisfactory remedy for mosquito bites is an application of moist toilet soap. When this is rubbed on the puncture the irritation soon passes away. Other suggested remedies include alcohol, glycerin, ammonia and camphor. When a person has been infected and malaria develops the United States Public Health Service suggests treatment as follows:

For an acute attack ten grains of quinine sulphate by mouth three times a day for a period of at least three or four days, to be followed by ten grains every night before retiring for a period of eight weeks. For infected persons not having acute symptoms at the time, only the eight-weeks' treatment is required. The proportionate doses for children are: Under one year, one-half grain; one year, one grain; two years, two grains; three and four years, three grains; five, six and seven years, four grains; eight, nine and ten years, six grains; eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen years, eight grains; fifteen years and older, ten grains.

Various mosquito-trapping devices are in use in different localities. One plan, which takes advantage of the insect's habit of seeking a dark place in which to sleep during the day, consists in placing a wooden box, whose three dimensions are each about one foot, on a high shelf or near the ceiling in a shady corner of the room, and permitting the mosquitoes to enter the box when they seek shelter on the arrival of daylight. The box, or trap, which is lined with a dark-green napped woolen fabric or baize, has a hinged door in one side and this is left open until the mosquitoes have entered. Those that do not go into the box by choice can be encouraged to do so by being stirred from other resting places by using a duster or broom. Later the door of the trap is closed, and then, through a small hole that may be uncovered in the top of the box, a teaspoonful of benzine is introduced, and all the mosquitoes inside are killed. The box is then aired and replaced.

Perhaps the simplest plan for catching mosquitoes without crushing them on the wall or ceiling is to fasten a small metal funnel on to the end of a long stick, then plug or fill the hole in the bottom of the funnel and pour a couple of spoonfuls of kerosene into the receptacle. The funnel, by means of the stick, is then pressed quickly against the ceiling, inclosing one mosquito after another. When captured in this way the insect tries to fly and is caught in the kerosene. Those resting on the walls can easily be driven to the ceiling. All the mosquitoes in a bedroom may be trapped by this method before a person retires. A tin can or cup may be nailed to a long stick and used instead of a funnel.

Let us not underrate the mosquito menace or relax our efforts to better the health and increase the productivity of the nation by eradicating the pest. Over in southern Italy 2,000,000 hectares of valuable land remain uncultivated on account of malaria. The Italian Government reports more than 1,800,000 cases of malaria annually, with 15,000 deaths. This means a loss of millions in money to the people of that country, aside from the high mortality. Here in the United States properties in many communities would be worth more if there were no mosquitoes, and thousands of acres in the rich lowlands of our Mississippi Valley would be utilized if these insects were eliminated.

Down in Texas about three years ago one large city undertook to control the mosquito pest. All known methods of attack were employed, and an educational campaign was conducted to mold public opinion and secure coöperation. The annual cost has been less than three cents a person, and the yearly death rate has been reduced from 19.3 per 100,000 to 5.4 per 100,000, or a reduction of seventy-two per cent. Such results furnish evidence that it pays to use all the knowledge and weapons we can command in clearing our land of the mosquito pest.

Standardized Electricity

DURING the war we heard a lot of talk concerning the benefits of standardization. Efforts along this line in many industries brought splendid results, and in business circles it was commonly believed that our war experiences in eliminating waste and increasing efficiency would be remembered and that in future times staple articles would be in less variety and would be more interchangeable.

The practice of initiative and originality in the United States has developed a common mind that takes special delight in creating something different. This condition has fostered individuality to such an extent that most Americans are only happy when they can state as a fact that their particular product is not only the best ever but is unlike anything produced elsewhere.

This aggressiveness in creating a great variety of articles has its wasteful features and is not so much of a national virtue as was once supposed. Notwithstanding the fact that we are a nation made up of people from all countries and possessed of different temperaments, we must learn to think in the same units. There is no good reason, for instance, why there should be two kinds of ton. A man in one state will produce 2240 pounds of a certain raw material and will be paid for a ton. A little later 2000 pounds of this same product is sold in another locality and the purchaser is supposed to have received a ton of the material.

It is likely that in no other business is there such great want for standardization as in the electrical industry. The big need of the present day is for one kind of electricity, one frequency and one voltage. There is absolutely no reason why we should not have the same standardized electric service in all our homes throughout the land. At the present time the most prevalent kind of electricity is the 110-volt, sixty-cycle alternating current. Why wouldn't this answer for every household purpose? Such standardization would not interfere with the supply of direct or alternating current of special voltages or frequencies for commercial and industrial establishments where skilled mechanics are on hand to handle safely these complicated currents.

In many cities to-day one section of the town will be supplied with direct-current service while another district will have alternating-current electricity. In such a case, when the householder moves from the first section of the town to the alternating-current district he will find that his electric washing machine, fans and other motor-driven appliances are useless. Again, if the same citizen moves his family from a city supplied with twenty-five-cycle service to a community that uses sixty-cycle current his electrical appliances will probably fail to operate satisfactorily and may be put out of use altogether by burning out. Similar troubles frequently occur even when the householder only moves within the limits of the same electric company's system, if he goes from a precinct where one voltage is used to a district where current of a different voltage is supplied.

For many years the public has suffered great losses and endured much annoyance from this lack of electrical standardization. It is also true that the electrical trade suffers in the matter through having to carry large supplies of duplicate stocks for the various voltages and the different currents. Manufacturers of electrical appliances are also penalized by having to provide a large assortment of equipment for a variety of types of electric service. The responsibility for all this waste appears to lie entirely on the shoulders of the electrical industry as a whole.

I asked O. H. Caldwell, electrical engineer and authority on electrical merchandising, to give me the point of view of the forward-looking men in his industry on this subject. Said he: "No one will expect electric-utility companies to throw out existing large investments in seldom-used electrical apparatus. But as changes and additions are made in their systems from time to time these can all be in the direction of that kind of current that is agreed upon as standard. A majority of our cities use 110-volt alternating current, but a few communities have selected 120-volt, sixty-cycle service as their new standard, believing that the extra ten volts provide worth-while economies. As to just what the standard electricity will be for household use throughout the country, this is a subject for the electrical industry to discuss and decide upon.

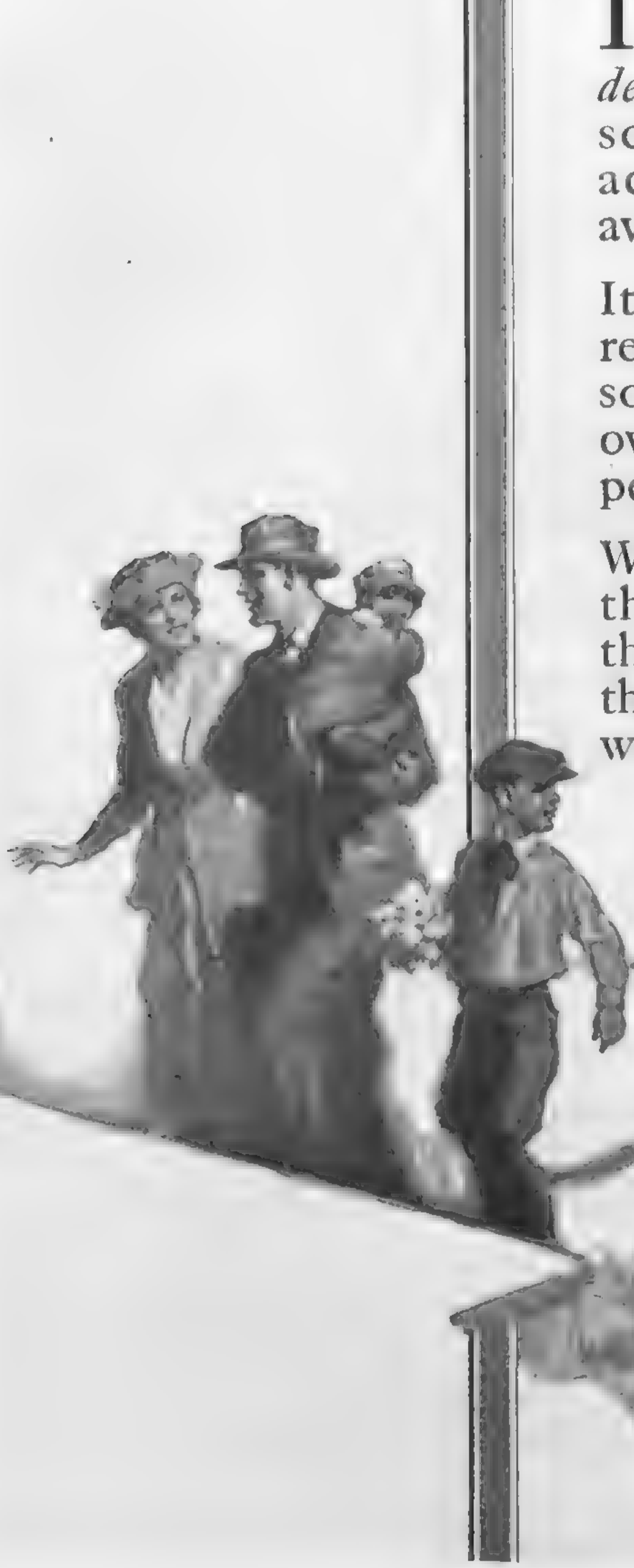
"In times past the decision as to the kind of electricity that should be used has been left to the designing engineer, whose verdict has been shaped chiefly by local engineering considerations. Too often these engineers have considered only efficiencies in the generating end and have failed to devote sufficient attention to the uses of the electrical service in the consumer's premises. For example, twenty-five-cycle current gives economical high-tension transmission, but it is fitful stuff for lighting a home or for working interchangeably with sixty-cycle service. The need for a variety of voltages on the same distribution system ended with the passing of carbon-filament lamps, which could not be made with accuracy. The present confusion of currents, voltages and frequencies is unnecessary and should be stopped. Public necessity demands standardization."

And while we are on the subject of electrical standardization it might be well to call attention to the waste and trouble that result to householders from the great

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE LAKE COUNTY MOSQUITO EXTERMINATION COMMISSION

Opening Up a Ditch in the Campaign to Banish Mosquitoes

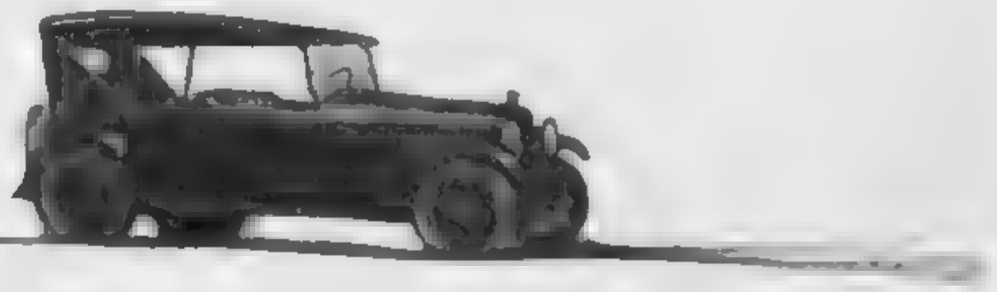
(Continued on Page 38)



IF the Hupmobile were a living creature, the word *devotion* would exactly describe the qualities which actually endear it to the average family.

It so seldom sulks; it is so ready and willing; it performs so faithfully, that it repays, over and over, the confidence people place in it.

Without question, these are the underlying reasons for the great good will in which the Hupmobile is held everywhere.



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assortment of different kinds of attachment plugs and receptacles. It is only necessary to visit any large electric shop in order to find that the household appliances there on sale are equipped with eight or ten different types of attachment plugs. Some are square, others round, while many have prongs that are tandem or parallel. It is likewise true that in the baseboards of American homes that are equipped for electricity there is an array of receptacles equally varied.

There are thirty-seven different kinds of attachment plugs in electrical use to-day. There should be but one. Public convenience and the public purse demand a standardization of electricity and electrical appliances. Also while we are cleaning house along this line let us not overlook the matter of a proper location for electric and other meters in the home. If these were located on the porch or in the cellar so that, in the latter case, the dial could be read through the cellar window, as might easily be done with a little planning, the housewife would be saved immeasurable annoyance from the trackings of the muddy feet of electric, gas and water meter readers. Furthermore, if this plan were followed the utility companies would have their meter-reading expense and trouble cut in two, resulting in corresponding economies to the public. It is a simple matter to have the meters properly located when houses are being designed and built.

Saving Our Teeth

THE early decay of the teeth of civilized people is due largely to an improper diet. There is some foundation in truth for the statement that in the matter of education we have progressed far more rapidly along intellectual and moral lines than along physical. We have learned how to take care of intricate mechanical devices and rather neglected that supreme machine, the human body.

In ages past man needed no dentifrices for his mouth, and teeth were cleaned and disinfected several times daily by the abundance of acids in the juices of fruits that were eaten. The teeth of the early races were also strengthened and polished by the exercise they got in cracking nuts and chewing fibrous roots. In truth all evidences point to the fact that the farther we have got away from a natural diet and a primitive environment the more trouble we have experienced from mouth infection and dental decay.

One investigator recently produced proofs that appeared to show that the removal of cellulose from our foods through refining processes is tending to reduce the size and number of human teeth in each mouth. In fact, the mouth has become more of an opening merely through which we swallow than an efficient machine for masticating food. The skulls of ancient people that have been dug up show better teeth than those in our heads to-day.

Careful studies have brought to light the fact that there is a direct relationship between tooth decay and an infected condition of the stomach. The teeth, like other structures in the human body, remain sound until the general vital resistance of the person is lowered. One modern school of medical men now maintains that infection of the mouth is more often the result of intestinal trouble than it is the cause of such disease. If this is true, then it follows that constipation and an excess of protein in the diet, both of which are largely responsible for intestinal toxemia, are important factors in the development of dental decay. A well-known medical writer recently expressed the opinion that it is just as important for the conservation of the teeth to keep the colon healthy and clean and free from particles of putrefying food remnants as to brush the teeth.

It is generally agreed that dental decay is promoted by a diet made up of foods that contain very little calcium or lime. The teeth are more dependent upon an adequate supply of lime than any other parts of the body structure. An average individual uses up from fifteen to twenty-three grains of lime in the activities of each day. The entire body contains only 4.2 pounds of this essential element. If the lime that is lost from the body every twenty-four hours is not made up by the absorption of a new supply from the food that is eaten serious consequences will result.

It is easy to determine the amount of lime that should be taken into the body in the form of food each day by simply remembering that approximately sixty per cent of the lime of the food that is eaten is absorbed. If a body requires twenty grains daily, then it is plain that the food in the day's diet should contain not less than thirty-three grains of lime. If less of this bone-making element is taken into the system than passes out the result is that the tissues demand and take lime from the blood, and this latter fluid, in order to protect and replenish its store of lime, secures the element by robbing the bones and teeth, thus causing these parts to become softened and less resistant to disease and the forces of disintegration.

It is estimated that the consumption of meat in the United States amounts to about 250 pounds a person a year. In normal times the consumption of sugar is approximately four ounces per capita each day. These two items, with butter and several other common foods containing but a minimum of lime, form the bulk of the food consumed by the average American citizen at the present time. Meat contains less than one grain of lime to the pound. A pound of wheat contains four grains; a pound of fine flour, one grain; a pint of milk, fourteen grains; a pint of cream, eleven grains; a pound of peas or beans, fifteen grains; a pound of butter contains but a small fraction of one grain, while a pound of sugar contains no lime at all.

These figures show how easy it is for a person to arrange a day's diet so that it will contain an adequate supply of calories and yet give the body only one-fifth or even one-tenth the amount of lime needed to make up the day's loss from natural activities. If the diet of a person is such that the daily loss of lime amounts to only ten grains, this deficiency in a year's time will total more than one-half pound, or a loss of more than twelve per cent of the entire lime content of the body.

Thorough mastication of food also tends to benefit the teeth. The vigorous chewing of what we eat not only causes an abundant flow of saliva, which acts to cleanse the teeth, but the teeth are scoured by contact with the food, and the action of the jaw muscles brings a larger supply of blood to the teeth. The flow of saliva is greater with dry food than with food that is liquid or moist. Extensive experiments have shown that saliva is a natural and efficient mouth wash, for in a healthy individual this product is well supplied with elements that are unfavorable to the development of harmful bacteria. Foods that contain a large percentage of cellulose tend to give the teeth a good scouring.

Uncooked foodstuffs are beneficial to the teeth and act to prevent scurvy. Certain fruits, especially the apple, promote an abundant flow of saliva when chewed, and serve as an effective dentifrice through supplying a quantity of disinfecting acid to the mouth. Many good foods are seriously damaged by being cooked at too high a temperature or by being heated for too long a time. When oatmeal, for instance, is subjected to a long cooking the lime salts are rendered insoluble.

All of this, however, does not mean that the toothbrush and a good dentifrice have no place in the preservation of the teeth of modern man. On the other hand, the mouth that is carefully brushed several times daily is a much cleaner and healthier cavity than the mouth which is neglected.

I have talked recently with two recognized authorities. From them I learned that all tooth pastes and powders used in the hygiene of the mouth should have that texture which will enable a person easily to remove, with the aid of a toothbrush, such substances as lightly adhere to the surfaces of the teeth. All other substances should be removed by the dentists or dental hygienists. No tooth pastes or powders should contain materials which will cut, scratch, chafe or abrade the enamel of the teeth or the mucous membrane adjacent to them, or remove by chemical action any substances sticking to the teeth or gums.

Summing up, it appears that the way to build and keep good teeth in the human head is to eat a sufficient quantity of those foods that contain an abundance of calcium or lime. It is also essential that we avoid constipation, keep our mouths alkaline, eat plenty of fruit and raw foods that contain high percentages of cellulose and require vigorous mastication, and cleanse our teeth with a brush and a safe dentifrice carefully and frequently each and every day. I would hardly agree with those who declare that dental decay threatens the race with extinction, but it is easy to believe that the preservation of the nation's teeth is a work worth while.

The Chemistry of the Body

IMMUNITY to disease in people depends very largely on healthy red blood, which is only created in the body by a sufficiency of nutritious food. But each day we are getting farther away from Nature and becoming more a race that is sustained by eating artificial products designed by chemists in laboratories.

Never before was the world so badly in need of normal, healthy children and vigorous manhood. The nations of Europe since 1913 have shown a twenty-five per cent decrease in births. Here in the United States approximately 500,000 children die annually. This is caused less by a lack of food quantity than by a deficiency in food nourishment. In this connection, and while we are pondering on the question of where the workers of to-morrow are to come from, let us remember that the quality of the brain of a child is determined largely by conditions during the prenatal period, and the whole physical future of every individual is chiefly decided and shaped before he is four years old.

Some human foods that are now being sold with impunity will kill animals that are fed on them for a short period of time. These same foods would be as fatal to children if used as an exclusive diet. In fact, they are fatal, but the evil results develop slowly and consequently are not so definite.

It is food that furnishes the human body with energy to live and work, just as gasoline furnishes power to the automobile. One hundred bushels of corn contain sufficient energy, if it were all converted into heat, to raise the temperature of twenty tons of water from the freezing to the boiling point. In other words, this quantity of corn, as a human fuel, has the power to develop about 3000 horse-power hours of work. In addition to the mineral substances which are required for the bones, and in a less degree for all the organs, and the proteins, out of which the muscles are built, practically all food contains a small amount of certain substances called vitamines, which, though furnishing no material quantity of fuel or building material, are nevertheless absolutely essential to the proper working of the body machinery. Roughly speaking, the vitamines serve the human system very much as oil serves the automobile. They do not give fuel or repair material, and yet are essential to the smooth operation of the working parts of every individual.

We may take a quart of milk, a handful of fertile earth, a dozen eggs or a pound of wheat, and if we analyze any one of these substances the results will show that to a greater or less extent sixteen elements are always present. The human body contains all of these elements, and must be constantly supplied with them through the medium of food. Unfortunately some of the foods we eat are put through a process of refinement that removes six or seven of these elements entirely and greatly reduces the percentage content of several of the elements that remain.

A great many people do not realize that so far as elements are concerned the composition of an ordinary hen's egg is precisely the same as the composition of a human being. If we were to take a healthy man of average weight and reduce him to his constituent parts we would get approximately 3500 cubic feet of illuminating gas, worth about $3.15. We would also get enough carbon to make 4000 lead pencils; sufficient fat to manufacture thirty good-sized candles; a supply of iron that would make a small spike; and an ample quantity of phosphorus to produce 750,000 matches. In addition to the elements mentioned, the human body contains sixty lumps of sugar, more than four pounds of lime, eighteen spoonfuls of salt and small proportions of magnesium, sulphur, hydrochloric acid, chloride of potash and starch. The fifty ounces of phosphorus in the bones and brain of the average man would provide enough poison to kill 200 people.

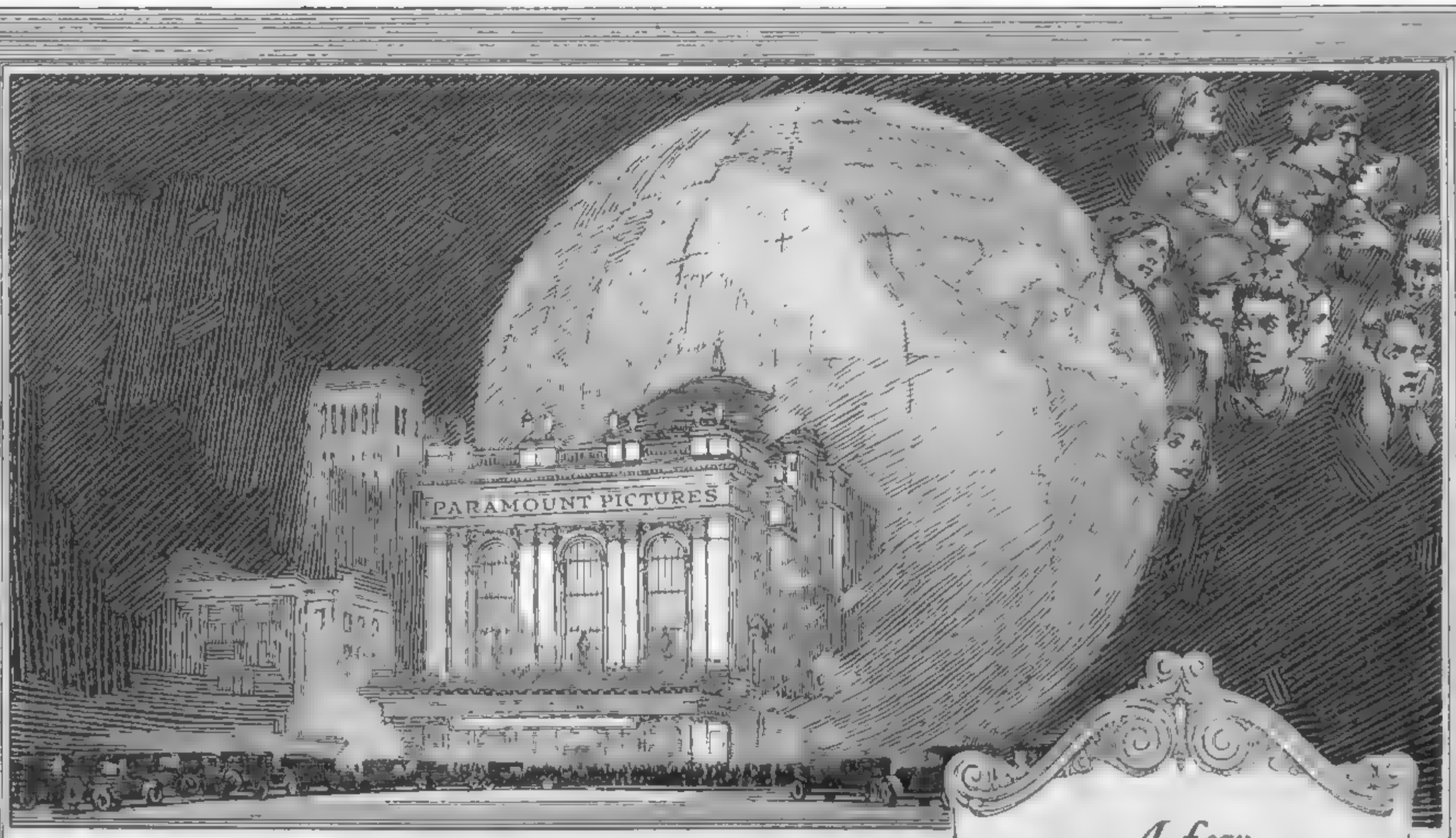
Not so long ago a great scientist took up the work of demonstrating just what an important part the mineral salts play in plant life. This investigator placed a cereal grain in a solution of water, iron oxide, calcium nitrate, magnesium sulphate, potassium nitrate, potassium acid phosphate and potassium chloride. In this solution the cereal attained to normal, healthy growth, but in other solutions from each of which one or more of the mineral salts had been omitted the plant was seriously affected. When a grain of the cereal was placed in a solution that was deficient in iron the plant later was lacking in the development of chlorophyll, which substance gives the plant its green color and corresponds with the hæmoglobin, or red coloring matter of the human blood. Just as there can be no satisfactory vegetable life without chlorophyll, there can be no animal life without hæmoglobin. Both depend on iron for their existence.

Other experiments with plant life have shown that when potassium is not present in plentiful supply the growth of the leaves is favored, but the fruits, stems and flowers fail to develop in normal fashion. Potassium has been proved to be active in the formation of sugars and starches. In similar fashion research has indicated that magnesium, calcium, silicon, and even manganese exert a powerful influence in the growth and development of the different kinds of plants. The time will come when scientific thought will give far greater consideration to the idea that the differences in the physical and mental characteristics of the various peoples of the earth are largely caused by the differences in the foods these races consume.

One of the mysteries of life is how Nature is able to take certain mineral compounds that are deadly poisons and so change the substances that when absorbed into the human system their action is not only without harmful effects, but is actually beneficial. Iodine, for instance, would not be a healthy solution to swallow, but when the thyroid gland is deprived of it the health of the whole body is sure to suffer.

This lack of understanding of the chemical practices of Nature has led us into many errors. When the chemist analyzes a quantity of human blood he reports that the iron of the red corpuscles is iron oxide. However, it is a fact that the iron in the blood does not exist in such form. The failure of the public to understand that a deficiency of certain minerals in the body cannot be remedied simply by going to a drug store and purchasing supplies of mineral salts to take internally has worked much harm to humans generally and has built large fortunes for the manufacturers of patent medicines. The various mineral salts that are contained in the blood and organs of the human system are present in complicated forms that cannot be easily duplicated in the laboratory practices of man.

(Concluded on Page 165)



The dusk is a-thrill with pleasure and the whole world sails in view

THE world of romance is yours tonight—any night. There's a party this evening at a fifty-thousand-dollar apartment on Fifth Avenue. Attend it, with Paramount. Great doings!

There's a lordly yacht sailing the southern seas with Wealth, Beauty (and maybe a Beast) aboard. Play stowaway with Paramount, and watch the skein of events unwind!

There's a shot in the dark and a clatter of hoofs on the windswept western plains.

There's a burst of laughter . . . . . a mist of tears . . . . . hopes . . . . . loves, and the deep, bell note of tragedy!

With eyes to see, the gates of romance are open to you right now.

"The whole world sails in view" at the theatre that shows Paramount Pictures. "The dusk is a-thrill with pleasure," at the theatre that proclaims

"It's a Paramount Picture"

—in lobby, advertisement and poster.

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

A few

OF THE LATEST

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

ALPHABETICALLY LISTED

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

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Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

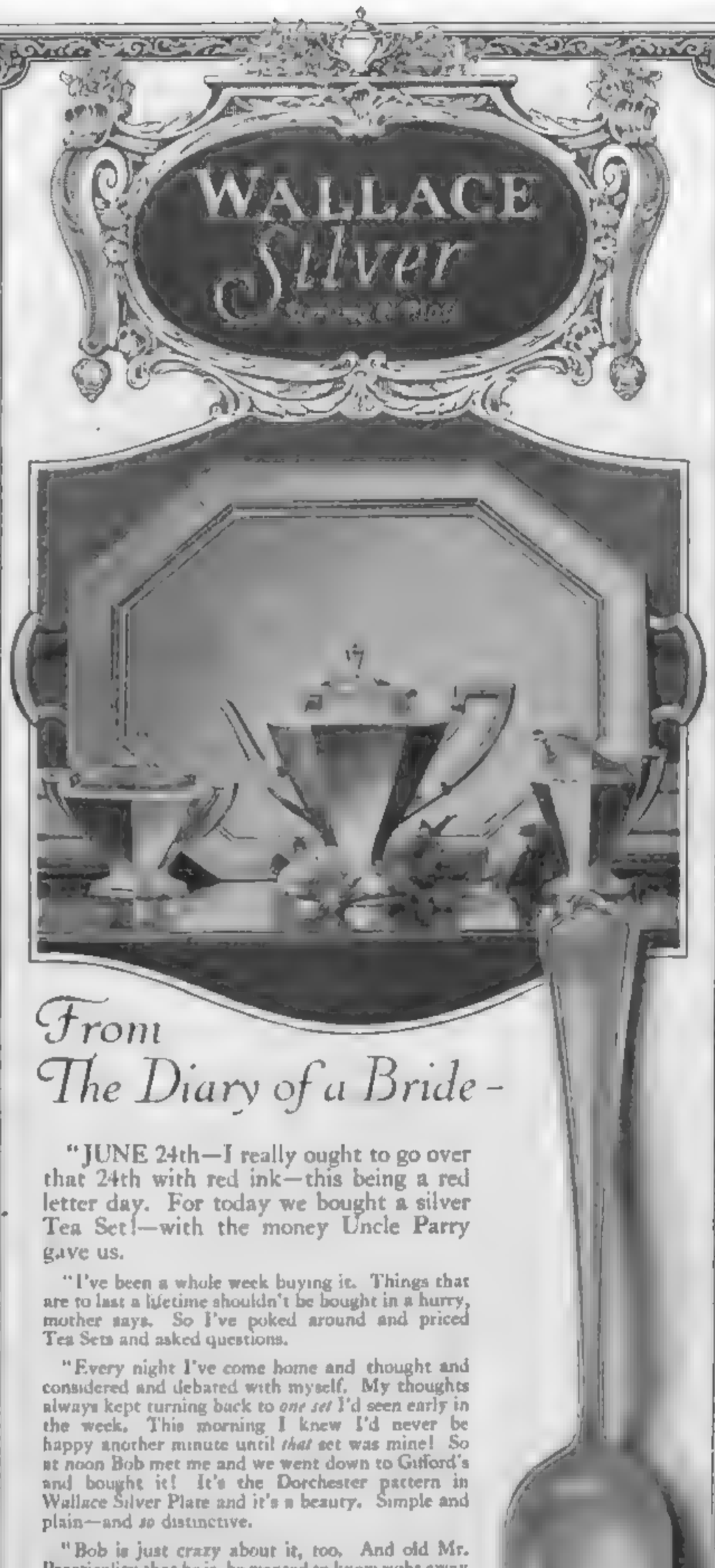
GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WILLIAM S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A William S. Hart Production

GEORGE H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

WALLACE Silver



From The Diary of a Bride -

"JUNE 24th—I really ought to go over that 24th with red ink—this being a red letter day. For today we bought a silver Tea Set!—with the money Uncle Parry gave us.

"I've been a whole week buying it. Things that are to last a lifetime shouldn't be bought in a hurry, mother says. So I've poked around and priced Tea Sets and asked questions.

"Every night I've come home and thought and considered and debated with myself. My thoughts always kept turning back to *one set* I'd seen early in the week. This morning I knew I'd never be happy another minute until *that* set was mine! So at noon Bob met me and we went down to Gifford's and bought it! It's the Dorchester pattern in Wallace Silver Plate and it's a beauty. Simple and plain—and *so* distinctive.

"Bob is just crazy about it, too. And old Mr. Practicality that he is, he wanted to know right away if we could get our other silver to match—knives and forks and spoons and things. And Mr. Gifford said we could, and he showed us the Hudson pattern. It's *just* the kind of a pattern I've always liked—and so reasonable, too. So now our silver problem is settled, and—Oh! I'm so *happy!*"

The Wallace Hostess Book

A beautiful book of 36 pages, written by Winnifred S. Fales, a recognized authority on social matters, that tells in text and pictures just what every woman needs to know to give her assurance on all occasions and to win admiration as a hostess. Profusely illustrated with *correct* table settings. Sent postpaid for 50c. Address Publication Division.

"R.WALLACE" Mark
Sectional Silver Plate

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford — Connecticut

FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE ATLANTIC

By Charles P. Craig

BEGINNING in April and running through to June, to be continued further after the heated term, a committee representing the governments of the United States and Canada is in session at the lake ports and at various interior points to consider an improvement to be made by the two countries together. Nothing exactly like this has ever been done before in this country. And yet it is a logical development of what has gone before.

The improvement under consideration is the opening of the Great Lakes to ocean-going traffic through the St. Lawrence. Under the treaty of 1854 the United States has rights of navigation in the St. Lawrence from its source to its mouth. Our ships have the same right to go and come through the river and on the same terms as a British vessel.

Under the treaty of 1909 the International Joint Commission was created, having jurisdiction over the boundary waters. In some matters the commission exercises final authority, in others it is the proper body through which action should be initiated. So when the Western States and the Northwestern Provinces sought a new outlet to the sea it was to the International Joint Commission that the inquiry was referred—whether it ought to be opened and what was the best way of going about it.

For the last ten years the commission has been accustomed to hold its sessions on either side of the boundary. Now for the first time it has been authorized to go up and down the land in both countries, wherever the facts as to this improvement are to be developed, with the object of forming a plan and policy that will suit the common purpose of the two nations.

Any way you look at it, the transportation system of this country is short of its requirements. Railroad men complain of the shortage in terms of billions of dollars; manufacturers are worried about supplies of fuel and raw materials because of transportation shortage; shippers are nervous over deliveries delinquent because of transportation shortage; bankers are apprehensive over postponed settlements retarded by transportation shortage. Everyone frets over it.

"Existing facilities," said the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, "are inadequate to meet the increasing needs of the nation." That is a conservative statement. It was issued just about a year ago. It is truer with every day of increasing need.

This is no sudden discovery. Our railroad system has been creaking and straining under its load for years. James J. Hill pointed out ten years ago that it was impossible to get freight delivered if it had to be transferred at any terminal point. "The crisis has already arrived," he said. Since then, by private administration or public administration, the railroads have been engaged in a desperate effort to stave off the crisis. To meet it and master it by any means within their reach was out of the question.

In January, 1918, the railroads broke down completely. An embargo was ordered.

(Continued on Page 42)

A Bulk Freighter in the Big Cut or Dredged Channel Two Miles Below Sault Ste. Marie

THE TRUTH THAT EMBODIES ALL TRUTH

People are still going about with their eyes eagerly alight, hunting for the honest man and the honest product.

When that search is rewarded, nothing but betrayal can break or lessen their allegiance.

It has been pathetically true from the beginning of time, that men admire honor in others even when they have smirched it in themselves.

Humanity may be a million years old in point of time, but it is as young as this morning's sun in its pursuit of the ideal.

After two thousand years of disappointment and disillusion, the eternal verities and the eternal values still prevail.

The elemental truths are still true; the man whose word is good is still the secret hero of our inmost hearts.

We smile, perhaps, at the spectacular triumph of the trickster; but while we smile, we hate the trick by which he filched that sham success.

Even in an era of unbridled extravagance, when, on the surface, men appear to have lost all sense of proportion, that which is sound, and good, and true, is more admired, and more desired, than ever.

In such feverish times, the mediocre and the meretricious only seem to be admitted to equality with that which is worthy because they fall heir to the overflow which excellence is unable to supply.

The process of discrimination between the sham and the solid, the superficial and the substantial, goes on, just as before, without interruption.

That which is unworthy carries its own punishment, and its own penalty—its true character is inevitably disclosed in due time, even though a temporary prosperity comes to it from the caprice of the unthinking.

When "the tumult and the shouting" dies down, the strong man, the strong institution, the true artist, and the true workman, in any and every vocation, is more solidly entrenched than ever.

Even though it be surrounded and seemingly obscured by sham and pretense, nothing in this world is discovered so surely as solid merit.

Nothing stands out so strikingly, by way of contrast, as genuineness and genius.

No special and painstaking effort of hand or heart, or brain or brawn, that goes to the building of something superior, is ever wasted.

Cheapness and compromise, substitution and surrender—these, in the long run, are the real sources of waste.

The unceasing search of the mass of mankind for that which is good and enduring—this is the only law of supply and demand with which the superior craftsman need concern himself.

Let him dedicate his life to the satisfaction of this restless hunger of the human heart, and he can, if he will, remove himself beyond the reach of rivalry.

This is the truth that embodies all truth; this is the truth that makes men free.

Copyright 1920, Cadillac Motor Car Company

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Lucas Paints
Varnishes—Sta
"Save the surface and you save all"
Purposely Made for All Building Construction
UNDERNEATH these up-piled masses of concrete and brick, that man has reared high against the sky to house business, is a skeleton of steel, hidden from sight by the masonry which surrounds it.
But it is painted, always, to "Save the Surface." And it must be coated with a covering that will give maximum durability.
Long before the first skyscraper was built, Lucas founded its business on a policy of making for every purpose a paint specially designed to meet its particular requirements. Thus maximum durability is always assured. That is why the backbone of so many of our modern temples of industry is Lucas coated.
Send for our Paint Standardization Plan for large industrial concerns
John Lucas & Co. Inc.
PHILADELPHIA
OAKLAND, CAL.
Purposely Made For Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 40)

It was as though a great machine had become hopelessly clogged and could not be started again until the obstructions were picked out of the gears and from between the rollers. That was in the height of war activity and during the fiercest winter that has been experienced in a generation. But in 1919, after the armistice and during an extraordinarily mild winter, the railroads broke down again. Again an embargo was ordered. The machine had to stop till the gears could be cleared.

In the winter of 1920 the railroads got by without any extensive embargoes and for once the lines were kept open at the terminals through the season. That was possible because beginning last July the Railroad Administration and the Grain Administration, working together, permitted no wheat to move until there was a place to put it. The terminals were kept open, but the wheat, instead of being caught in a jam in the dense-traffic area, was dammed back on the farms and in the country elevators. The transportation system was saved from collapse by holding back the load that it was required to carry.

Every year the wheat from the West begins to move about the first of September. Every year for the last ten years, right after the first of September, the railroads have begun to slap on embargoes—at Buffalo, at Pittsburgh, sometimes at Cleveland, sometimes at Detroit, and then anywhere or everywhere as the gears began to grind and bind. The burden of moving the crops has given the railroads their peak load which they have been unable to handle. Julius H. Barnes points out that as soon as the grain begins to move the Eastern roads begin accumulating cars to handle it. They are obliged to do that because it is an unbalanced load. In large part, the wheat movement flows down the Lakes and comes ashore at Buffalo, lodging in the dense-traffic area. In order to handle it at all the Eastern lines increase their car supply to about 120 per cent of their owned equipment. That can be done only by robbing the Western lines of about twenty per cent of their car supply. One report showed for the Great Northern system a deficit of forty per cent. The cars on its lines were but sixty per cent, not of the number needed, but of the number actually owned. Weaker roads are even worse sufferers.

Those cars caught in the traffic jam are not only lost to the Western roads but, as revenue producers, they are lost to the Eastern roads. They put in their time on sidings waiting to get to the terminals. The blockade this year was less acute than in the preceding years, for the reasons above stated. Yet in January, 1920, when the car shortage was acute, only one-third of the freight cars in the United States took on a load during the month. If a one-way trip once a month is fair performance for a freight car—though in fact it is not—the car equipment of the railroads that month did just one-third the work that it ought to be performing. Clearly the remedy for transportation difficulties is not to be found in the simple device of buying more cars.

The Chase of the Box Car

The merits or demerits of the Railroad Administration do not enter into the present discussion, but it is pertinent to note that under the administration a certain performance was accomplished. In 1915 the total freight movement was 277,000,000,000 tons. In 1918, with approximately the same equipment, it was 403,000,000,000 tons. Whatever the Railroad Administration did or did not do, it moved more freight with the same number of cars and locomotives than ever before. The transportation shortage, that is, is not to be ascribed to the agency controlling railroad operation. Not that, not the misbehavior of management before the days of enlightenment, not even the confusion of forty-nine jurisdictions accounts for the breakdown. Analysis must go further.

To return to the experience of 1919–20. While the bulk of the equipment was tied up Down East waiting for a chance to move, what was happening in the West?

Colorado is one of three states most remote from terminal troubles. Its outlets are to the Pacific and to the Gulf as well as to the East. From Colorado last fall came loud complaints of transportation shortage. "Our fruit lies rotting on the ground; our wheat is heaped in the fields with only tarpaulins to protect it. We have raised crops, but we cannot move them; we cannot realize on our products because of the transportation shortage." There was no part of the United States that complained more or suffered greater loss. Yet there was no blockade between Colorado and its favorite outlets on the Gulf. There was nothing to hinder freight-car movement. But the cars were not there. They had been sucked into the freight jam in the dense-traffic area and there they were lodged.

During the winter there was constant pulling and hauling as one locality or another, one trade or another, tried to lay hands on the car supply that was not enough to go round. That, too, is not new. Ask a freight agent what he was doing any time in the last ten years and he will probably tell you: "Spearing box cars." But this time, because there was a government administration, the chase of the box car took on a new form. Members of Congress came clamoring and demanding the right, or the favor, of a handful of cars to serve their constituents.

In March the clamor in the Northwest became particularly insistent. The Federal Reserve Bank in Minneapolis reported that 400 country elevators in Minnesota and North and South Dakota were closed to farmers because of inability to move accumulated stocks. The largest bank in Minneapolis reported that mills were running at from thirty to thirty-five per cent of capacity, though "if proper transportation were forthcoming, the mills, for a time at least, would be running at full capacity." The same bank commented on "the volume of still-unsettled debts and the unusual amount of commodities unmarketed." Referring to a phrase in general use, "frozen credits," the real difficulty was given as "frozen transportation." "When the car situation thaws out we will also see a liquidation of debts. This liquidation is long past due, November being the normal time of seasonal accounting."

Frozen Transportation

Do you get the picture? Transportation shortage in Colorado in the fall, 1500 miles away from the scene of traffic congestion. Frozen credits in Minnesota, four months after the time of normal liquidation, because of transportation shortage.

Well, the Northwest set up its clamor and the Northwest got some cars. They were pried loose somehow from the dense-traffic area to help out the West. What happened? A tremendous uproar rose from the East. "We must have cars. We will have to shut down unless we can get a supply of fuel." "We are running from hand to mouth. Unless we can get cars to maintain our stocks we may as well quit production." "Give us cars quick or our building operations will come to a standstill."

Other delegations of congressmen besieged the Railroad Administration. Embassies from chambers of commerce beat on the door of Secretary Alexander's office. "Get us some cars or we are done for," they entreated him. The alarm was genuine—the pressure was terrific. Fortunately the worst of the troubles ironed themselves out and a breathing spell is given until, with the harvest next fall, another crop movement begins.

Nobody knows what this transportation shortage has cost. There is no way of reckoning the losses from spoilage and deterioration, from interruption of industry and stoppage of work. There is no telling how many crews have been laid off for want of materials due to car shortage, still less how much work has been done in a back-handed way for the same reason. One industry that suffers especially from irregular car supply presents an appalling situation. The coal miners, extravagantly overpaid in rates, are woefully underpaid in earnings, because of car shortage. Marketing losses are perhaps even greater than production losses. Herbert Hoover has pointed out how swiftly, when transportation is short, the spread widens between producer and consumer. A study of one instance by the Food Administration showed that the spread in potatoes was doubled. The farmer sells in a glutted market while the housewife pays famine prices. And still the middleman does not gain substantially by it; he prospers better on a narrower and stabler margin.

The whole country seeks a way out from this dilemma. The railroads need more

(Continued on Page 44)

Furnishing your summer Retreat

Oh! the joy of life in the open, far away from the usual haunts of man! In the great woods, or bracing mountain air, or by the boundless sea the thrill is keen indeed at nightfall with a cozy shack or bungalow to dispel the chill and gloom. In the comfort and convenience and attractiveness of such a summer resting-place Blabon Art Floors of Linoleum can be made to render conspicuous service.

Beauty is theirs without question. The wood pattern No. 4598 shown above harmonizes with camp surroundings and speaks for itself. So do other appropriate printed patterns, such as Nos. 4658, 5363, 5468, and Nos. 324, 334, 505, 574 inlaid designs, where the colors go clear through to the burlap back.

Easy to the tread and quiet, Blabon Art Linoleums are also sanitary and economical. But of supreme consideration is the ease with which they may be kept bright and clean. The tracking of dust or mud, not unusual in vacation places, may be instantly removed by a light going over with a damp cloth or mop. The care of floors is reduced to a minimum, thus affording a maximum of time for relaxation. Ask your dealer for Blabon Art Linoleums or write us for illustrated booklet.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia *Established 69 years*

Important Notice:—Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

Look for this label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON ART Linoleums

Starr
PHONOGRAPH

The Soul of the Artist

again finds expression when the record is Starr-played. The Starr searches out each shade, each refinement, each warm glow of inflection and tone color entrusted to the record. Through the Starr's singing throat of silver grain spruce, the tones, pure and untinged by obtrusive mechanical sounds, come to the music lover's ear.

To realize new records delight, hear your favorite record Starr-played. Any Starr dealer will gladly give you this opportunity. Also ask to hear the ultimate in record perfection—The New Gennett Records.

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY
RICHMOND INDIANA

(Continued from Page 42)

equipment, to the extent, Howard Elliott says, of $3,000,000,000. They need also greatly enlarged terminal facilities. They need further, according to the best calculations, about 500,000 freight cars. They have not the money or the credit to fill these needs. And if they were endowed with the credit, the equipment, which would lie idle most of the year, would have to be paid for by placing higher rates on the whole volume of traffic. Rates high enough to pay for equipment that is not working would have to be higher than will be commonly recognized as reasonably fair. That is the dilemma.

The West offers at least a partial solution. Balance the load factor. Relieve congestion in the dense-traffic area by allowing part of the crop movement to go round it. Release the equipment by letting it ply back and forth on short lines to the nearest port. Increase transportation facilities by giving more employment to ships, of which there may be a surplus, and requiring less of the cars, of which there is manifestly a deficiency. The way to accomplish this, as it appears to fifteen Western States, is to extend to the ocean the natural highway of the Great Lakes.

A Unique Inland Waterway

The highway of the Great Lakes is unique. It has built up an inland commerce exceeding 90,000,000 tons a year. There is no other inland way in the world like that. It is unique in its physical characteristics. There is no other inland waterway in the world so bold and sheer to the very source. The largest vessels have an unimpeded course to Chicago and Duluth at the tip of lake navigation. The lakes in their full depth reach to the rim of the Great Lakes basin at Chicago, at Duluth and at Lake Erie. It is less than twenty-five miles from Lake Superior to waters that flow to Hudson Bay from Grand Portage; less than fifty miles from the head of Lake Superior to streams flowing into the Mississippi; less than a finger breadth on the map between the head of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi watershed; only eight miles from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua, which belongs to the Ohio River system. The Great Lakes are open to deep-water navigation to the last inch.

The lakes-to-ocean route is likewise unique. There are other waterways, rivers or canals, with varying advantages, sharing with the railroads the carriage to the sea. The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence route will be itself the seaway carried to the heart of the continent.

As an inland waterway the Great Lakes needed only minor improvements to open the entire chain to navigation. From Chicago through Lake Michigan and Lake Huron there was no impediment. From Duluth-Superior to the head of the Detroit River there was only the barrier at the Soo to be overcome. Between Lake Huron and Lake Erie the natural depths of about twelve feet have been gradually deepened to a minimum of from twenty to twenty-one feet. Up to 1855 the portage between Lake Superior and St. Mary's River, which flows into Lake Huron, was overcome by the efforts of one gray horse and a dragway over which the smaller craft could be hauled. Since '55 the locks have been opened to accommodate the fall of twenty feet at the Soo, advancing from the absurd little canal which is now maintained as a curiosity to successive depths of eighteen and twenty and now twenty-four and a half feet.

A Simple Engineering Problem

The improvements by the United States and Canada at the Soo have come, all told, to approximately $32,000,000. Dredging the shallows above and below Detroit and at the head of Lake Erie has cost approximately $16,000,000. As compensation there is the traffic passing the Soo amounting to 90,000,000 tons a year. If it saves ten cents a hundred as compared with the railroad haul for nearly a thousand miles, the improvements at the Soo are worth $180,000,000 a year. That is, the Soo Canal pays for itself over and over again each year.

But the gain is more than the saving. What the country has gained is the opening of the mines of Michigan and Minnesota, the making of the Red River Valley, the accessibility of Montana. It was not till the Soo Canal was first opened that Minnesota became a possibility. It was not till the Northern Pacific reached from the prairie to its Lake Superior outlet that Dakota was anything but the home of the buffalo.

And now that the country has outgrown its transportation system, the West naturally turns to the Great Lakes for its outlet to the sea and to the world's markets. As an engineering proposition the problem is simple. From the foot of Lake Erie, where navigation ends, across the Niagara barrier to Lake Ontario is a drop of 326 feet. This difficulty is already potentially overcome. Canada has undertaken the construction of the New Welland Canal, dredged to a depth of twenty-five feet, with thirty feet in the locks, ample for carrying the largest vessels of the present lake fleet, with a liberal margin for future development. Embarking on this enterprise single-handed, Canada would have

(Continued on Page 46)

Vessels of the Lake Type are the Cheapest of Coal and Ore Carriers, Due to the Adaptation of the Deck Apparatus to the Ship

Unless brand is on the sole, it is not an Educator.

The Educator for men is a real man's shoe—neat, well-bred, sensible.

Change Your Shoe-Inheritance

IF your inheritance, like that of thousands of men and women you see every day, is one of corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, etc.—inherited from pointed, bone-bending shoes, *change your heritage!*

Change to Educator Shoes! Get your tired, abused feet into these *foot-shaped* shoes that "let the feet grow as they should"!

In an atmosphere of solid foot-comfort, Nature will gradually build you a new heritage of *freedom*—freedom from corns, bunions, and all other foot tortures.

Don't let the rest of your family wear narrow, pointed-toed, torturing shoes any longer, either. Put them *all* into Educators. But remember—all broad-toed shoes are not Educators. Be sure to look for the trade-mark Educator on the sole. It's your guarantee of a genuine Educator.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 14 High Street, Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Write for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

A free book, that tells some surprising things about shoes and feet which you never heard before. Send for it now.

Notaseme Hosiery is made for men, women, and children — in silk, lisle, or mercerized

NOTASEME HOSIERY

YOU women who have thought it impossible to combine *beauty* with long use—think, next time, to ask for Notaseme Hosiery by name—the hose with shaping-seam at back, to give faultless fit and snugness, but with no seams in foot to chafe or irritate. They wear longer, because both toe and heel, where your pumps constantly chafe, are built up with a four-ply reserve strength. At the top a "ravel barrier," to insure against runs. Fast-dyed. Don't forget the name of the makers—Notaseme.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Loading 300,000 to 400,000 Bushels of Wheat an Hour Through Spouts

(Continued from Page 44)

finished it before this but for the war. The work is well in hand—will be completed, engineers say, within five years and could be finished in three years if it was necessary to put on speed.

Below Lake Ontario there is seventy miles of clear sailing with ample channels through the Thousand Isles. Then the rapids begin. Between Galops Rapids and Montreal there is about forty-five miles of bad water—half of it in Canada, half of it in the international section of the river. The Canadians have portaged these rapids heretofore by fourteen-foot canals, now obsolete. It is through these canals and the old Welland that the lake fleet slipped out to the sea during the war, though many of the vessels had to be sawed in two and sewed together again to get them through the half-length locks. Below Montreal there is ample sea room and channels with minimum depth of thirty-five feet.

The undertaking now under discussion is the rectification of about forty-five miles of the St. Lawrence River. It can be accomplished by canals to parallel the river or by building dams to drown the rapids. Government engineers, one appointed by the United States and another by Canada, with instructions to work in concert, will submit the best method. Their recommendations will be accompanied by estimates. Roughly, it is known from previous investigations that the cost will be within $150,000,000. Installation for power, which would pay for the entire cost of the improvement, may bring it to $250,000,000. It will run perhaps between two and five per cent of the national bill for railroad betterments. Whatever the cost may be, it will obviously be less than the value of the power to be developed. The power available, as all engineers are agreed, is somewhere round 2,000,000 horse power in the international section and a like amount in the Canadian St. Lawrence. That which lies in the international section is, under the treaty, equally the property of Canada and the United States.

Old Water Routes West

What the effect of the power development will be on the future of Northern New York: on the industries within the transmission zone, usually rated at 250 miles; upon the railroads, which spend nearly one-tenth of their energy in hauling their own fuel up and down the line; upon the splendid project for pooling all the power resources between Boston and the Potomac in a superpower system—these matters lie outside this discussion, which deals with the transportation shortage. What the West seeks is a way to the sea to relieve its distress.

The St. Lawrence is the historic way to the heart of the continent. The voyageurs penetrated to the head of Lake Superior by the St. Lawrence route as far back as 1685. It was the track of the fur traders for almost a century before the tide of settlement began flowing over the Alleghanies. During the Revolutionary period the Conestoga wagon and the Ohio River flatboat superseded the canoe and the bateau as a more efficient vehicle of transportation, so that settlement followed the Ohio Valley. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, and for a long time thereafter, Cincinnati was the principal market center of the West. In 1825 the Erie Canal, by the genius and energy of De Witt Clinton, provided a way to the West more economical and efficient than the wagon road and the river boat. Ohio and Indiana, Northern Illinois and Southern Michigan were settled under the influence of the lake and canal route. Cleveland outstripped Cincinnati and Chicago first rivaled and then passed St. Louis, the principal seat of navigation on the Mississippi.

A New Mediterranean

Railroad development began. Settlement pushed across Illinois and into Iowa and to the Kansas border. Railroad efficiency gradually improved until it equaled and finally surpassed the Erie Canal as a carrier. Since 1880 canal and river traffic has declined and the railroad has become more and more the agent of American transportation.

Now in its turn railroad transportation has proved inadequate to the needs of the country. Not merely amendment but revision of the transportation system is needed. The country will be best served when the railroads, following, of course, the lines of least resistance for interior traffic, take the shortest track to the universal highway with their outgoing cargoes. The new system is necessarily based on the seaboard and on the way of the Great Lakes extended to meet the ocean—as though a new Mediterranean were to be made in the heart of America.

Of the several ways to the sea from the present foot of lake navigation, the St. Lawrence offers the only feasible route for lake vessels or ocean-going ships. It would be physically possible to construct a ship canal on the lines of the New York State Barge Canal from Lake Ontario to the Hudson and then to deepen the Hudson. But the advocates of the barge canal considered that and rejected the plan; not on account of engineering difficulties altogether, nor on account of the cost. The principal objection they found to such a ship canal was that ships would not use it. A vessel whose time is worth $2000 a day and which makes ten or twelve miles an hour in open water cannot afford to throttle down its speed to seven miles an hour, as it must in confined channels, or to four miles an hour, which is the limit of speed under canal conditions.

(Concluded on Page 48)

Five Men Around the Table

Automobile History in the Making

Henry M. Leland, Wilfred C. Leland and some of their Associates in the Lincoln Motor Company

AROUND a table in a modest office some eighteen years ago, five serious-minded men sat in consultation. They had sat in consultation many times before. For a number of years these same men had worked and thought and studied and planned together, always with the same objective—to do things better and to make things better than they had ever been done or made before—in fine machinery, fine tools, and internal combustion engines.

A conference of 1902 which marked the sunrise of America's motor car industry

"Yes, boys, that's good, but it isn't quite good enough." It was the eldest of the group who spoke. "This piston fits perfectly into this particular cylinder," he said, "but we must make every piston so exact, and every cylinder so exact, that every piston will fit perfectly into every cylinder. Then, if anything happens to either, it can be replaced by another; and the car owner will not be obliged to buy both cylinder and piston if only one should be injured.

"And this wrist pin," he continued, "must be made accurate to the half-thousandth of an inch. Its bearing must be made with the same precision. Then there will be a perfect fit, and practically no wear-out to it. Otherwise, the slightest 'play' means early wear, and destruction."

And on, and on, and on, the conference continued for hours, and was resumed day after day—until the last bolt and nut had passed scrutiny.

Earnest and thoughtful, tho these men were, little did they dream of the far-reaching influence of that council upon what was to become one of the world's greatest industries, an industry which has now become one of the great factors in civilization.

The leaders of that history-making conference in 1902 were Henry M. Leland and Wilfred C. Leland.

They were discussing and passing judgment upon an automobile design, upon specifications and materials; and determining upon the accuracy to be followed in making the various parts—accuracy expressed in thousandths of an inch, and even in fractions of a thousandth.

Three cars were completed, and subjected to most rigorous treatment. Materials were ordered to build three thousand of them. These were eagerly absorbed and more than twenty thousand were distributed within the next five years.

It is strikingly significant that many of these original Leland-built cars are still in service; and many of the engines after eighteen years are doing duty in stationary power work—in the small shop, and on the farm.

It was this Leland-built car which brought honors to America when it was awarded the Dewar Trophy—a tribute bestowed annually by the Automobile Club of Great Britain in recognition of the greatest advance in automobile development.

From a number of cars in stock, the Club's technical committee selected three. These cars were entirely disassembled, down to the very last piece. The parts were then mixed promiscuously. Eighty-nine parts were withdrawn and replaced by like parts from service stock.

Mechanics then assembled three "new" cars with parts taken at random, there being nothing to identify their original assembly. Not so much as file or emery cloth was used, or needed; yet every part fitted as perfectly as in the car from which it was taken.

In many instances, inaccuracy of the thousandth part of an inch—even inaccuracy so fine as a third of the thickness of a hair from your head—would have meant failure. But the test was an unqualified success.

The profound impression made upon the manufacturing world by that remarkable achievement, thousands will still recall.

It immediately compelled recognition of the Lelands as foremost exponents of precise workmanship and true standardization—a recognition more complete today than then.

A few years later, another Leland-built car was awarded the Dewar Trophy. This time it was the result of the eminently successful test of the then new electrical system of automatic cranking—lighting—ignition.

Leland-built cars were the only American product ever to receive that much coveted tribute, and the only make of car thus honored twice.

In 1914, twelve years after the conference first here pictured, there was another series of consultations. These men were now developing, modifying and refining the V-type eight cylindered engine with which the Lelands were once more about to revolutionize the trend of fine car making.

January 7, 1920, five men were again in conference. They were the identical five men who were around a table eighteen years before. They had been in continual relation for more than twenty years, always with the same objective—to do and to make things better—to build motor cars better than they had been built before—cars of greater comfort, greater convenience and greater utility.

The same five men in 1920, in a conference which presaged new and better things in motor cars

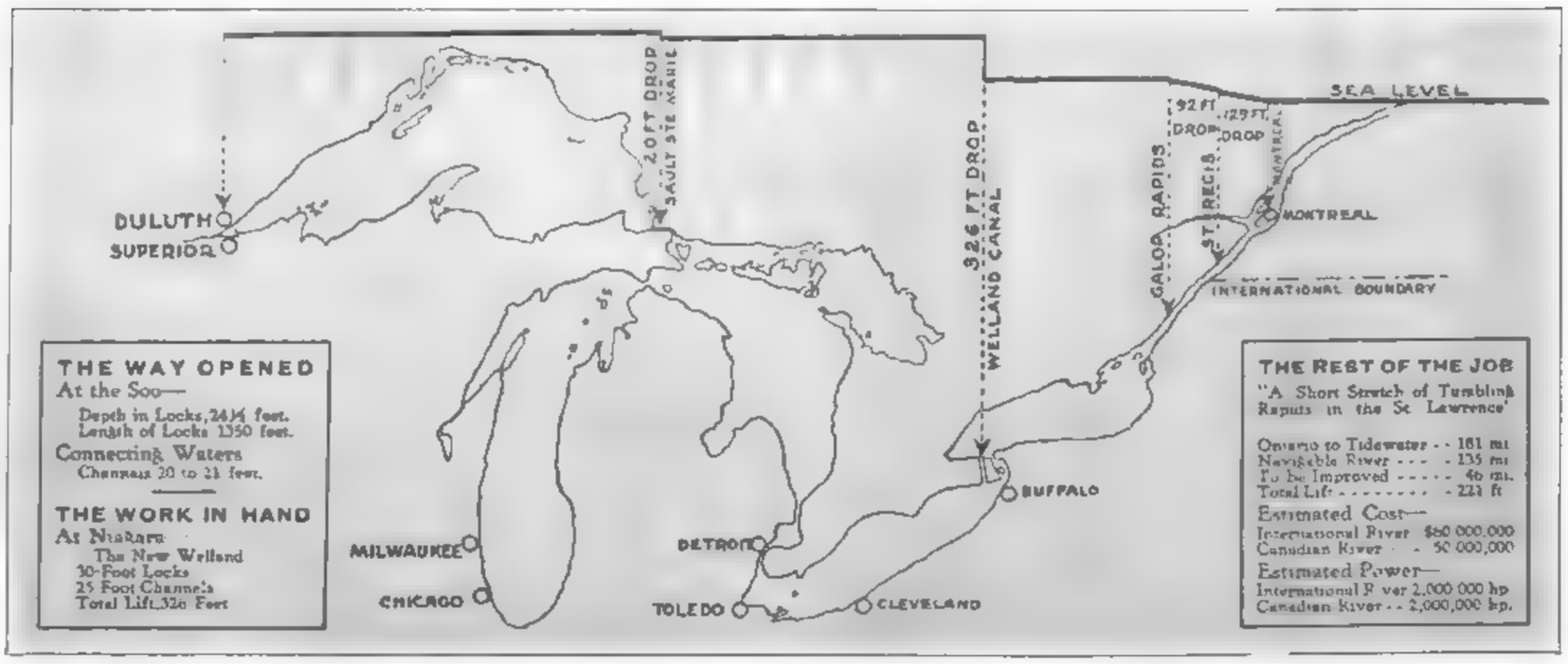
They are men who have inaugurated many epoch-making periods in the more important motor car developments.

In the conference of January last, the same five men, with scores of earnest, loyal associates, were preparing to inaugurate another epoch-making period; this time the new Leland-built car—a car such as thinking men and men who know the Lelands would naturally expect.

It is a car not only the outgrowth of eighteen years' experience and devotion to fine car making, but a car expressing, more truly than ever before, Leland foresight, Leland courage, Leland initiative, and Leland determination to achieve—and to surpass.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICH.

(Concluded from Page 46)



The canal as a way for ships is feasible only when it constitutes "a short link in a long natural water route." The virtue of the St. Lawrence is that there is slackwater navigation and abundant sea room through the entire course of the lakes and the gulf and the greater part of the river, with restricted passages only in short reaches, totaling considerably less than 100 miles in the entire chain of lakes and river. The confined channels are no more than vessels encounter in the River Elbe to reach the port of Hamburg, no longer altogether than the Suez Canal.

Increasing Production

The West seeks this route because its production is hampered and its way to market is blocked. It needs this way no less for its future development. Those who manufacture automobiles in Detroit, and harvester machinery at Chicago, and steel beams at Cleveland or in the Mahoning Valley want this way to the world's markets and to the Atlantic seaboard. The flour millers at Minneapolis, the packers at Omaha, the smelters in Montana see enlarged opportunity in the open road to the sea. The states of the Far West, where less than a quarter of the tillable land has been brought under cultivation, calculate that the influence of the lakes will be greatly extended when the expensive transfers have been eliminated between the foot of navigation and the seaboard, which on the movement from the head of the lakes to Liverpool, for example, account for one-third to one-half of the transportation bill.

In the Big Horn country, on the northern edge of Wyoming, a potato district has been developed. The lower grades are made into potato flour and the fancy stock—the local demand is quickly filled—goes east as far as Chicago at a freight rate of about seventy-five cents. Now because Lake Superior thrusts itself nearly 400 miles farther inland than Lake Michigan, the rate to Duluth-Superior from this district is about fifty cents. The potato growers of this district figure that if the other twenty-five cents could be applied as a water rate it would take them nearly down to New York. It would open the seaboard market to them as often as they had a surplus in the spring when the Eastern markets are bare. "We can multiply our production by seven," they say, "when we can ship by water all the way from the nearest lake port."

Still farther west is the great fruit district of Idaho and Eastern Washington. Heretofore its principal outlet has been to the East, and 7000 to 10,000 cars have been absorbed by the export market. Before the war these apple growers came to the Interstate Commerce Commission with the complaint that existing rates did not allow their apples to move. The commission indorsed their plea and put in a rate below the usual through rate, below the usual rail-and-ocean rate, to let their products move. It is argued that just such a rate as was arbitrarily made in that instance would naturally be made for the shorter rail to deep water when the ocean is brought a thousand miles inland. The fruit growers will have their way to market; the railroads will enjoy a more profitable rate for a more economical service.

Those instances are by way of illustration of a great many known situations and a large number unknown—production below the margin of profit, which will be raised above the economic horizon when the way to the world's markets is shortened by a thousand miles.

It Will Work Both Ways

Suppose the Soo Canal were destroyed and Lake Superior were locked up. The confusion to traffic would be devastating. But that would not be all. Thousands of acres would be thrown out of production. Many mines would be permanently closed. To-day, because the way to the sea is blocked, thousands of acres—nobody can guess how many—are kept out of production, hundreds of opportunities are closed.

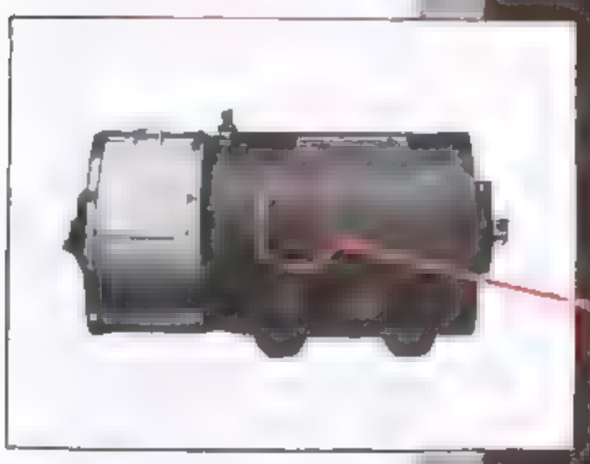
Turning toward the old Middle West, Ohio and Illinois and Michigan have come to a new stage in their economic progress. From primitive production and from primitive manufactures like flour and lumber, by which their native raw materials are reduced to a more convenient form for shipment, they have come to the manufacture of merchandise from raw materials or semi-finished products to supply the demand of the rich producing section lying behind them. For this development they need ready access to the world's markets and opportunity to draw upon supplies of raw material everywhere at the lowest cost. The way to the sea that gives an outlet to the Western producers provides also an inlet for the manufacturers of the old Middle West. It will make the Lake Erie littoral an extension of the seacoast. Manufacturers in Akron alone can see a clear saving of $1,500,000 a year in the inward movement of rubber by this route.

These are the developments which are expected to follow if this project is found feasible. If it is found feasible! As to the engineering features, the engineers commissioned by the two governments will report; as to the economic features, the West is now telling its story before the International Joint Commission.

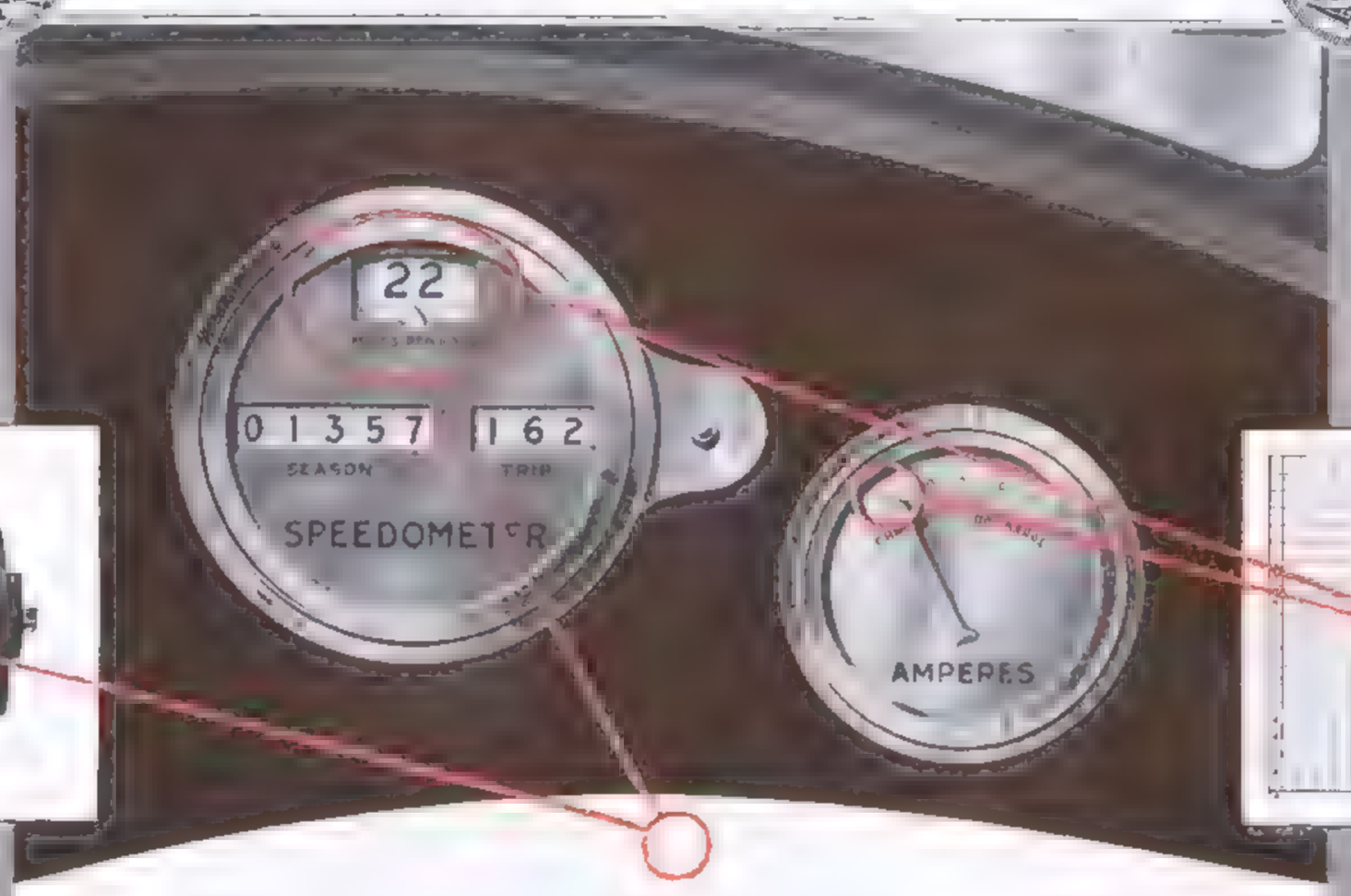
The aim is to provide transportation facilities to meet the increasing needs of the nation so that it may continue to grow and to develop its natural resources now lying below the horizon of profit to the utmost limit that the gifts of Nature and the energy of man will permit.

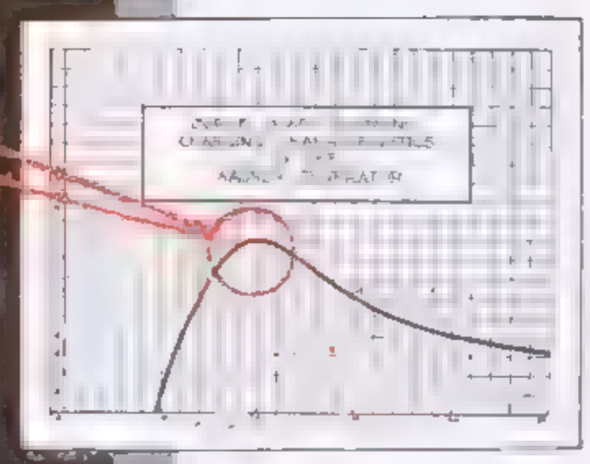
Freighters at Anchor in St. Mary's River

The Starter That is Built to Order



The Wagner Generator is built to conform to the driving requirements of the owner. He does not have to worry about either undercharging or overcharging—the generator provides against both, automatically.





This curve shows how the Wagner Generator charges the battery at different speeds, rapidly increasing up to 18 miles per hour, delivering the maximum charge from 18 to 22 miles, and steadily decreasing above 22 miles.

How the made-to-order principle insures ample battery charging

In designing and building a Wagner starter, not only is the cranking motor designed to meet the cranking requirements of the engine, but the generator is designed to meet the driving requirements of the owner. Driving speeds have been analyzed, and the generating characteristics of the Wagner Generator have been made to conform.

The Wagner Generator charges the battery at the maximum when the car is driven at a speed of from 18 to 22 miles per hour. Above 22 miles, the charging decreases as the speed increases.

As much driving is done at 18 to 22 miles an hour, drivers of Wagner equipped cars are assured ample energy for cranking in any weather. They are also relieved of the danger of overcharging the battery while driving at long sustained, high speed.

If the car you contemplate buying is equipped with a Wagner made-to-order electrical system, you are assured satisfactory cranking, generating and ignition at all times, and under all weather conditions.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
St. Louis, Mo.

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*Atlanta	Cincinnati	*Detroit	Milwaukee	*Philadelphia	St. Paul
*Boston	*Cleveland	*Indianapolis	*Minneapolis	*Pittsburgh	*Seattle
*Buffalo	*Denver	*Kansas City	*New York	*San Francisco	Syracuse
*Chicago		*Los Angeles	*Omaha	*St. Louis	Washington, D. C.

Selling Agencies: Dallas, New Orleans, Memphis, Salt Lake City

Affiliated Company:
Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont

Wagner Quality

CRANKING
GENERATING
IGNITION

EXERCISE—By Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.

TOWARD the end of his long life Senator Evarts was once asked by a reporter to state by what rule or rules, habits or conditions he accounted for his longevity. His reply has been much quoted by those who write upon the subject of exercise, but probably it was intended to be witty rather than a statement of the literal truth. It was to the effect that he had always avoided every avoidable physical exertion.

Still, it was approximately true. There are many people like the senator, whose bodies are spare, and who live long because they have maintained a balance between demand and supply. They eat sparingly; hence they do not have to burn up the excess; and because their physical activities are slight they require no surplus nourishment.

However, man is naturally an active animal and needs physical activities to keep in perfect health. Before he became involved in the artificial conditions incident to modern civilization man was the hewer of wood and drawer of water, the provider and defender. "Man" is used here in the generic sense. The fact is that women did most of the work, men being engaged in hunting and fighting. Which was a good thing for women. Like men, women are better off for a little work. Those of either sex who live in physical idleness become soft and flabby, less efficient mentally and physically.

Fewer people of each succeeding generation have activities which require muscular effort, because of machinery, automobiles and telephones; and to more and more people work means effort from the collar button up. In consequence, physical exercise, which used to mean work, now has a different significance. And it has a variety of meanings also, depending upon age, sex and muscular development. To the child it means play; to young women, dancing, tennis, calisthenics; to young men, athletics; to those of middle age, a walk or golf. In an endeavor to keep fit some are compelled to resort to artificial methods, exercises which can be taken in ten or fifteen minutes daily, before or after hours of work.

But whatever its significance to each individual, it is a fact that the vast majority of people get too little exercise. There is not time in these days of hustle and worry, and even when moments of leisure come most people are too tired to take advantage of them. Mental weight lifting and long-distance running sap the vitality more thoroughly than hard physical labor, and so a book and an easy chair lure them away from the great outdoors, about which they like better to read than to see for themselves. They are content to romp through the pages of a swashbuckling romance or ride with the movie cow-puncher thousands of miles on the screen. Their thirst for adventure is satisfied by reading about the perils of the deep. And many of the male sex obtain quite sufficient exercise in watching a wrestling match or even a game of billiards!

The Blessing of a Delicate Stomach

THOSE who constitute this majority, the great unexercised, for the most part belong to two groups. There are the thin ones, the sallow dyspeptics, who eat little and fuss much. They are thin because nervous energy consumes tissue quite as fast as physical effort, and because those of nervous temperament are often dyspeptic. They view with disgust and alarm the exuberance and the gastronomic feats of others. They live long, many of them, because they take good care of themselves. A delicate stomach is often a blessing, and a robust appetite quite the opposite.

The other group of the unexercised is the fat ones. A good appetite, an easy-going temperament, a certain amount of prosperity have brought about a greater production than consumption. They eat more than time and opportunity permit them to burn up.

Fatness and self-indulgence are reciprocal in effect, each begetting and fostering the other. This statement, if unqualified, may call forth indignant protests. So it must be said at once that there are exceptions. Some people are just naturally fat; no matter how little they eat they get fatter and fatter. They are the jolly, good-natured kind whom nothing worries, not even the sedentary life they lead. Nevertheless, there is no gainsaying that if these people worried more about their diet and about the lack of exercise, their tendency to corpulency would decrease.

Fat is cheaper tissue than muscle. It is less complex in structure and is more easily manufactured. Also it requires less blood supply and is readily stored in places where the adjacent muscles are less used. Hence it accumulates in masses in and about the abdomen of sedentary persons.

The body is a factory which takes in raw material, food, making it into tissue, a part of which it consumes in the production of energy. To get the best results there should be a continuous turnover. The product should be disposed of with reasonable celerity and the plant kept running at an optimum speed. As with any factory, it is possible to run on half time, but it is not a method which promotes efficiency.

The chief end to be attained by exercise should be not to make athletes but to increase the efficiency of the body and mind. The immediate result of physical exercise is a quickening of the blood current. A brisk walk or a game of tennis or golf will send an increased blood supply through every organ and tissue of the body. Waste matter is taken up and thrown off rapidly; there is a general house cleaning which cannot be accomplished so thoroughly in any other way. A Turkish bath is a poor substitute, though it does dilate the capillaries and increase the activity of the sweat glands.

But the blood stream not only carries off débris; it supplies nourishment to the tissues, and the result is growth. The one exception to this is that fat is not increased by exercise. Fat is merely fuel to be drawn upon in the production of energy; consequently it accumulates during periods of idleness and is lessened by physical activity.

Each time a muscle contracts some of its cells are consumed, but during the rest period the loss is more than supplied by the absorption of nourishment, and new muscle cells are formed. In this manner repeated use increases both the size and the number of the fibers. Repeated exercise also improves muscle tone and quality, thickens the sheaves which bind the bundles of fibers compactly together, and strengthens the tendons by which they are attached to the bony framework.

How Exercise Relieves Fatigue

THIS improvement results not only to voluntary muscles but to those over which the will has no direct control, such as the heart. Just as the arm or leg muscles of the athlete grow with use, so will his heart. The heart of the Marathon runner is larger and stronger than that of the inactive person; in fact it is his heart which determines his success in the race. The capacity of the heart is increased as well as the thickness of its walls, and it is able to take in and pump out a greater volume of blood with each cycle of expansion and contraction. The lungs also expand. The volume of air which they are able to take in is greater. Exercise develops the air cells, enabling them to take in a greater volume of air and to throw off with greater facility the gases of combustion which the blood brings to them for that purpose.

Brain tissue is destroyed in the production of thoughts in the same manner that muscle tissue is used to produce its form of energy, and the blood not only washes away accumulated waste but replaces the loss by building up new brain cells. Muscles contract in response to the will. No movement of the body is so simple that it requires the use of one muscle only; there must be coördination of several muscles to accomplish the simplest act. The more complex the movements the more intelligent must be the mental concentration upon them. Tennis, golf, dancing, calisthenics involve mental as well as physical training. Consequently continued practice brings to pass a greater mental efficiency.

Why is an athlete able to perform a feat of strength or of endurance that would be impossible for one not so physically trained? The athlete has better muscles, of course, but that is not the only reason. The more muscle one has the less waste of tissue will result during performance of an act of strength. But the principal difference lies in the fact that training has brought about a better coördination of muscles, which permits the athlete easily to perform a feat that otherwise would be impossible.

The better developed one is muscularly, the longer he is able to continue any form of physical exercise before becoming tired. But exhaustion sooner or later will come to the athlete as well as to one who is untrained. Fatigue is a manifestation of poisoning, due to saturation of the tissues with the products of combustion. As long as elimination equals production fatigue is postponed, but as the poisons accumulate in greater and greater quantity one becomes first tired, then exhausted.

Any occupation will cause fatigue which requires long-continued action, however mild in character, without occasional intervals of rest. The saleswoman standing all day in the store becomes utterly exhausted. And yet on her way home a brisk walk will restore her energy to such a degree that she may be able to dance all evening. This paradoxical result is not purely mental. It has a real physiological basis.

Feats of endurance are more profound in their effects than those which entail intermittent efforts of strength. Standing is more tiring than walking, and a slow walk than a brisk one. To balance in an erect posture one must keep many muscles in almost continuous contraction. If these large trunk and leg muscles were to become paralyzed for a single instant one would fall to the ground in a heap.

Why, then, does a brisk walk after standing all day relieve fatigue? Partly because there is increased heart action, and the poisons of fatigue are more quickly eliminated. But something else also helps the circulation. When the large muscles of the limbs contract and relax they intermittently press upon the large veins which return the poisoned blood to the heart, whence it is pumped to the lungs to be cleansed. It is self-massage which restores strength and vigor even during physical exertion.

In the same manner the poisons produced by intense mental concentration are washed away. The tired brain worker takes an afternoon off for golf or tennis, and comes home revived, invigorated in mind as well as in body.

An instance of extreme physical exertion is the three-mile race, because it requires the utmost of effort and endurance combined. Let us see what occurs to the runner to cause exhaustion. At the beginning of the race there is little change. If the runner is in good condition his pulse will be slightly increased, his heart contractions will be stronger than when at rest, and the rate more rapid. His respirations will be fuller and deeper, but not much more frequent. Muscle contraction, however, causes increased combustion. The ashes and gases are thrown into the blood in greater quantity than can be taken care of under ordinary conditions. Combustion produces carbon dioxide, and this gas, acting upon the nerve centers of the heart and lungs, causes the heart to beat faster and the respirations to increase in frequency. The blood flows in greater volume and with greater rapidity. The lungs expand in volume and more poison is thrown off in the breath. The capillaries of the skin dilate, the sweat glands are stimulated, and sweat also contains waste matter.

And so for a time the equilibrium is kept up, the poisons being eliminated as fast as they are manufactured. Thus the runner has been able to continue without distress. A little later—perhaps during the second mile if the pace has been rapid—the runner must slow down or the poisons will accumulate in the blood and the tissues. He will show signs of distress, his breathing will be labored and difficult, and it will seem impossible for him to continue much longer. Then, about the end of the second mile, or two-thirds of the distance, there will come a change. The signs of distress will disappear and he will go on, make a final tremendous spurt of energy, and cross the line.

Where "Second Wind" Comes From

TO EVERY trained athlete comes this phenomenon of second wind. Athletes hold themselves back until they get it; if they did not they could not finish. Two things occur to produce it—expansion of the lungs and dilatation of the heart. The air cells increase in size, allowing more air to enter with each inspiration, and the dilatation of the heart increases its capacity for work. In all contests calling for endurance at maximum effort the heart dilates. This increases the volume of blood which can be taken in and expelled, and, singularly enough, stretching adds to the strength of the muscles, increasing the heart's resiliency. If this dilatation is not excessive a few hours' rest will restore the heart to its former size. Heart murmurs resulting from dilatation are quite commonly found in athletes, but they rapidly disappear. The normal heart may resume its former size and tone after extreme dilatation, which is evidenced by a weak, thready pulse, blood spitting and all the symptoms of collapse. There is danger, however, that permanent injury may result in the very young or in those beyond athletic age.

The runner who continues beyond his endurance shows exhaustion by his rapid and shallow breathing, quick, fluttering pulse, a feeling of constriction in the chest and dizziness and throbbing in the head. His distress is manifest in every attitude and feature. The muscles of his face and neck are tense, his countenance is pale and distorted, the mouth is wide open, the veins of the head and neck are swollen. All these symptoms gradually disappear after a brief rest as the poisons are eliminated.

But the effects of too arduous exertion may last many months. In such a case there is chronic poisoning, which affects the central nervous system also. An athlete who has trained too violently or too long becomes stale. He is chronically tired, unable to endure ordinary exertion, his tongue is coated, his digestion poor. He is cross and irritable. His body being saturated with poison his natural defenses are weakened, and he is more susceptible to infectious disease. Even wounds heal less readily.

Man's natural predilection for physical activities is manifest at the earliest age. An infant a day or two old is able to hang suspended by its hands. This greater strength of the arm muscles as compared with those of the legs may

(Continued on Page 53)

Why does Phez make such wonderful Punch?

IS IT because the red, ripe-berry color makes you eager for your first sip?

Or, does that slightly tart, wild-wood flavor of the loganberries make Phez Punch refreshing as nothing else is?

The Phez Punch illustrated above was made by taking two parts water to every one of Phez and adding slices of orange, cubes of pineapple and a dash of lemon—sweetened to taste. Serve it—your guests will try and try to "place" the flavor.

But Phez is always delicious—delicious with just the addition of two parts water. And economical! One 12 ounce bottle serves six glasses.

Phez will enable the hostess to serve many novel summer dainties. "Ways to Serve Phez," by Alice Bradley, principal Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, sent on request. Learn how to make Phez loganberry ices, punches, parfaits, sundaes and other new desserts.

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When the thermometer gets to hitting the nineties—
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COFFEE ice cold is cooling—it is also substantial, sustaining and satisfying.
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The growing, roasting and marketing of coffee is one of the world's greatest industries. From Brazil alone we import nearly three-quarters of a billion pounds a year.

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COFFEE — *the universal drink*

(Continued from Page 50)

or may not be proof of our ascent from a long line of ignoble forest ancestry, depending upon one's attitude toward the theory of evolution, but it does indicate that a child, weight for weight, is as strong as the average adult.

Even a very young infant cannot keep still, and its activities should be encouraged. Muscle coördination is developed by use. The child instinctively kicks and pulls. It should have something to kick against, something to grasp. There should be several hours daily of freedom from the restriction of clothes, on bed or floor.

The fat placid baby may be not a bit healthier, better able to withstand the conditions incident to infancy, than the thinner, more alert and active child. Mothers are inclined to judge children by weight alone, not realizing that an excess of fat may be as harmful to them as to their elders.

The natural instinct for exercise should be encouraged. Babies should be played with, in spite of the indignant protests of professional child nurses who prefer sluggish babies. They should be rolled over, picked up, allowed to grasp grown-up fingers; they should have something to kick against and something to pull. In this manner their physical training is begun at the earliest possible age. Properly done, a little playtime each day, there need be no fear of teaching them bad habits. Sluggishness and apathy are habits which may be acquired very early, and are difficult to overcome.

The child loves to climb and this should be encouraged. It will pull itself up by holding to the bars of the crib, and laugh with delight as it tumbles. Later will come more complex movements, picking up and throwing objects, standing and walking. Then there should be blocks for building, the sand pile for digging, and simple toys, all to accomplish not so much strength as muscle coördination, without which strength would be useless.

At about the age of seven a child of either sex begins to manifest more diversified activities, as indicated by the change in games. No longer content with blocks and sand piles, with digging and cutting—tag, prisoner's base, hoop rolling, marbles, jacks and one-old-cat succeed the plays of infancy.

Just at this time school breaks in upon their freedom, to keep them indoors, inactive for several hours a day. Usually they make up for these quiescent periods after school and on Saturdays. Modern school authorities recognize the need of children for exercise, and sessions are broken by short periods of drill and play.

To the age of twelve there is little difference in the plays of boys and girls, except that girls early develop the mother instinct, as expressed by their love of dolls. From twelve years on, however, there is a wide divergence. Girls are hampered by the restrictions of clothes, and besides they cannot enter into competition with boys, having no inherited aptitude for throwing or striking. And they have no gang instinct.

This is the savage age with boys. They associate in gangs which have a leader or chieftain. Now also come the more active sports—swimming, baseball, football, skating, basket ball and hockey. The average boy from twelve to eighteen has little need of any set form of calisthenics to promote his physical education.

Dancing as a Mind Quickener

Girls also run, roll hoops and skip the rope during the early years of this period, but later their plays become more sedentary, and they should be supplemented by class exercises and games. Dancing is an efficient form of exercise for both sexes. It develops muscle coördination which results in grace of movement. And by fixing the attention, bringing to bear the force of will upon the complicated actions of the body, it educates the mental faculties. This is especially true of æsthetic dances, in the performance of which the muscles of the arms and trunk are used, as well as those of the legs.

From fifteen to eighteen years the average healthy boy usually possesses an ambition to become an athlete. Gymnasium and track training are begun at this time, and are exceedingly useful; but these forms of exercise should be supplemented by calisthenics and games. Feats of endurance should be intelligently supervised, and broken by frequent periods of rest. In nearly all schools and gymnasiums each boy is given a physical examination before beginning training, and at stated periods during its progress.

These examinations should be made by a physician who has a knowledge of athletics. Distance running and wrestling should not be permitted until after a boy has passed his eighteenth year, because of the dangers of overstrain and exhaustion. Though the heart normally dilates during a long race, the immature heart is liable to extreme dilatation, from which recovery is slow and often never complete. In the latter case there results a permanent organic condition which will impair the boy's usefulness in after life and always remain a menace. The exhaustion caused by long-continued effort may last a long time. During this period a boy's vitality is reduced, mental efficiency lowered and defenses against disease broken down.

After eighteen there is less danger from violent exertion. The more mature heart adapts itself to unusual strain, and the ligaments about the joints are stronger, limiting the range of movement and lessening the danger of joint injury. Another important factor is that the older boy has better judgment and will curb his ambition within the limits of his vitality.

To Keep Young

The needs of young people of both sexes are in the direction of physical development, and for this reason a part of each day should be spent in the gymnasium. The ordinary games are too wasteful of time for the small amount of exertion required. Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, professor of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, has estimated that during a nine-inning game of baseball an outfielder spends one-half of his time standing with his hands on his hips, three-eighths sitting on a bench, and the remaining one-eighth at bat, running bases and throwing the ball. For an expenditure of two hours or more he gets nothing but fresh air and a little exercise for his right arm and shoulder.

Football is generally thought to be a rather violent form of sport. And yet, says Doctor McKenzie, "in one hour of football, the time occupied in actual play is about ten minutes, the rest of the time being spent in discussion, disentangling the team after a play, and in preparing for the next play, the exhaustion following a game being largely nervous."

To most people whose daily duties do not require much physical activity, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty there comes the realization that youth is vanishing. The heralds of middle age are many. There may be a lessened appetite, increasing girth, sleeplessness, shortness of breath with fatigue on moderate exertion, and a gradually diminishing power of concentration. In one form or another, perhaps in several, these harbingers of age gradually force conviction.

Some are content to watch the approach of the autumnal season with the placidity born either of laziness or of a fatalistic philosophy. Winter is coming anyhow, think these latter; what matter a few years more or less? But not so with the majority, whom pride, if no higher motive, urges to look about for the cause and the remedy, and they are fortunate who find a cure in exercise. It is not a panacea, but if there is no organic disease it will go far to check the speed of fleeting youth. It will make the thin fatter by increasing appetite and promoting digestion. It will burn up the superfluous fat, hasten the elimination of surplus food products which result from overeating; and it will add to mental and physical efficiency.

Though it is no less true that those who are thin need exercise as well as the fat ones, pride usually impels the latter to seek for a remedy much more insistently than the former, and to look forward apprehensively to the time when they will not be able to see their feet. In this respect men are as much influenced as are women.

Of the fat men many were once physically active, and some of them were athletes, but the old training days have long since passed, superseded by years of office work. The former athlete who assumes the sedentary life usually retains only one of his earlier habits, strenuous exercise with his teeth. Good appetite and perfect digestion in his case are by no means unmixed blessings, because he does not burn up the excess of fuel.

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If the success of a salad depends on the dressing—and it certainly does—then it follows that the success of the dressing depends on the vinegar used.

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57

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"Do the hills show up your motor?"

Sluggishness is a warning that something is wrong

How to keep a motor at its best

THE way your car takes the hills is a good indication of its general condition. If the engine coughs, chokes and misfires, and explodes through the muffler, it needs attention.

Second-gear work on ordinary grades and a bucking, jerky action in high gear at low speeds also are sure signs that something is wrong. Such things take half the pleasure out of running a car.

Motor sluggishness may be due to carbonized cylinders, sticking valves, sooted spark plugs, too rich a mixture. On the other hand, it may be caused by the back-pressure of a caking, clogging muffler.

The G-Piel Cut-Out will tell you instantly whether your car's lack of pep is due to motor or muffler, as you can cut the muffler out at will. It will permit you to adjust your carburetor to the powerful quick-burning 13 to 1 mixture so that hills will not bother you.

The G-Piel also makes the use of kerosene, wood alcohol or other carbon-removers a success, as it prevents the loosened deposit being blown into the muffler. For this one purpose alone, a G-Piel Cut-Out is worth many times its cost.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

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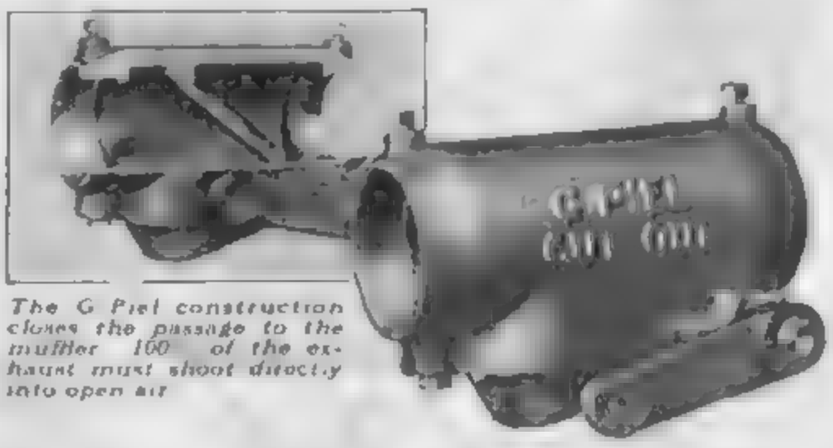

The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

When a man suddenly awakens to a realization that something must be done if he is to be kept out of the class of the obese he will follow one of several methods with that purpose in view. If he has been an athlete and there has not been too long an interval since his athletic days he may begin a course of systematic training. If so he should realize that a man over forty cannot safely do the stunts of former years. Distance running, weight lifting, any form of violent exertion may cause permanent dilatation of the heart or the rupture of a blood vessel, most likely in the brain. He would better begin with the mildest form of activity, increasing the time and effort involved gradually as his strength returns.

If his spare time is limited he may take up a course of calisthenics at home, using the knowledge acquired in his youth or following instructions obtained from a correspondence school or an instructor.

This tabloid form of exercise is all right provided he observes two precautions. The first one concerns limbering up. Recalling the feats of his youth he may attempt to make himself as supple at forty or more as he was at twenty. It cannot be done without danger of injury to the joints. Ligaments which bind the bones together at the joints grow tenser and less elastic with advancing years, and are liable to rupture when overstrained. It is a common occurrence for adults, both men and women, to tear one or more ligaments at the juncture of the spine with the pelvis, by bending too far forward while in a sitting posture.

The other precaution has to do with respiration during exercise. The breathing should be easy, deep and regular. The practice of holding the breath in full inspiration while performing a vigorous movement a given number of times is extremely dangerous for those of middle age.

The blood pressure of the person beyond forty is normally higher than in those who are younger. Increased force of the heart contractions during exercise raises this normal pressure, and violent exertion may raise it beyond the safety point. If there is a weakened vessel wall, which more frequently occurs in the brain than elsewhere, it may rupture, and a hemorrhage ensue. Such a condition is called apoplexy.

Why Women Get Stout

But if the man who decides to get back is wise he will take up golf, swimming, rowing; perhaps tennis, if he is not too soft. He will take longer and longer walks in the country, and if he has opportunity he will work in the garden.

The open air is the proper place to get rid of poisons in the tissues; a ten-minute exercise at home once a day is much better than no exercise at all, but it is a poor substitute for work or play outdoors.

Two-thirds of the stout persons of mature years are women. They are more apt than men to grow fat, for several reasons, some of which have to do with environment and some are incident to sex. After marriage many women drop all active pursuits except those within the home. Those who do their own housework and attend to their children have about as much exercise as they require. But to the woman with servants household duties are exasperating and harassing rather than arduous.

Nature has given to woman a better digestive apparatus than to man, to enable her to nourish both herself and her child. In consequence the average woman obtains more nourishment from an equal amount of food.

One day the woman who is growing stouter observes in the glass or in the tightness of her bands the startling fact. At once she thinks of diet, but it is only a passing thought to be translated into action at some future time.

As the layers of fat pile up, pride dictates that they shall be concealed as long as possible. And so strings are pulled tighter and tighter in the desperate attempt. Constriction impedes the freedom of the lungs by pressing the abdominal contents up against them; consequently there is shortness of breath. Breathlessness in turn lessens physical activity still further, because it is so difficult to get about. The result is more fat.

Comparatively few women ever think seriously of exercise as an antidote. If they are sufficiently worried about themselves they try dieting. The trials are usually intermittent, however, because it is so hard to stick to a limited diet when one has a good appetite and good digestion. At best, even when followed with determination, dieting alone is a precarious method because it may be carried too far. Many a woman has starved both her body and mind by insufficient nourishment, and has made herself receptive to the onslaughts of disease.

The best way to cure obesity is to avoid it. The wise mother will keep young with her children. She can walk, play running games, dance, swim, skate, ride, golf. However, the same precaution applies to her as to men, that all exercise should be begun with moderation, very gradually increasing as the education of her muscles progresses.

The Exercise-and-Diet Cure

There are two criteria by which the kind and amount of exertion should be regulated. One is fatigue. The tired feeling which results from muscular effort should never be painful. Rather it should be pleasant, a languor easily relieved by rest and followed by a sense of new strength and vigor. After long-continued effort the muscles ache, interfering with rest, and the lassitude may endure for days. The other criterion is shortness of breath. The heart must be strengthened by patient training, because muscle grows only by repeated, gradually increasing efforts.

The most successful cure for obesity is a combination of exercise and diet. If one is getting fat mentally as well as physically he would better get busy with outdoor exercise and restrict his diet. The easiest method of dieting is to omit one meal a day.

If a reduction in the total amount of food does not accomplish results certain fat-forming articles of diet should be restricted. These are the fats and the carbohydrates. Avoid or take sparingly of bread, milk, butter, fat meats, sugar, potatoes, rich puddings, pastry. One should especially eat less of anything of which one has been particularly fond and in the habit of eating to excess.

The total amount of liquids taken in a day should not exceed three pints, unless there is free perspiration. But the quantity should not be reduced much below this maximum limit or the kidneys will not be able to perform their work properly by excreting the solid waste matter in solution.

In general, one should eat less than the appetite seems to demand. It is a well-known axiom that the vast majority of people eat much more than they require. One who wants to reduce must do one of two things, either take in less fuel or burn it up more rapidly by increasing his physical activity. The surest means is a combination of the two.

Though much space in this article has been devoted to the effect of exercise upon fat, perhaps to the neglect of its more important and farther reaching benefits, these latter must not be forgotten. After all, health, bodily vigor, mental resiliency, buoyancy of spirits—these are the great results to be sought. Constant, unremitting work of any kind gradually dissipates them, and they can be restored only by a change of occupation.

Whether one works with his brain or with his hands, at a desk or in the home, there is need of relaxation; not rest, but exercise. And it should come at frequent regular intervals to be of the best service, to keep the machinery up to the highest state of efficiency.

But do workmen need it? Watch a group of mill men during the noon hour playing ball or other games. They are resting the groups of muscles which are used when at work, and employing those which during work hours are at rest. Their brains also are stimulated by the exhilaration of the sport. And when the whistle blows they go back to their tasks refreshed.

Very little has been set forth here with which the reader will disagree. Everyone believes in exercise, but the difficulty is to put the belief into practice. Perhaps the reader's attitude may be something like this:

"Yes, that's all true enough. I wish I had the time, but I'm too busy. Ho, hum! I ate too much dinner to go for a walk. Next summer I think I'll go to the seashore for two weeks and lie round in the sun."

And the next morning he or she will spend two hours trying to get started for the day.

The truth is that the more one hates exercise the more one needs it.

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THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

FIVE OIL MISTAKES

How to stop maintenance dollars from blowing through the exhaust

MOTORISTS are looking for scientific ways to reduce upkeep. Old mistakes—always costly—today positively extravagant—must go.

Here are five common lubrication errors. They are responsible for many of the operating troubles that motorists experience.

MISTAKE No. 1

"Oil is a good thing—you can't have too much of it."

Some motorists believe that if the oil reservoir is filled above the indicated high level, better lubrication will be provided. They are mistaken. Oil should be kept at the proper level—no higher. Overfilling causes excessive carbon, gummed valve stems and sooty spark-plugs.

MISTAKE No. 2

"I use heavier oil because my engine's badly worn."

Many motorists believe that a change to heavier oil is advisable in a worn engine. This is not so. Worn engines need *overhauling*. Heavier oil is no substitute for worn parts. The lubrication system of a car may be wholly unsuited to properly distribute a heavier oil than specified in our Chart of Recommendations.

MISTAKE No. 3

"Old oil never does any harm in the crank-case."

Some motorists neglect to drain the old oil from the crank-cases of their engines at frequent intervals. The correct oil is not destroyed in use. But it does become contaminated with grit drawn in through the breather, with carbon particles from the undersides of the pistons and with water from condensation. It also becomes thinned out with fuel absorbed by the oil film on the cylinder walls, especially when the mixture is too rich. For these reasons old oil should be drained from the crank-case frequently.

MISTAKE No. 4

"When refilling I always clean out my engine crank-case with kerosene."

This procedure sounds logical—hence has come into common use. Experience shows, however, that it is almost always a mistake, for some of the kerosene is usually retained in the splash troughs or other oil pockets in most crank cases and thus thins out the new oil. The better plan is to drain the crank-case when the engine is hot. This will carry off the sediment before it settles. Then flush out with a quart of fresh oil and refill to the correct level.

MISTAKE No. 5

"My oil seems to work all right."

This, perhaps, is the granddaddy of all lubrication mistakes. "My oil seems to work all right" sends more cars to the repair shop than all other causes combined.

The motorist cannot watch from day to day the inside of his engine. Hence he is in no position to know accurately the effects of different oils. While many oils may "seem to work all right," only *one* of those oils may be giving him scientific lubrication. And only that *one* can give him—the lowest fuel bills, the lowest oil bills and the lowest repair bills.

The Chart at the right specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils which is scientifically correct for *your* car.

The use of that oil and the avoidance of the common mistakes mentioned here will show you *engine results*—economy and power—which you may never have had before.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches:

New York	Philadelphia	Detroit	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Boston	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Indianapolis	Des Moines

Chart of Recommendations
for AUTOMOBILES
(Abbreviated Edition)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

The letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, etc.

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and constitutes a scientific guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in this partial chart consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the Correct Grades for all cars.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1920 Summer	1920 Winter	1919 Summer	1919 Winter	1918 Summer	1918 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models					A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (7 cylinder)									A	A
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers 6-40									Arc	Arc
" 6-30									A	Arc
" All other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (4 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (6 cylinder)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" B & 1 ton	A	Arc								
" All other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	A								
Cole	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Crow-Elkhart	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Elcar	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Federal (Model 50)					A	A	A	A		
"					Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cylinder)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Series 9)			A	Arc						
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Haynes	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	B	A								
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc	Arc
Jordan	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A		
Kissel Speedwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar Model 48									A	A
" " 12					A	A	A	A		
" " All Other Mod.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Liberty	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Madison (6 cylinder)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)							A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)									A	A
Moline-Knight			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Nash (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 671)					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc				
National (6 cylinder)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland (4 cylinder)									A	A
" All other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A					Arc	Arc
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
"	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" (Light Six Engine	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A								
Paterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless (5 passenger)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All other Models					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 51)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Rauch & Lang	B	A								
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Riker	A	E	A	E	A	B	E	E		
Rock Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc						
Saxon			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps Booth (4 cylinder)					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden (5 ton)							A	Arc		
" (3 ton)	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Service (120-130-140-170-220)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie (4 cylinder)	A	Arc								
" (6 cylinder)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Light 6 cylinder)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" All other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (10 valve)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (3 ton)			A	A	Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models			Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Willys Six	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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WHAT'S THE USE OF WORKING?

By Charles Gilbert Hall

A CERTAIN manufacturer once hired twenty men, and each one of them promised to report for duty next morning. The job didn't call for skilled mechanics, but it was clean, not very hard and no heavy lifting was required; and to each man the work, the wages and the hours were fully and satisfactorily explained.

Next morning three of them were on hand. Two of them worked a week, one of them worked a day. But seventeen of them never came at all. The manufacturer wonders why.

The same manufacturer wanted five men for a common-labor job. It was indoor work in a big, well-lighted factory, notably equipped. It was a permanent job too and at full market wages. Each man gravely promised to be on hand in the morning. But when the time came not one of them appeared.

The factory wanted to hire ten girls. The woman in charge interviewed forty applicants. She picked out seventeen that seemed to stack up pretty well and wanted to work. Six of them reported for duty. Eleven of them dropped out of sight as fully as if the earth had swallowed them.

A requisition came from another department for two men. They hired four, but none of them came. Then they hired four more who were to come in next Monday. But would they?

Jobs That Go Begging

The plant is a big one and prides itself on the care it takes of its men. A job on its pay roll is like an appointment to a United States judgeship—for life or good behavior. The house has a reputation among workingmen of being eminently fair. But "What's the use of working?" seems to be the best of all their promises to go to work.

The company has an unusual man at the employment desk, a man of sympathy and tact, who has a fine way of making men feel that they're dealing with him as man to man. That's because he means just that very thing. He talked to each one of these applicants about like this: "Now, old man, you understand I'm counting on you to show up on the job. You'll be sure to report, will you? I've got just so many men to hire, and I'd like to be sure you're coming so that I won't be short on my tally. If you've got anything else in mind, better look round a little before I sign you on."

This doesn't leave any room for misunderstanding. They know he's depending on them, and some of them go out, maybe as he suggests, only to come back and say they'll take the job. But they don't show up next day.

Why?

"You must remember," said the manufacturer, "that we've brought no pressure on these fellows. They come to our door asking to work for us. And you must remember, too, that we are not trying any flimflam game on them. We're too old at the business to try that. We lay all our cards on the table. We even take them out and show them the job. They know what our reputation is. They know what kind of people we are to work for."

Why He Watched the Clock

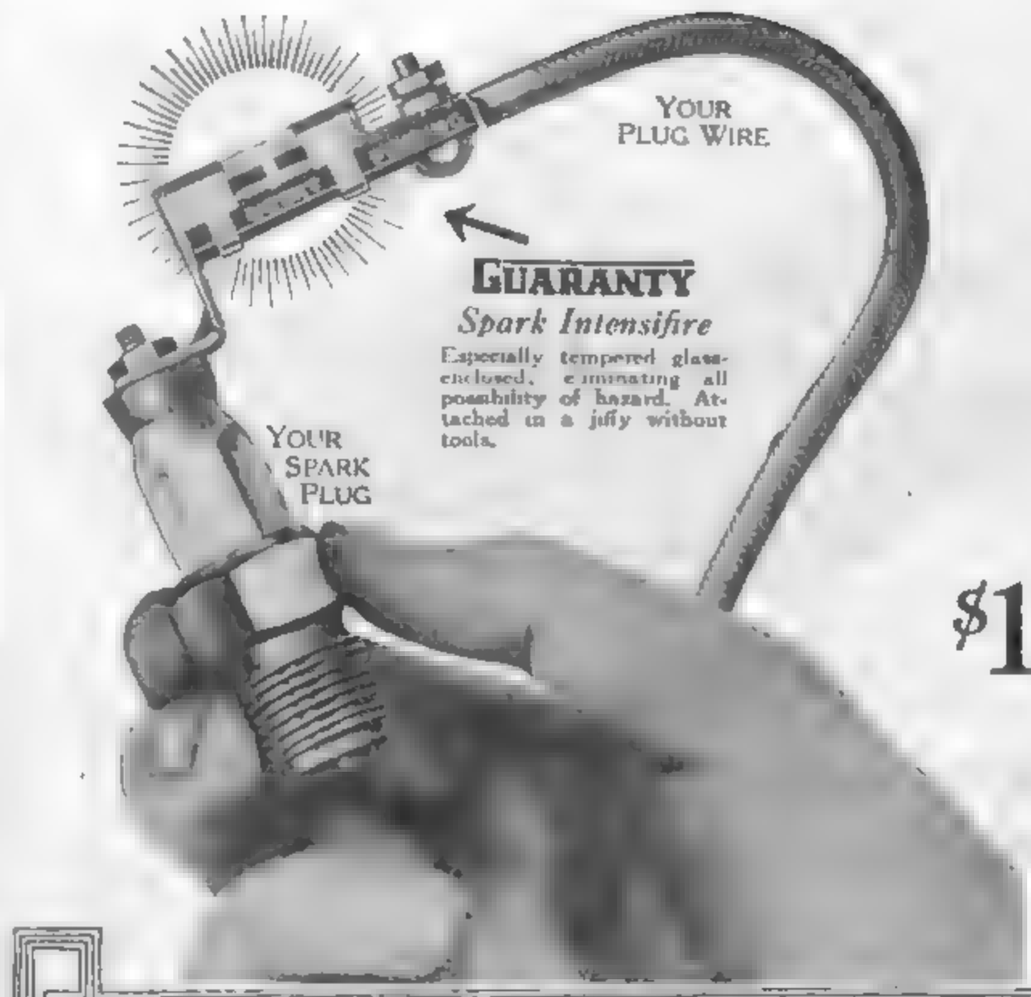
"But their word isn't worth a durn—if you'll excuse my French. Their promises aren't worth listening to. And I want to know why.

"Not long ago we wanted an electrician. We have a big interoffice telephone system, electric lights, push-button signals, and all that, that needs looking after. It's a right nice job, with not overmuch to do. A man on a job like that stands a pretty good chance for advancement, for he gets to know everybody about the offices; and I pride myself we're rather an unusually pleasant lot o' folks to deal with.

"So we wanted an electrician—at forty dollars a week. The employment bureau had an interview with a young fellow that looked pretty good. They talked over all the requirements and his fitness for the job—told him about what I've been tellin' you, and all that. But he didn't seem to warm up to it. Our man noticed that all the time they talked the fellow was watching the clock.

"'What's the matter?' he asked. 'Got a date—or what?'

"'Well,' he said, 'you might say yes. In fact I promised to go to work over at Brown & Green's at one o'clock and ought to be there now. They hired me this mornin'—pay forty dollars a week—and I promised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Especially tempered glass-enclosed, eliminating all possibility of hazard. Attached in a jiffy without tools.
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That does Save Gasoline

Gasoline is jumping skyward!

It's going UP and UP and UP!

Put Guaranty Spark Intensifires on your spark plugs. They will save you money every time you take out your car. They are already cutting the cost of gasoline for thousands of car owners.

Gasoline Saving Guaranteed

The Intensifire has been tested by expert electrical engineers under widely varying conditions. It has shown a big gasoline saving even though the cylinders were oily and carbonized and the spark plugs broken. It will save gas for you.

Put Guaranty Spark Intensifires on any motor that has been subject to hard work and within two minutes after starting, your engine will show too rich a mixture, and you will be obliged to cut down your gasoline. The saving of gasoline is self evident.

Locates Ignition Trouble

The Guaranty Spark Intensifire locates ignition trouble *instantly*, eliminates surplus oil and prevents carbon, stops "missing," starts a motor quicker, sends your car further up hill on high, and does away with much of the gear shifting that eats up gas—makes driving a pleasure instead of work.

Works equally well on truck, pleasure car, tractor or motor boat

Why go on wasting gasoline? Order a set of Intensifires NOW—*Your Dealer* probably has them in stock, but if not use the *Money-Back Coupon*. Tear it out now—before you forget.

Jobbers and Dealers

The Guaranty Spark Intensifire is a cash register energizer. A sensation wherever shown. Sells on sight. Nationally advertised. Write or wire for attractive proposition.

GUARANTY MOTORS CO.
Manufacturers of the well-known "Guaranty Line"
CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.

Money-Back Coupon

Guaranty Motors Co.
Cambridge (39), Mass.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find $_____ for _____ Guaranty Spark Intensifires. If they do not do what you claim for them, the undersigned will return them within 10 days and you will refund the money.

Name _____

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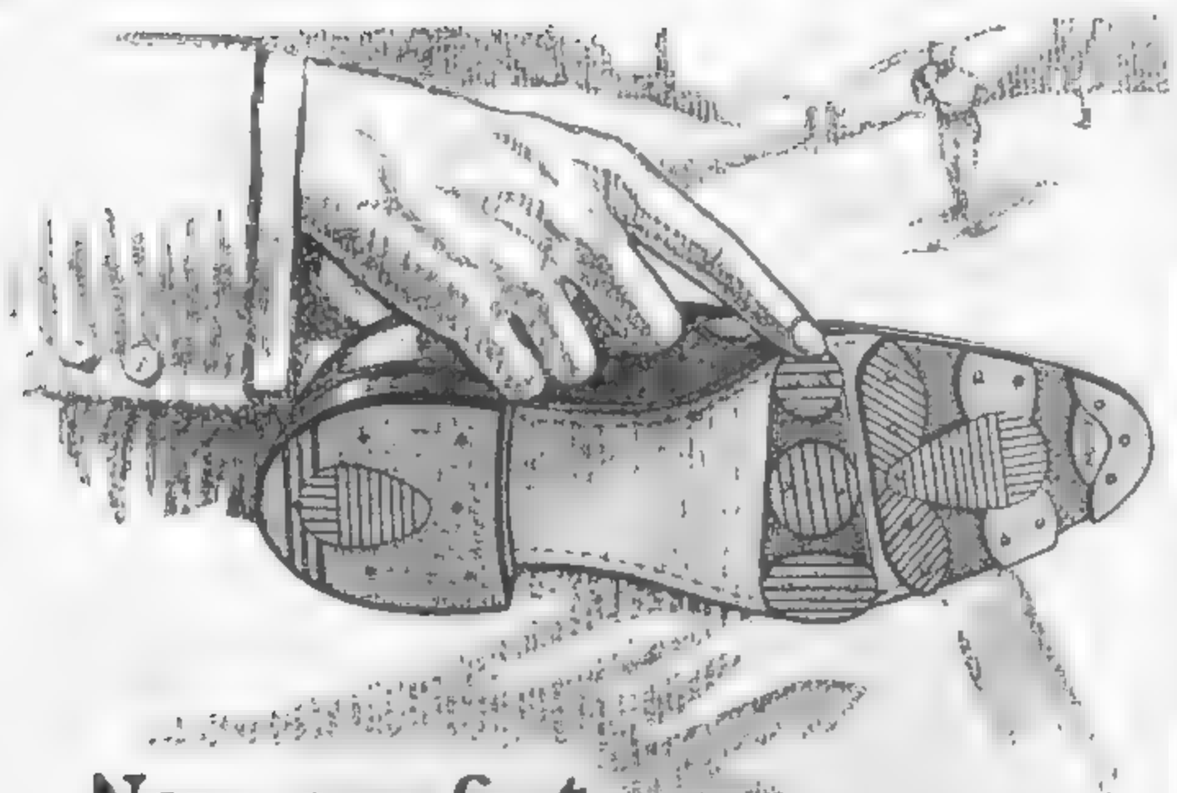

New comfort *for* weary feet

A new principle now widely adopted prevents foot-and-leg fatigue

TWO women were once ordered to wear beans in their shoes, as penance. One woman suffered cruelly, but the other woman boiled her beans soft before putting them into her shoes.

You do penance every step you take on *hard roads* and *city walks*. *Jar, jar, jar* — the effect piles up! Your feet and legs grow weary. Your toes and insteps pain. Your calves ache and cramp.

Today thousands of men avoid this punishment. To them hard walks are like the springy turf, which yields gently to toe, ball and heel at every step. They apply the rubber-heel principle to the *entire* foot —not only to the heel but also to the toe and ball, *the points where the greatest pain is felt*. They cushion *all* of the foot from *all* of the jar with AIR-PEDS.

* * *

AIR-PEDS are cushions of rubber attached to the toe, ball and heel of the shoe—made with *air-spaces between the cushions*. They are light in weight and very resilient. The cushions are corrugated. They are *non-skid* — they prevent slipping on wet pavements. They also raise the entire sole from the ground and keep the feet dry.

Save Shoes

These foot-comforts protect soles from wear — *double* and *triple* the life of the shoe—preserve its shape and appearance. Made in three pieces—a toe and a ball cushion and a rubber heel. They do not crack, cannot rip open, do not draw the feet.

Get shod with AIR-PEDS today

If your dealer or repair man cannot supply you, we will; send us his name together with a tracing of your shoe, stating color (black or chocolate), and $2.00.

PIONEER PRODUCTS, Inc., 35 West 39th St., New York
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Air-Peds

TRADE MARK

The rubber-heel principle applied to the entire shoe

to be on hand. But I thought maybe if you'd give me forty-two ——'

"The employment man was hot. 'What the hell you doin' here?' he said. 'I couldn't expect you to come here if you said you would. You don't keep your word! You can never work for this company at any price.'

"It's a rather strange commentary on human nature that this electrician is just the kind of fellow who's always going round with a chip on his shoulder and telling the other boys up at the union meetings that you can never depend on these employer guys — they're always doin' you dirt. And he's reading a whole flock of books on socialism put up in these bright red bindings. To his mind the books prove all his contentions.

"So he adopts a code of honor, and it reads like this: 'Plain lying as a fine art is justified if the interests of labor are served.'

"It has got to be a right serious matter, and I've talked with a lot of other employers about it and they try to tell me this kind of thing obtains chiefly with the lower grades and particularly with labor that is unorganized. I believe they're right. It's what you might call the unprotected classes that throw us down so hard. But this electrician I'm telling you about held a union card."

He shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth and looked at me inquiringly.

"And the ladies! How about them? Woman has been the mainstay of truth and piety through all the ages, hasn't she? Woman's loyalty is a household word, don't everybody tell you? Lucile, the bridge tender's fair daughter, ran down the icy tracks that wintry night and flagged the train at the brink of the precipice, did she not? Yes, she did not!"

Lucile Elucidates

He reached across his desk and picked up a pink bit of note paper with gilt edges.

"Just shoot your eye over this one, will you, and tell me what she means?"

"*My dear Mrs. K*: Your letter of the fifth received. I want to apologize for my neglect. I sincerely regret that I did not come to work as I promised you.

"I can assure you the cause of my not coming was both unexpected and unavoidable, but, its being so sudden, I failed to have someone call you up for me.

"I trust you will pardon me in your estimation. Such an occurrence has never happened before, as any former place I worked would tell you. I always consider that a place of business has no time to waste on an individual and make it my aim to do exactly as I say.

"Hoping again you will pardon me, I am,

"Yours with regret."

"So the elusive Lucile has lucidly elucidated. In other words, she asked us for a job, got it and, failing to put in an appearance, the employment department wrote to her to find out why. Isn't her explanation clear and sparkling?

"Here's another instance: She lived twenty miles out of town, and when she didn't come on the job they wrote her to know if she would please say what she intended to do. She wrote us a most pathetic letter to tell how her mother had been taken ill and her plans all upset. She realized of course that she'd failed us and she supposed—so she said—that her chance of

work was gone. But if by any chance we were still willing to give her another opportunity, would we please telegraph her and she would come in Friday.

"Did she come? She'd been all over the questions of salary and of hours, and all that, and we thought maybe she would.

"But no! She sat down instead with her little ready letter writer and filled out the blank one headed, 'Form for Regrets When You've Got Another Job,' and said mamma's health had by now broken completely down and she would have, to forgo—and so forth, and so forth. And the long-suffering people in the employment department pay for their useless telegram and file her letter.

"But they don't worry about dear mamma's health. They understand that as a plain and fancy liar Lucile is a star performer and that she's been stringin' 'em until she finally cinched another job she was after."

Congenial Work for Imogene

"A mother comes in to inquire about work for daughtah. And she particularly wants to know about the hours of labor. Daughtah is employed at the university now, you understand, and the work is very congenial and light, and all that. But the houahs! The houahs are from nine to five!

"Merciful heavens! Think of the poor working girl, downtrodden and forlorn, and mamma looking for something from ten to four that the P. W. G. can get away with—provided always that the work isn't too hard!

"Another tender-hearted mother whose one ewe lamb has passed seventeen hard summers and got part way through high school but has had no business experience turns up a scornful nose at eighteen hard simoleons per. As she flounces out she says she told Imogene it would be a waste of time to call on us. The firm's grinding tactics are so well known, you know.

"And then there's another type, whose mamma does not come. A girl comes up to the employment desk who looks like a winner. She's well dressed, sensible looking and educated. She wants a job as a stenographer. Sure! We hire her at twenty-seven per and Mrs. K hands her an application blank. We have two or three thousand women in our place and we have to know who a girl is and where she lives and who she is now working for and somebody to vouch for her general reputation. The young woman goes right up in the air. 'You insult me by asking such personal things,' she says as she strikes an attitude. Mrs. K has seen all kinds and she tries to explain. But the duchess marches out, head up and colors flying, and dramatically tears the application to bits in front of about twenty open-mouthed dagoes who are waiting to get a job. Studying for the movies probably and exercising her artistic temperament.

"It looks like a pretty rocky road for production when they aren't even honest about taking the job they've asked for.

"'What's the use of working?'—that's the attitude of most of them. They're hunting a place to rest, not a job o' work.

"Do you know about the Fourth Commandment? Don't laugh! You fellows that write aren't supposed to know which commandment is which. Do you know the

(Continued on Page 60)

Vacation Toys

Wood, field, park and seashore—shining resplendent in the summer's sun—are bidding our little ones make merry.

But all of us enjoy helping a bit. There are many things we can furnish to make complete our tiny folks' enjoyment—for what is vacation without vacation toys!

Open counters in Kresge Stores are filled with vacation toys of all descriptions.

Here are boats, toy aëroplanes and balloons. Here are dolls and garden sets. Here are shovels, rakes and pails to use on the sands—and hundreds of other things that bring delight to the heart of every child.

And the fun of buying them at Kresge Stores is almost equal to the fun the children have in playing with the toys themselves.

Whatever you buy at Kresge Stores is of standard quality. The values offered are possible only because of the immense buying power and economical method of merchandising.

While making Kresge Stores your shopping headquarters for vacation toys just notice how economically you can buy hundreds of other everyday necessities.

S. S. KRESGE COMPANY, *General Offices:* DETROIT

S. S. KRESGE *Stores*

5¢-10¢-15¢ *Red Front*

25¢-50¢-$1.00 *Green Front*

DRAWN BY J. EMLEY

(Continued from Page 58)

Fourth Commandment is one of the first great economic fundamentals in human life? It meant the conservation of energy all right—right from the start of the world. They tell me it wasn't a question of religion at all back in the beginning. These old Sumerians or Babylonians or some such started the idea of a general rest-up for man and beast one day out of seven and they made it a wise husbanding of energy and skill.

"But did you ever notice when the Hebrews incorporated it in their laws how the first half of it reads? The necessity for good hard work is pumped into that bunch of Israelites right from the hop-off. And old Moses knew how to get the work out of 'em, too, if I read the story rightly. It wasn't until after that talk about 'shalt thou labor' had got under their tough hides that he let 'em down easy and laid 'em off for a day.

"Why work? Well, when I was a kid the boys had several reasons for working. But the one big reason was that each of us had a purpose. That's the trouble with these folks I been telling you about. They have no purpose in life."

The wage earner has no particular job, cares for no particular kind of work. He possesses no particular loyalty and feels no particular attachment to the business he's engaged in. I asked a man who employs several thousand men and women: "Who is to blame?"

"In my opinion there's but little blame to be laid at the doorstep of any one individual," was his answer. "It seems to be a disease of the whole general social fabric, and while it lasts it is a most pernicious ailment.

"We talk of vocational training and selective analysis and the traditions of business and the unfading glory of a good name, and all the while these people don't care. Perhaps the worst thing about it is that they are careless of the future.

"Why, our American character has all been built on what the future contains and the purpose that was in us all. The Old-World method, where a man worked at the same job that his father and grandfather had followed, wasn't good enough for us. We weren't willing to sell cat meat for a living just because father sold it or to deal in *vin blanc* in the sooty little shop where grandfather and grandmother held forth. We haven't been anxious to keep up such family traditions."

The Overall-Movement Joke

"And our children? We expected them to better themselves. What was a nest for but for the young birds to fly from? And once they had hopped off how proud we used to be. We told everybody how little Rollo was working hard and how his kind employer was patting him on the back and telling him to be industrious so that some day he'd be head of the firm.

"You needn't laugh. Little Rollo just simply did that very thing. After his little hall bedroom was paid for he had four dollars and seventeen cents each week to the good. And he had never so much as seen a silk shirt or fancy shoes or a three-dollar necktie.

"He was the boy who could join the overall movement without batting an eyelash. Listen to this"—he fished round his desk until he found a newspaper clipping—"this little Ohio paper has that about right. It says, 'As long as folks demand fifteen-dollar shirts and three-dollar ties the overall movement is a joke.'

"Little Rollo has grown up now and he spends his winters at Palm Beach. But he doesn't want his boys to live like he did. Neither does he want their heads full of notions that violate common sense—and need I add that they do not? They're growing up into mighty fine men. They're trained to the minute, physically fit, mentally up to date and morally a devil of a sight better than their father ever was.

"Tommyrot, is it? Yes, and it was said to be tommyrot forty years ago—and four hundred and forty. Always somebody was ready to say the younger generation was going to the bowwows. Can you wonder when we see the attitude of the younger workmen of to-day?

"But this underproduction disease we suffer from isn't going to leave us all cripples. It isn't nearly so deep-seated as it seems at first glance. Have you looked round your plant to see what has become of all your old stand-bys of five or ten years ago?

"I went out and looked things over yesterday. I go out and get a general view of things pretty near every day. But yesterday I went out to find where these old stand-bys had gone. My labor turnover was terrific. It looked as if all my old hands had left me. But I found them all there. I've got men that have been here twenty years, and they're producing just as freely as ever—taking just as much pride in their work and the firm's product. But I found the trouble too. Let me tell you a story."

Yesterday and To-Day

"Years ago, when I started working in these mills, I was just a kid and I worked for four dollars a week and boarded with old Mrs. Keene over in what we called Happy Hollow. Well, about three doors up the street was the McGlone family that never could get a job at the mills. The old major was living then and it was understood that he wouldn't allow the McGlones on the premises. He said they wasn't honest, and no man, woman or child who wasn't honest could work for him.

"I remember right well the disgrace the McGlone tribe was in because the old major put his taboo on 'em. Neighbors all looked down on 'em. Can you imagine neighbors lookin' down on anybody for that these days? The major said that Bill, the oldest boy, had been caught sneakin' under a stairway durin' workin' hours and that when he talked to the old man Tom laughed in his face and said it wasn't none o' his affair if the major lost the time Bill was paid for.

"I want you to get me—that family was disgraced! People up and down Happy Hollow had nothing to do with 'em, and they couldn't get work inside the walls o' these mills.

"Yesterday I was wanderin' round the factory and I caught a fellow sneakin' away from his machine and slurrin' his work. At last he watched all round to see if anybody was lookin' and slipped off to get him a quiet smoke in some dark corner.

"There was something sort o' familiar about his slack jaw and tricky eye and the slouch of his shoulders. I called the foreman over to me. 'Who is that fellow?' I says. 'Looks to me like somebody I've known.' 'Name's McGlone,' he says. 'The boys say he comes from up in Happy Hollow.'

"'Working here long?' I says.

"'No, come yesterday.'

"'McGlone?' I says. 'Do you mean to tell me you got one o' them people in this mill?'

"The foreman had been with us a long time and he knew this tradition I been tellin' you of. He kind o' laughs.

"'Why,' he says, 'you don't suppose we can turn any man away these days if he's willin' to work for us? Not if he's got two legs and two hands,' he says.

"'Don't it matter about his heart?' I says.

"He looked at me a minute as if he didn't understand.

"'Oh,' he says, 'the doctor examines 'em all and says if their hearts is O. K.'

"So there you are!"

The manufacturer tossed his cigar butt away and rose to walk up and down the room.

"So there you are—'The doctor says if their hearts is O. K.'

"And our old stand-bys keep on standin' by. But we're crazy for more help, because there aren't enough of the old boys to go round. In the past five years we've built three additions to our plant and we're running double shift. So we take a lot of scum that in the old days we didn't allow about the place.

"Nowadays we beg 'em to come and work for us. We're crazy to get 'em. And we're crazy again when we find they're lazy and worthless and loafing and lying—the undependable derelicts of our social fabric.

"We're all doin' it. The world needs food and raiment. All of us—American, French, English—for four long years we worked like a house afire to make war stuff. My factory was on a ninety per cent war basis. Everybody's was something like that. And now we got to have all the help we can get to catch up.

"And we've paid out unheard-of wages to make things go. Don't you remember how we begun to hear of men and boys picking up forty, fifty, sixty a week who had never known what twenty was before? Well, can you blame 'em if they want to keep it up? And can you wonder that they wander from job to job, not caring where they work, or how, just so the money keeps coming in?

"They realize, just as well as you or me, that this thing isn't going to last. They know just as well as we do that while it lasts sticking by the boss don't bring them anything. They are expecting to settle down when it's all over. But not many of us realize that. They'll keep on getting as long as the getting's good. But we're fooling ourselves needlessly when we think the workin' man or woman doesn't know the end's just about in sight."

The Future of the Floaters

"Meanwhile we need clothes and shoes and food and many other things—here and in far-away climes—and we're running night and day to fill the need.

"You wait till we get down to one eight-hour shift in my place and see how quick the McGlones will go. 'Twon't take me a minute. Me and my old stand-bys will go ahead then with a lot o' new stand-bys that are always coming on and we'll make a line of production that's never been equaled in all this world.

"They won't get to-day's wages—I won't get to-day's prices for the goods. But we'll all be happy, for we'll be back working at the old, old basis—'Six days shalt thou labor'—and we'll rather make things hum, my old stand-bys and me. We understand each other as we never understood each other before. We've all been humanized a lot the past few years. We don't quite know it yet. But when things get down to a quiet basis again you'll find us standin' closer together than we'd ever dreamed could be.

"These other people will go back to the old stagnation way of livin' on the town charities part of the time, as they'd been used to in the past, and stealin' and pilferin' a little here and there.

"One of the things that's been costing this country a lot o' money is that all the McGlone tribe of society has been lifted from lazy, shiftless poverty to a beatific state of silk shirts and russet shoes; lifted not by their own honest efforts—they ain't got none—but by this terrible strain we have been under for more help to get our job done."

I asked a master baker if nonproduction had hit him hard. The night shift was coming on. Men were driving up in their machines and parking near the door—prosperous, well-fed, rosy-cheeked men—and the old baker grew reminiscent as he looked at them.

"Nonproduction?" he said. "Nonproduction? That's a word we didn't use when I was younger."

He got up and went slowly to the window.

"When I began as a journeyman baker—it was many years ago," he said, "and I worked in a cellar. A good many of us couldn't talk English then. We worked at night of course, and the cellar was damp and some of us always had colds. We were a pretty pasty-looking lot."

Living for This Week's Pay

"But we used to stay with the job better than we do now. That was because there weren't enough jobs to make it safe to do otherwise and also because we had a habit of mind that made us cling to a job as long as we could."

I interrupted him.

"Evidently you didn't cling?" I said.

"I didn't cling? No-o, it's true that I got out. Eventually I got a little shop of my own. But that's always true, you know. There's always a young fellow or two that isn't content and they start out for themselves. We've got 'em yet.

"But many a man in the old days spent his whole life in a baker's cellar like that, working every night until at last he lay down and died. I've seen it done. We don't ever want to see that happen again."

He looked about him at the big, clean building where bread was being turned out by the ton.

"Things have changed a good deal in the baking business in my lifetime," he said. "A few years ago we had no such things as this and pretty nearly all my organization here grew up in the old way. So we're in a state of transition, as you may say, and as we take on new men we lose that personal touch that would be a big help.

"Machinery, too, makes the baker much less of a craftsman than he once was and he is losing some of his craftsman's pride. But, notwithstanding that, I have my eyes on a few boys right now, just as fine as ever I saw, who will grow up in the business a credit to themselves and to me.

"But the average workman? Bah! He doesn't care whether he's a baker or a coal heaver. He's living just now from day to day—just a shortsighted purpose in him to get this week's pay.

"Not long ago we had a sixty-hour week. Then it fell to fifty-four and now it's forty-eight. I'm not opposed to short hours. They're part of this humanizing feature you've been telling me about. But in actual practice my disappointment has been great. For I've worked hard my whole life long, and these men abuse the time that they gain each time a change is made.

"Always the argument is made that they will now do better work, but it has not been so. Never were they so shiftless. They take real pleasure in injuring their employer and his plant—these agitators and radically inclined. The interests of the younger of these men are wholly antagonistic to me. To me, who have worked hard and long, honest labor has become a passion, and

(Continued on Page 63)

Long Service at Low Cost

BARRETT Everlastic Roofings possess *all* the elements of roof economy. They are low in first cost, easy to lay, thoroughly weather-proof and wonderfully durable.

And back of them, as a pledge of dependability, stands The Barrett Company's sixty years of leadership in the manufacture of roofing materials.

For steep-roofed factory buildings and similar structures the two styles of Everlastic Roofing, in roll form, give maximum service at minimum cost. One is a plain-surfaced "rubber" roofing—the other is surfaced with genuine red or green crushed slate.

Everlastic Roofings are made also in individual and strip shingles, suitable for the finest residences. Both styles of the shingles are surfaced with real crushed slate in permanent, harmonious shades of red or green. All four styles are briefly described below.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

(Four Shingles in One)—The newest thing in roofing. Tough, elastic and durable. Made of high-grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather and fire resisting to a high degree. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles

Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size, 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof, and costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement included.

Everlastic "Rubber Roofing"

This is one of our most popular roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Illustrated booklets, describing the four styles of Everlastic, sent free on request.

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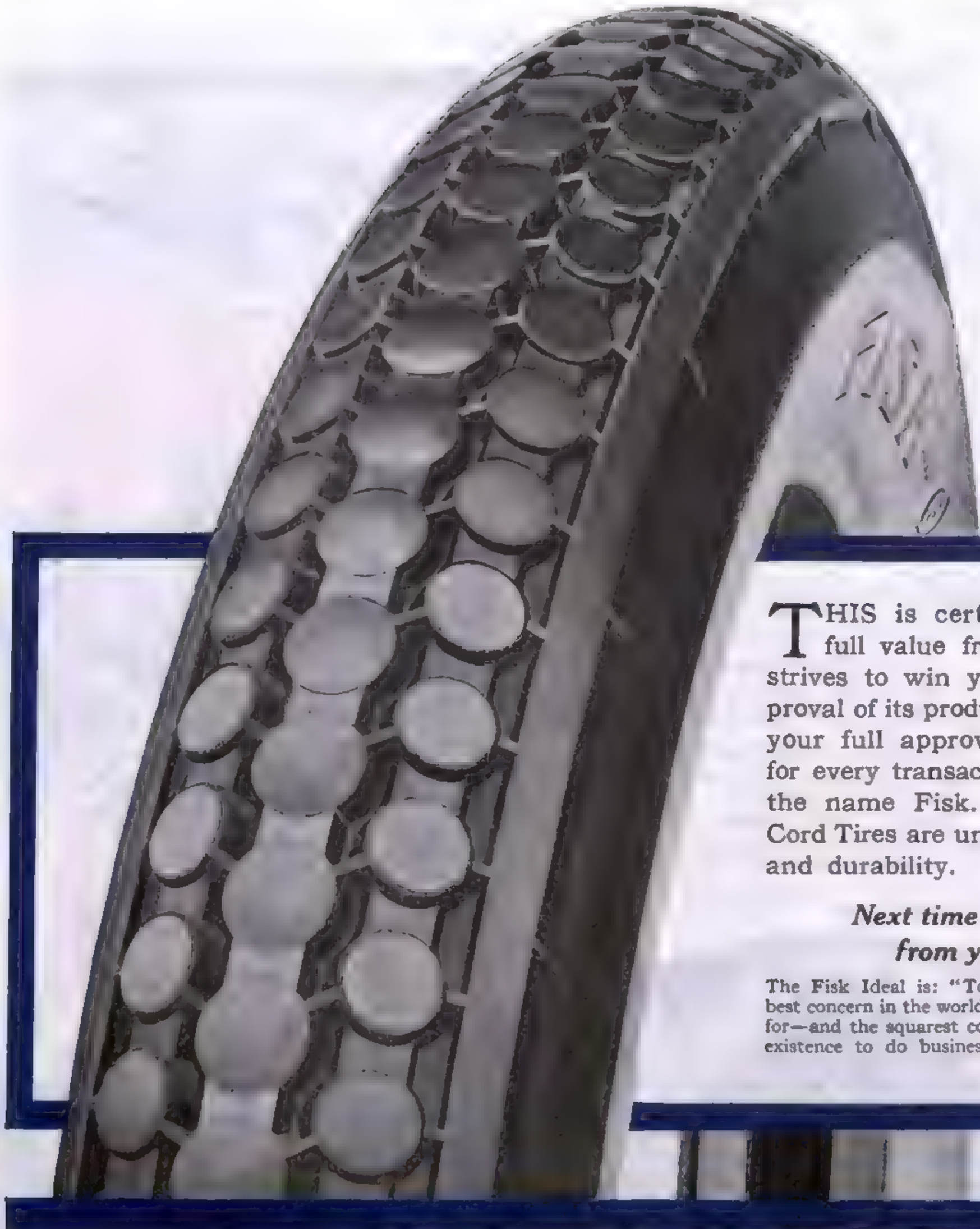

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Time to Re-tire?
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FISK

(Continued from Page 60)

honest labor they do not know. They will have to have a lesson sooner or later, and they themselves are dimly conscious that that time is not far off. I know a good many of my men. I know them well. I know whereof I speak.

"Greed gets the best of honest pride. Then they get afraid they'll work too hard. Then they get suspicious of the pay—and soon they wander off to try it elsewhere.

"Sometimes, when I forget, I think it must have been different in the good old days. I was only sixteen when I began, and I worked fearfully hard. To-day the health department wouldn't let you make bread in such a place. Even then I could see that it was wrong. I tried to fix it up a little, but old Klinkerman was my boss and he wouldn't have it so.

"Cheap bread? Certainly it was cheap. We made bread in the cellar and Klinkerman lived upstairs. Two of us were apprentice boys, and we got our board, with promise of fifty dollars each and a suit of clothes at the three years' end.

"Then we had an old fellow who had tubercular trouble who was content to work at nine dollars a week and who laid off every third week to get drunk. Flour was about four-fifty a barrel, and Klinkerman made money, bought the house he lived in, put money in the bank and was probably a profiteer such as none of us could now hope to be if we tried.

"But his neighbors didn't worry much about that. The bell over his little door tinkled and his daughter Lena sold them the cakes or rolls they were looking for, and for a little more than thirty dollars a month the baker rented a storeroom, a factory site and a residence, hired two husky apprentice boys and had the services of a pretty young saleswoman. I can't do that well."

Human Nature Unchanged

"I pay my wagon men sixty dollars a week, and the girls in our salesrooms get twenty and twenty-five. Distribution for Klinkerman covered about two city blocks in each direction and the neighbors carried their own things home. For me it reaches from five to ten miles, with an intricate system of wagons, with railroad shipments for anything beyond that point.

"I find a general desire for cheaper bread. I join in that desire. But I don't find anybody who wants to go back to the Klinkerman basis of living or to the Klinkerman style of baking. We're far better off with eleven-cent bread than with the old régime of cellar bakeries and underpaid apprentice boys.

"Nonproduction? I hear a good deal about it. My superintendent tells me hair-raising tales about laziness, stupidity and neglect. We have a lot of machinery on the other hand which goes far toward eliminating its effects.

"But Klinkerman in the old days had much the same troubles. They're nothing new. Sometimes we loafed on his hands, and sometimes we spoiled a whole batch of bread, and sometimes we had the ovens too hot and sometimes too cold. Human nature hasn't changed much.

"I don't like the attitude people take toward their jobs, because I was raised otherwise. But I think I see signs that it is changing to normal much faster than most people think."

I asked a bricklayer where his particular trouble lies.

"Trouble?" he inquired. "Men don't do an honest day's work. I'm a young man and just getting started. I lay bricks myself and I hire men to help me, and I know what I'm talking about. Why, an honest man is afraid to work the way he knows he ought to, because he gets in bad with the other fellows. There has been a good deal of criticism of a dollar and a quarter an hour for bricklayers, but I doubt if it is too high. They can only work about six months a year. Bad weather and such things make them lose about half their time. It's hard work too and a man wears out fast at it. Most of us are young men, you will notice. An old man can't stand the pace.

"The wages are all right, I think, but the production question is bad. On straight work a man used to lay 2000 bricks a day. It entitled him to big wages. He didn't care particularly, it is true, whether he worked for you or for your competitor. But there was a great pride in his craft and that made a man come through with high-class work.

"The craft is an ancient one, but it never was a better one than now. Our American cities are full of examples that show our workmen to be the equal of anything ever known—far better work than they do in Europe—and this used to be done just as a matter of pure pride. The boss didn't have to tell 'em about it."

Taking It Easy

"It isn't so now. The men have to be watched or they'll slight the job.

"As to quantity? No, a bricklayer won't put down as many bricks as he once did. He'll only put down half as many. Five years ago we were building 10,000 houses a year here in this town. To-day we're building only 4500. There are roughly, we'll say, the same number of bricklayers and plasterers here now as then, and they're all occupied. You can't find one of them idle to save your life. Yet in the days when the 10,000 houses were going up there were always extra men hanging round waiting for a job.

"What's the answer? The man who used to lay 2000 bricks a day lays anywhere from 1000 to 1200, and he doesn't lay them as well. Result? Not enough workmen to go round and prices for labor soaring every minute."

I asked the manager of a restaurant about food. It was one of these dairy lunches where you wait on yourself and eat from the arm of a chair. Cheap they used to be.

"'What's the use of working?' I hear it every day! And underproduction—that's our middle name," he wailed.

"I've been manager here four years. Came here at thirty-two-fifty a week. I've had three nice raises since. But that's nothing to what my help has had. They have had increases of 300 to 400 per cent since then, and they're worse with every raise.

"Take a dishwasher now. We used to hire a good, husky Polack woman at five a week and her meals, and she'd get out here in the afternoons and mop up the floor and go downstairs and clean things up and have an hour left to sit round and look happy in.

"Now we pay 'em fifteen, but they never look happy any more, and they won't scrub anybody's floor, and the pleasant hour they used to have for resting is all gone. They drag their job along and fill it up for fear we'll catch them with idle hands.

"Breakage, too, was always big. But it is bigger now than it ever was. Anybody knows how fast breakage counts up in his own pantry. It used to be we could fine them or fire them if it got too bad. But now you just simply have to stand for it and grit your teeth, and it costs like sin to keep breaking new men in. See that little fellow over there?"

He pointed to a little counterman who was hopping about waiting on the noon trade, his brow puckered with seriousness.

"Now that's an example of another entirely different thing that's the matter with production round here. That boy is worth more than all three of the others. He takes an interest in his work. He's quick and skillful. He's been here a long while and knows the job. He is polite and the regular customers know him. There's only one thing the matter with him—he can't stay steady on the work. He works about three weeks and off he goes. Since the first of July? Yes, it doesn't seem to have made much difference with him. Plays craps, I guess, and gets a little cheap gin. He always comes back, though. He won't work for anybody but us, and he does mighty good work when he is here.

"It's a queer commentary on the present state of things that this extremely unsteady brother is the only one of all my men who works as if his heart was in it.

"Take that other counterman there. He comes on duty at seven. At seven-thirty this morning he had got into his white coat and was about ready to work. Then he went downstairs and stayed fifteen minutes—smoking cigarettes, I guess. He worked along until about ten-thirty and he disappeared until eleven-fifteen. And now he's looking at the clock. But I don't dare say a word. See that sign in the window, 'Counterman wanted'?

"I've just got one thing to worry about. When it comes seven o'clock and people begin coming in here for their breakfast I look round and I want to see 'em all on hand. Get me? And then again at nine, I want to see the nine-o'clock shift come on. That's all the interest I've got in 'em. My only worry is that I won't have enough of a crew to run the thing. They're just like so many animals to me. They don't want me to be anything else to them. I don't dare try to teach 'em anything.

"They're suspicious in a minute too. Think I'm trying to get something out of 'em in the way of better service without paying for it if I offer any suggestions, and I can't reprimand them or they take down their coats and quit. But this whole thing is going to break and break soon."

The Steward's Comments

I was paying my bill now. Coffee that used to be five cents was ten. My five-cent sandwich, too, had doubled in price. Soups had gone up and the five-cent cigars on the counter now were seven. I waved a farewell hand to the sad-faced restaurateur. We all recognize that working in a restaurant is not a particularly attractive job. It's a nine-hour day and part time Sunday too, and a good many people wouldn't want it for their lot. But he had grown up in it himself, and his boss, who owns a chain of these dairy lunches that are famous in the town they serve, grew from a counterman and is now a respected citizen of some note.

What chances there are for a man who works! Everywhere you turn in this big America of ours what opportunities for us to grow into respect and responsibility and incidentally into great wealth!

But the funny thing about it is that it is always done along the lines of the old copy-book motto: "There is no excellence without great labor." And you probably have to write the word with a capital L and write it out the longest way—and sweat and groan.

I told the restaurant man's story to the steward at the club.

"Two sides to that," he said. "You pay 'em enough and they'll stay with you."

"But," I argue with him, "he says that he goes to them with an offer to make them stay. He's like all the rest of you—he finds labor turnover mighty expensive. Each spring he goes to his people. 'Now see here,' he says, 'you want to make more money. You stay with me six months and at the end of that time I'll pay you fifty-two dollars bonus. Stay three months you get twenty-six dollars.' But he tells me they won't do it. Even when they agree to they soon wander away."

"Easy!" says the steward. "These men are always short of money. The only thing that will keep them on your staff is a raise—a good, stiff raise right off the bat and not the kind you wait six months for. Who ever heard of a waiter that could wait six months for part of his pay? Can't be done that way.

"Why, I was a waiter myself. Funny how I didn't want anybody to know what I was doin'. 'Waiter' doesn't sound very good. Well, I worked for a cousin of mine and I worked hard. One day a captain quit. 'Make me a captain,' I says. But I was only a kid and he wouldn't do it. I hung on and got acquainted with a lot of the big men that come in here—head of the house committee and all that. In less than a year my cousin died and I got his job. But I never saw the time when I could wait six months for part of my money."

Workers and Climbers

"That boy over there in charge of the big dining room—he's been with me all the time. Him and me waited on table together over at the old house fourteen years ago. Oh, there's always somebody working, and working hard enough to climb. Work? You bet I know what it means!"

"Yes," said a big clothing manufacturer when I repeated this conversation to him, "there are always some of them working hard enough to climb. I did it myself. But the large percentage of workmen are impregnated with an altogether different doctrine.

"In our business we know what work means. But we also know what nonproduction and underproduction and half production mean. There's so much of it that we are at our wits' ends. These people of ours are highly organized. They know just what they want. They have been squeezing the clothing trade for all the traffic would bear. For more money? Yes. But mostly for shorter hours. They are giving hours, too, that are not honest ones. The two are seldom far apart."

I told him that he was putting it rather too strongly, it seemed to me.

"The two are never far apart in our trade," he answered. "I know it shouldn't be"—he shrugged his shoulders—"but I'm engaged just now in stating facts, not in pointing morals.

"I say to you that we are not getting honest days' work and that the results reach into the most remote and unexpected combinations. For instance—when was it that the war began? Say five years ago. Well, to produce the same amount of garments we produced five years ago we must have a plant that's almost twice as large.

"Why? Because it takes twice the men and twice the machines it took then to do the same amount of work. Sour looks are all we get for it, and bad tempers and loafing on the job. That's what I call expensive work. And they've played smash with it too. Already thousands of men and women in our line are on the streets. For the

(Concluded on Page 65)

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PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

(Concluded from Page 63)

weather this spring has been against the retail trade and prices have soared until people are not buying clothes—and these fellows are out of work!

"I tell you, it's been proved over and over again that you can't curtail production enough to create a demand. It has always been a boomerang. The manufacturer who tries it soon sees the people pass his door. The laborer who tries it soon finds the public on his back, his job gone and the industry of which he is a part pretty well gone to pieces.

"That's what's going to happen in the clothing business before we get through. Materials, you say, are also high? Well, I think if you'll stop to think you'll see that a man's suit of clothes is almost wholly labor—a very highly manufactured form of product with comparatively little raw material in it. I believe it's estimated that the wool grower gets about four dollars for the wool.

"But the production at labor's hands has fallen off all along the line. The cotton goods in a man's suit that used to cost fifteen cents a yard now costs sixty-five. Woolens that before the war could be had for a dollar and a quarter now cost four-twenty-five. Mohair that sold direct from the mill in 1916 at twenty-five cents a yard we now pay fifty-four for. Satin linings that were a dollar twenty-five are now three-sixty-five. Sewing silk that was ten-sixty-seven for sixteen-ounce stuff is now twenty-two-sixty-seven, and imported linen canvases that in 1914 we bought for thirteen cents a yard are now a dollar and up.

"So at first glance you say that labor is only a small factor in the price of a suit of clothes. But if you'll stop to think a minute you'll see that these values I've been giving you are almost wholly labor values too.

"What's the cause of it all? My answer is that it's the war. That doesn't mean that I'm trying to slip anything over. What I mean is that in our business all of us went on a seventy, ninety or hundred per cent war basis making uniforms. The Government commandeered the wool. Our shops were busy night and day. On piecework our men were cleaning up fifteen to twenty dollars daily, and they weren't even good mechanics at that. The good ones had been drafted or went to the shipyards and munition factories.

"Some of them never came back. We've got good cutters and tailors who are still working in the shipyards.

"So the men were demoralized. They're working on a forty-four-hour basis now, but we're not getting forty hours of work. A man who made from fifteen to twenty dollars for fifty-six hours of work in 1914, and honest hours at that, now cleans up from sixty to ninety dollars for a more or less dishonest week. If you don't like the kind of work he does he puts on his coat and walks out."

Slacking Tailors

"Here's a fellow from Poland. Been over here only six weeks. Never saw twenty-five dollars in his life, I suppose, up to that time. But we're paying him from thirty to thirty-two a week, with overtime, and he strikes me to-day for a raise. Why? Because somebody told him to.

"Here's another one—a pocket maker—always growling and making trouble among the men. Five years ago, on a fifty-six-hour basis, he made twenty to twenty-five dollars a week. Now he makes from seventy-five to a hundred. That's on a piecework basis and we have no complaint to make. But working-by-the-hour pocket makers make only sixty dollars a week, and there's where we kick. For the queer part of that is that at this comparatively lower wage the pocket actually costs us more.

"They do a hundred things that during working hours no well-regulated shop should permit. They go over to the corner of the room forty times a day for a drink of water. It used to be when I was on the bench that a man would get a drink and take his cup back with him filled to save a later trip. They talk among themselves, they stop and look about, they do everything that inventive genius can suggest toward killing time. Their whole attitude is one of 'What's the use of working?' As long as that obtains you can't expect anything but underproduction.

"And one of the first outgrowths of this attitude of theirs is the suspicion that it breeds.

"Two months ago a party comes in here from New York to sell things wholesale to help the employees. Well, everybody's having a lot of trouble about prices and I say, 'Sure! Send me about fifty printed price lists and I'll give them to the men and they can compare them with the retail stores.'

"I thought I was makin' quite a hit. But it wasn't any use. They wanted to know why we were doing that. So we wouldn't have to pay them more money?

"We tried to put in shower baths and give them fifteen minutes to clean up, but they wouldn't stand for it. Said such things meant they'd be taken out of the workingman the first chance we got.

"We began to take an interest in our girls and put in rest rooms for them. Thought we'd help them morally as well as in a physical way. But they won't use 'em. They'd rather loaf on the sidewalk or hang out the windows.

"Do you see some of the reasons why clothing is high?

"Somebody said the other day that the way to control costs was at their source, not to wait until all the processes of manufacture and distribution had been completed and then to arrest some retailer or middleman for charging too much. It was pretty good talk. But it failed to say who was going to take these operatives of mine in hand and make them produce cheaply."

African Queens Up

"When the law of supply and demand again makes itself felt in the labor market underproduction will adjust itself so quickly that it will make your head swim. I'm not so sure that that time is very far away."

I heard a New York man tell the other day how he wanted a gardener and went over into Bryant Park to look round. There on the benches within his reach he counted thirty-eight men—not a gray-haired man among them—all vigorous young men.

The public prints tell us this week of various wondrous things. Wives have gone up so high in the Central African market that a good, strong, healthy queen, who in prewar days could have been bought for four spearheads, now brings eight. And lest these savage tribes outdo the records without challenge for the palm, the French Academy no longer creates a new member unless he can raise the price. For his induction calls for a uniform of green and gold, a thing of beauty that once cost 600 francs and now bleeds the blossoming academician to the tuneful song of 2016.

And thus the H. C. of L. goes soaring ever, so that Zulu wives and seats among the immortals, loaves of bread and suits of clothes, the price of gasoline and our hopes of heaven, all have risen to where men watch with bated breath and outstretched arms and wonder will they ever fall to be once more within human reach.

I talked to a banker about it. He seemed to be feeling fine.

"I take it that the end is drawing near," he said, "and that your sad-visaged restaurant man was partly right.

"There's going to be a change. But do you know, I doubt if we'll feel it enough to hurt. It's going to be, let us say, like having a bad pain in the back of your head and the doctor gives you something and all at once the pain is gone! Ain't that the gr-rand and glor-rious feelin'?

"The high cost of living, half-hearted production and general extravagance are doomed.

"Whatever the whole people decide is bad, is bad, and they kick it out the door and downstairs and that ends it. It is imperative that it should come. But there will probably be nothing very violent about its coming.

"We all know it is a direct result of the war. There's no disagreement about that. And like the war, the decision of the whole people to end it will end it. It takes time for such decisions to crystallize. But we've just about reached that crystallizing point. Underproduction is vicious, and we've just about reached the place where we are unanimous to that effect, though some manufacturers think labor officials don't really feel so in their hearts.

"So," says this authority on banking and economics, "I predict a new era before the close of the year, when underproduction and the feeling of 'What's the use of working?' on the one hand and extravagance on the other will give way to a more normal state of affairs quietly and in the natural course of events."

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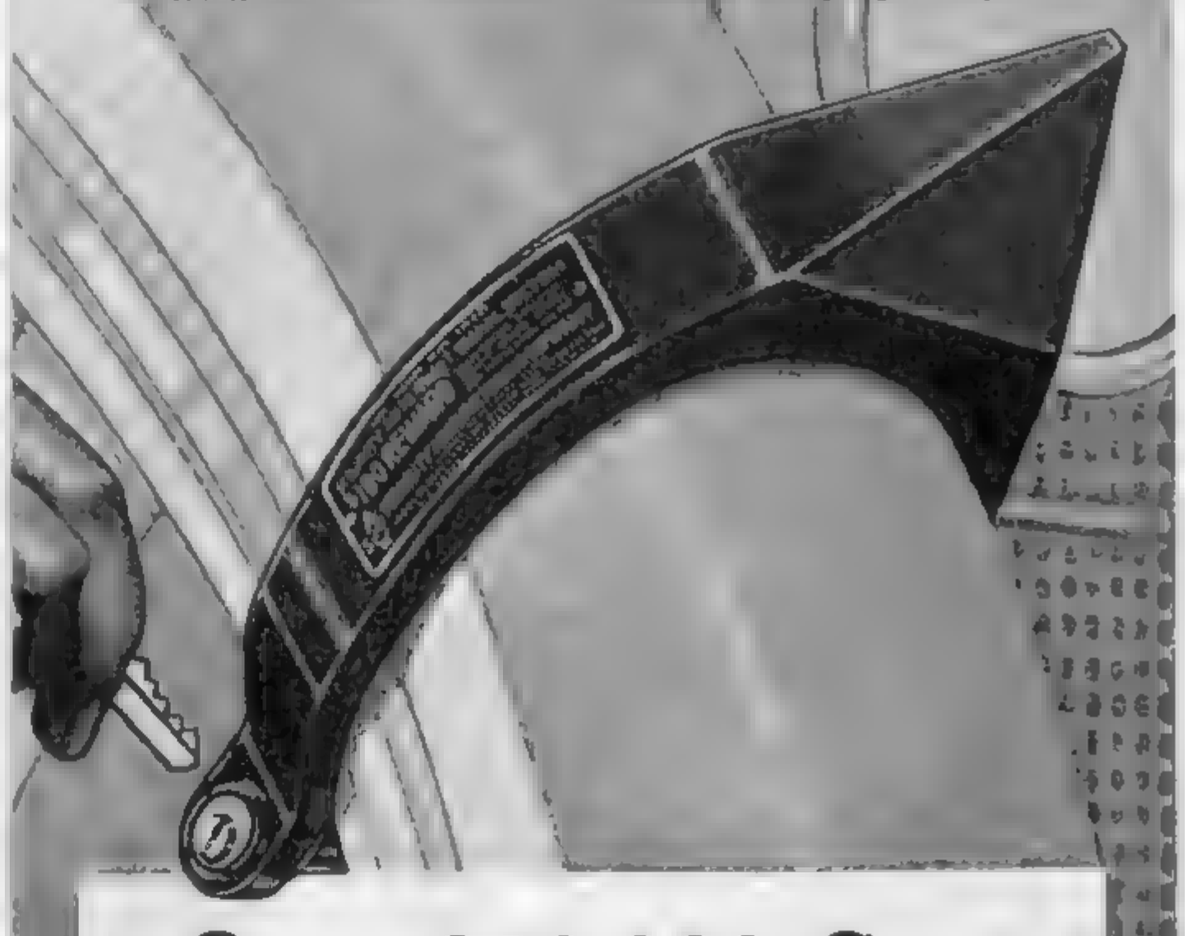

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A PIECE OF HONESTY

By THOMAS JOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

DO YOU remember Andrew Bell? I did not until I met him, and he told me his name, and added in explanation: "Late of the Pacific Investment Company." The words in his slow dull voice printed themselves on the dark in great gold letters six feet high—the sign beneath which I had walked in both foolish hope and cynical resignation. I saw another vision, too—of Andrew Bell himself being hustled quickly toward a prison van by two policemen, down a narrow alley in the mobs which fought to reach him with their claws. I remembered that and their fury—the fury no doubt, it must have been, of pure shocked ideals. Because it was certain not one in forty of them had ever had a penny to put into the Pacific Investment Company. This was an admirable proof of the spread of a high culture, and I admired their bloodthirsty yells while I almost pitied the swindler trembling across the pavement. But that, the last time I had seen Bell, was a long time ago, and now I saw him not at all. He was merely a thicker part of the night that buried us under a blackness which no stars could pierce, and made even the great river like velvet, without a gleam.

Thus I did not know the man who spoke to me. I could not remember his face, or even his stature, his shape. He had been a victim, now he was a voice, and a strangely uninforming voice at that. We were alone on the narrow deck of a stern-wheeler—one of those rotten-bottomed, cranky, top-heavy vessels which ply on the Benue, in the rains, between Yola and Chohoja, with cargoes of hides and cloth and tinned stores and salt and ivory and what not, and sometimes a forlorn passenger or two, soaking in the wet heat of the dreary days and lying awake in the long hot night to the noise of frogs, the distant drums of the bush or the loud sudden splash of a manatee.

The crew were sleeping on the sand bank to which we were moored, and my servants having set up my bed in the barge, which was at that time my official headquarters, had stowed themselves away among the firewood. It was my cook who had told me of a white man on the steamer, and I could not resist a chance of hearing my own language. But to Bell's introduction of himself I had no answer. I made none.

"Perhaps you had some shares," murmured the voice, after a long hesitation.

"I had—ten."

Again there was a long silence before he said, in the same soft tone, "You took your risks."

"Oh, yes. I don't blame anyone. I wanted twenty per cent."

The police sentry below challenged—absurdly, for who could have approached us? The bank was an island. No doubt he wished to prove his wakefulness. Or perhaps some hippopotamus had sighed beyond the unseen edge of the sand.

"Have you ever wondered why I didn't run away?" asked Bell unexpectedly.

"I thought it was too sudden—the crash."

"No-o-o," he breathed. "I saw it coming for a long time. I could have gone. And I tell you this," he added, moving so that his chair creaked—I instantly guessed him a heavy, clumsy fellow—"I'd have left enough to pay fifteen shillings on the pound. Fifteen shillings. With the dividends of those first three years you would have made a profit." He slowly exhaled, and repeated softly, "A profit of about ten per cent."

I could not help a note of asperity when I asked why he had not done so. I had forgotten my loss for nearly six years. I had long ceased to say whenever I saw something I wanted but could not afford: "Ah! If only I had some of that two hundred I put into the Pacific Investment Company!" But now my regrets stirred, fifteen shillings on the pound would have been one hundred and fifty pounds. A year's rent, rates and taxes. A holiday abroad. A tour's kit and provisions. Fifteen years' tobacco, three hundred books in red morocco.

"What broke my heart ——" said Bell suddenly; and stopped as suddenly to ask for a match. But he turned his face away as he lit his pipe.

"I've sleeping sickness," he remarked in the same dead voice.

"They say it's curable—at least the kind you get in West Africa." I tried to hearten him. "It's the Rhodesian which they can't cure. And are you sure about it?"

"Grey looked at me. He has a microscope. Oh, yes. It's rare, and they won't cure me. I don't particularly want to be cured. I'm not saying I want to die," he added, "but I don't think it's worth the trouble to be poisoned with arsenic. I'm a bad case, too; cirrhosis of the liver."

"She Looked at Me Only for a Second, But She Looked as if She Hated Me"

His voice died away, and for five minutes we smoked in silence. I had nothing to answer to his last remark; none I could think of which would not have been an impertinence.

"They say it's a woman pulled Russia down," he said suddenly; "not a bad woman—but she had her fancies."

"Russia's been staggering for a hundred years. No power on earth could have held her together much longer. And she'll go on staggering for another hundred—a nasty neighbor for quiet people ——"

"Oh—well, I don't know." Bell cut me short with his vague disinterested tone. "I saw it in a book. But I'm sorry for those girls—pretty girls—nice-looking girls."

His voice fell in a mournful cadence, and his pipe glowed suddenly on a long sigh.

"Do you know why you didn't get your fifteen shillings on the pound?" he asked.

"The assets didn't cover it," I answered dryly enough.

"No. But they would have. I'll tell you. It was because of a woman—my wife."

"Extravagance!" I murmured.

It was a stupid remark, to which Bell after a moment replied with a note of deference, like one bearing with a fool. "No. She wasn't extravagant." He seemed to be disappointed with my dullness and then, just when I feared he would tell me no more, he ejaculated as if he had only stopped to collect his forces: "And I don't mean she was a nervous, weak creature. Far from it. Did you ever meet her?"

"I?" I was surprised.

"No? I thought you might have. We went about a good deal—met a good many. And she was—striking. People did not forget her. I was fond of my wife."

He breathed slowly into his pipe and sent up a spark or two. A drum in the far distance started the tentative rat-a-tat of a drummer who is not sure of his audience, and stopped as suddenly as it began.

"I was fond of my wife. We had hard times at first, and no man ever had a better pardner. But you want to go to bed, sir." This last phrase, in the same tone as the rest, startled me into a warm denial. "Ah," said Bell, "there's no sleeping, not with a tornado coming up."

He paused and then began with the words: "A better pardner.

"She was plucky. I used to say she was as good as a man, and it pleased her. She liked to think that we were friends first. She liked me to call her by her surname—the one she had—she was Thomson before I married her; and she liked to believe I spoke to her as I would to any fellow."

Bell's voice was so little inflected that it was impossible to tell his mood. He spoke evenly, quietly, almost languidly.

"She liked me to swear before her, and slap her on the back. But of course I couldn't really treat her like a man."

"No," I agreed, as he seemed to wait for me.

"A woman's not a man."

"No."

"Well, I tell you this one was better than any man." And he added in the same light tone: "I was very fond of my wife."

His voice dropped again and his pipe threw up a glow against its own smoke, which rose almost straight in the dead air. But the gentle tone was deep with passion and left an echo I don't forget now.

"We were pardners, good pardners. It was her own word. She had to have a typewriter and keep my papers, and when she could sign *per pro.* I believe it was as near pure happiness as a woman can get in this world. Women aren't made to be happy, as a rule, but to see her eyes when we talked of this and that—shares, and options, contango and all that rigmarole—she was happy then. Though I couldn't tell her everything—she wouldn't have understood. But I told her enough to make her believe that she knew it all, and that she did understand. One can't be ——" He stopped, and then finished: "It's hard to be straight with a woman."

"Oh!"

"I mean—it takes too long. They don't understand. Except the sort of woman you pick up two-a-penny in the street. But with a good woman—it's surprising how little they understand. And when you think they do, then you're making a mistake. A hundred to one they've got it wrong."

I was getting a trifle bored and suggested a drink. Bell agreed. The boys were asleep and did not answer my shouts, but the sentry on the barge thumped its iron side with the butt of his carbine, and waked up Momadu. Momadu roused up Andu, the small boy, to light a lantern, while the head bargeman, suddenly waked to the fact that the boys were wanted, began to bawl for them at the top of his voice from the distant glimmer of his fire on the crown of the sand. This brought the police sergeant out of his blanket, and in a minute there was a cross fire of raucous shouts and explanations across the sleepy night—all that confused stir which always follows a night alarm in Africa.

At last Momadu, wrapped in a horse blanket, came stumbling up the plank, and Andu's lantern threw its long spokes of shadow across the stained deck to the edge of the water. We filled our glasses, and drank. The shouts died down. The captain of the steamer, coming up from below with the conviction that we were adrift, was reassured, and we found ourselves alone again in the enormous silence.

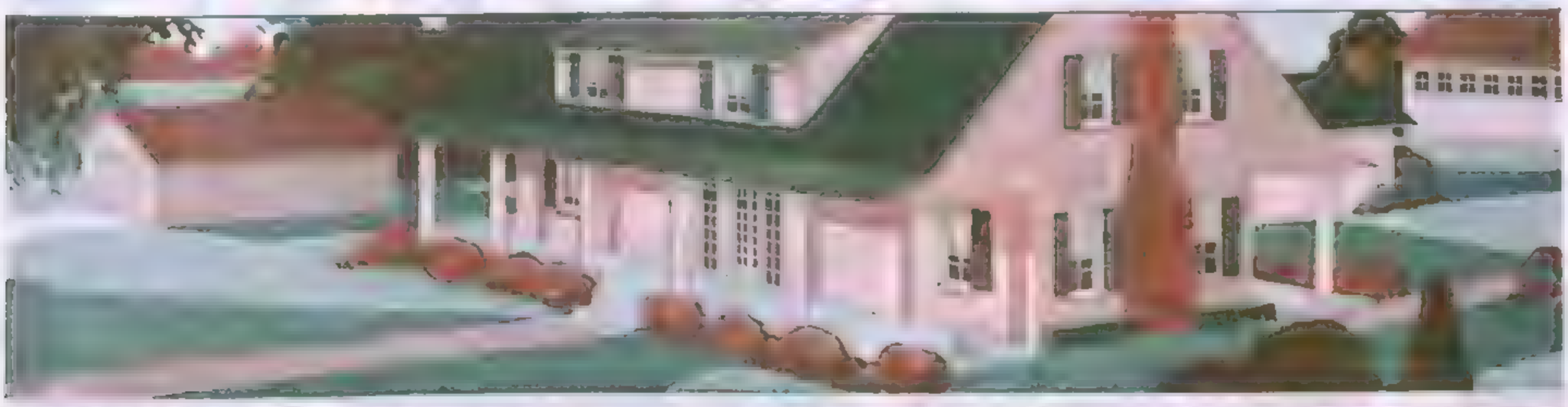
"I never met Mrs. Bell, but I've seen her photograph in the papers, and I rather think—wasn't she in the Academy one year?"

"Yes," said Bell softly. "A good picture. It should have been. It cost a thousand. And she looked well in full dress. You noticed her diamonds?"

I couldn't say I had.

"Money didn't spoil her. No. And she entered into the spirit of that, too—the photographs, the Academy picture, society, the diamonds. I gave her a good deal of

(Continued on Page 69)



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(Continued from Page 66)

jewelry, and she knew why I liked her to wear it. I wouldn't ask her to, but she understood. She saw why we had to make a show, and she made a show. But she never looked like a show. Diamonds didn't make a fool of her. She could wear a hundred thousand's worth—she often did—and not look cheap. She liked all that better than I did—but then, she knew she was doing something for me there that I couldn't do for myself. It was plain to see. And I think she was pleased that she could understand it. She knew where she was."

"She must have been very handsome—by that picture."

"Yes." Bell was not very grateful for this sympathy. He let it pass, and went on. "When I gave her those things I always had copies made—in good paste. I can't say I did it of a set purpose—not at first. It was a precaution. I am a man who takes precautions by nature. I suppose I thought we might want to sell those diamonds some day, and then the copies would be wanted, probably in a hurry. And it wouldn't do for it to be known that Mrs. Bell had sold her diamonds. No. Even a thing like that makes a difference when you're ——" He paused, apparently to take breath, and I wondered if he was going to say "swindling." But he ended with a quaint turn of phrase—"in finance. I didn't put it to myself, and I didn't tell her about the copies."

"It's the usual thing to have copies of valuable jewels, isn't it?" I asked after a moment.

Bell was breathing audibly. I think he must have been asthmatic. His voice was that of a man who has little breath to spare, a sick man whose repose is necessity.

"Yes," he sighed; "it was the dealer in Paris who suggested it, and I said very well. But I didn't tell her."

"You thought you might want to change them without her knowing. I've heard of that being done too."

"No—no!" He breathed more earnestly. "It was a precaution. The jeweler suggested it. He said it was a precaution, and I saw that. No. I don't know why I did not tell her. I never had a secret from her but that one. Plenty of things I did not explain, but not a secret, and I wasn't a man who likes telling."

"It's sometimes more trouble to tell ——"

"Yes." At last I had said something which pleased him. "Yes; it is a trouble. It was a great trouble to me. I had to screw myself up to tell her things, quite little things. I had to say: 'She's my pardner and she ought to know.' Sometimes I used to wait till I was away and write to her. It was easier to write than speak. But I never told her about those copies."

He reflected a moment, and added as if in defense: "It wouldn't have seemed relevant—not afterward. And they weren't all done at once. First, I got the necklace; it had belonged to the Duchess de Berri; and then it was bracelets; and the tiara was two years afterward. When I had the money I bought diamonds."

"They're portable," I said politely.

"Yes, and they don't pay taxes. But, you see, I should have to have told her of four years back, and it would have looked queer. She would have wondered why I had hid it at first, and gone on. That's the way of things. I didn't hide it. I just did not tell. But it got to be hiding all by itself.

"I suppose no one ever trusted me except my wife. I was too quiet. I kept myself to myself. I didn't talk enough. I knew that, because I saw it all round me. But I told her, I tried to tell her everything. I didn't want her to begin to look at me sideways. I was always afraid of her finding out what I was—secretive—cautious—close." He raised his glass and sipped. "Everyone tries to hide what they are from those they want to love them," he said then, apparently unaware or careless of the cynicism. "But how can it be done—from a wife—in a lifetime?" He dropped his glass into its hole in the arm of his chair, and his last question was aimed at random.

"However, I was open enough. I dare say not many men ever told their wives so much. That was my only secret. Then there was that coffee failure in Brazil, and we began to crack. I wanted money quickly—it was to pay a dividend."

"Oh!" I was interested by this detail of the internal working of the Pacific Investment Company.

Bell understood my "Oh."

"It wasn't like that at first," he said quietly. "We made our dividends once. But I couldn't pass a dividend—couldn't afford it."

I let the explanation pass in silence; after all, it is no new thing for a shady company to pay a bogus dividend.

"I took her diamonds back to the man in Paris—couldn't trust my bank—and left her the copies. There was no difficulty. She left them in the safe with my own confidential papers. We both had keys. And I persuaded her to have all the settings polished up a couple of days before, so that there would be no old scratches to tell.

"Do you know, I meant to tell her? I had them polished up, but I meant to tell her. It was the habit. I always kept two roads open. All my life. I never went a foot forward without seeing my way back. I liked a choice of ways. Often I did not choose between them till the last moment, then chose the quietest."

"The safest," I suggested.

"No. The quietest. The one which would least make anyone wonder what I was at. Naturally. So I didn't tell her. I put it off. Then soon after that things began to look better and I thought I would be able to redeem them. That wasted a month—and you can't tell things after a month. Not to a wife you see every day."

"I Don't Know If I'd Have Told Her So Easily If I Hadn't Thought She Guessed Something"

He breathed deeply and then turned his face toward me as he went on.

"A woman likes to be able to help, and she knows quick enough when all her helping is make-believe. Of course a woman couldn't help me much, not directly; and I think she knew that I used to pretend she was more of a help than she could be. She'd have liked to give me the diamonds. She might have loved me all the better for needing them; and I knew that as well as I knew myself. But I couldn't tell her."

The voice died away. The last phrase was barely articulated. And then, as before, he seemed to find a new energy in some deep closet of his worn-out spirit, and spoke much louder.

"It would have been so much explanation. She'd have wanted to know where the copies had come from. A long story. Yes, it would have been difficult. One forgets afterward how difficult it would have been then. The money wasn't much good to me after all—not in the end, and it was then I thought of going. And I wasn't deep. As I say, people would have nearly had their money back. And if I had gone far enough away, and stayed away, they wouldn't have taken the trouble to make it a criminal case. Besides, I wouldn't have left much evidence. They would only have found out that things were not straight, and they couldn't have discovered exactly how it had been done."

"Couldn't you have brought them straight? I should think surely if you could have paid fifteen shillings ——"

"No—no! Couldn't have stood investigation. Yes; fifteen shillings. But the deficit, even at that, was a couple of hundred thousand." He stopped again.

"Yes. I might have. But I didn't want to. It meant a big risk. It was risking—I didn't want any more risks. I wanted to get out of it all—with her. Take her out of it. And I knew they'd let me alone if I left enough behind for a good dividend. They might have kept the company going when they found it was not so badly off as they thought—hushed it all up—carried on, I dare say. It's been done before. I wouldn't have taken too much with me. Thirty thousand, and all settled on Amy."

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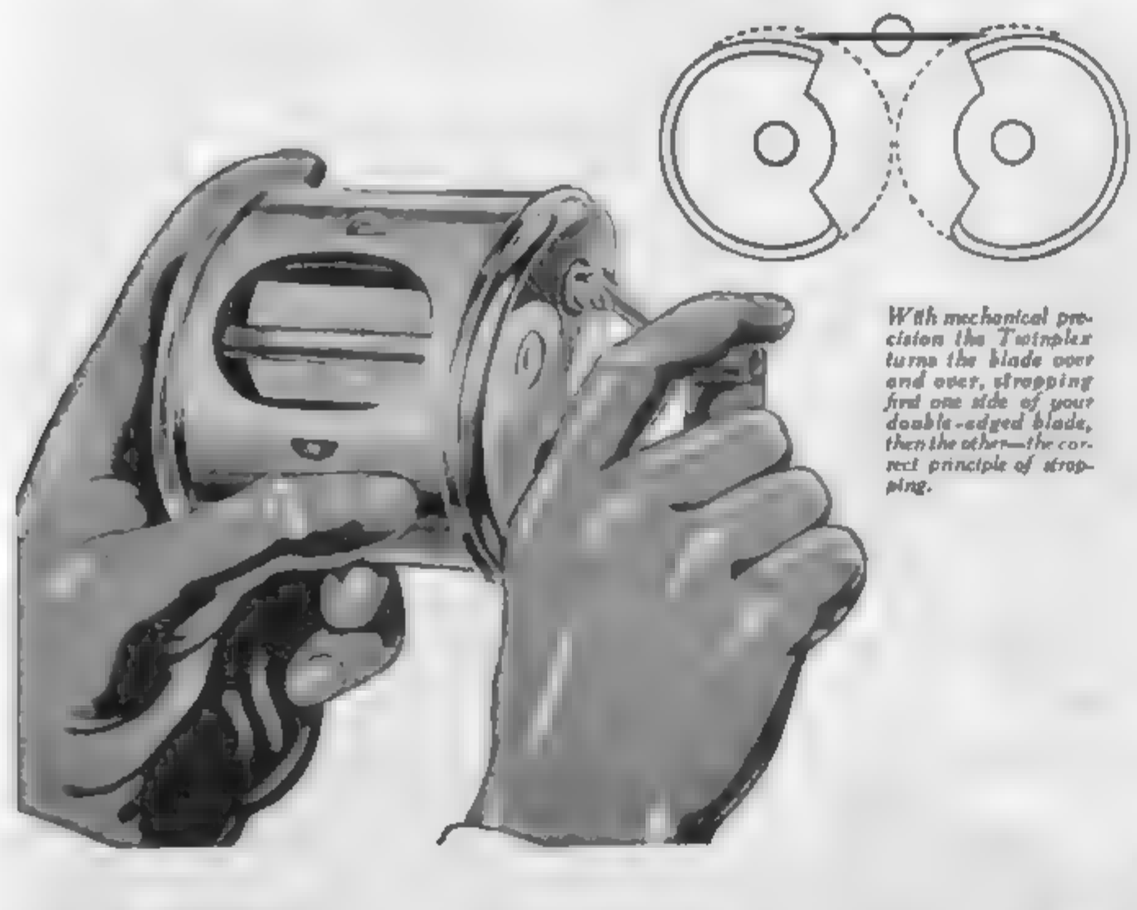

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"They couldn't have touched it?"

"No. It was an old settlement—eight years."

He stirred again in his chair, and knocked out his pipe.

"I told her."

"That you meant to go?"

"No—not then. How things were. I don't know if I'd have told her so easily if I hadn't thought she guessed something. She'd been strange for some time. Sometimes I thought she was waiting for me to speak. She used to jump every time I opened my mouth, and look at me as if she expected it. So I told her.

"She said I must take her diamonds."

He stopped to light his pipe again. In the flame of the match I caught a glimpse of bloodshot eyes, a coarse nose dinted with large poxes, and loose rough skin sprinkled with gray-shot hair. He went on evenly.

"I tried to show her it would be no good. But Amy knew too much. She knew that seventy or eighty thousand of ready money could make a lot of difference. And when I pointed out that the absence of her diamonds would be noticed, and might do me as much harm as twice as great a loss—things were ticklish even then—she had a good answer for that. We would get copies made, and she would wear the copies."

Bell paused, and added in a voice which was far from humor: "She told me that a good jeweler would imitate the real stones so well that no one could tell the difference. Of course I could have taken away the things, had 'em polished up and brought 'em back again. But I didn't want any more of that kind of thing between us, and I thought I could clear off the whole of the old business too.

"I had to go to Paris anyhow. I often did. And I went and got the real stones out of pawn. It took a good deal to raise the money. I had to pledge all the securities I had, and the house. It cleared out the last real cash we had in the firm. But I got 'em, and had 'em in the safe again as soon as I got back. And I told her I'd let her raise what she could on them.

"She was very queer all that day after I came back, and I began to think that that trouble I had seen in her face before was not all for my difficulties, if she had guessed them, and I didn't believe she had. In fact, I thought that she had some suspicion of the diamonds. She asked me that night after I came back, in so many words, if I'd ever had copies made. I said no. What else could I say? And the real stones were in the safe.

"'Do you know,' she said, 'that Lord Cranley thought they were paste? He collects gems. And he congratulated me for following other people's example and wearing paste.' He said he had often been anxious about me before.'

"I said that Lord Cranley had been too clever for once.

"'So I told him,' said Amy. But she wasn't easy, I could tell that.

"'And what did he say then?' I asked.

"'Oh, he apologized.'

"Well, she said nothing else for about ten minutes, and then she asked if I was quite sure about the diamonds. Perhaps I had been cheated. I said no, they were all right. She wanted to know where I would get rid of them, and I told her, in Paris. 'Then I'll come with you,' she said.

"She said it in a determined sort of way, not her usual voice, and it was then I began to wonder what was in her mind. But I was glad I'd got the real stones back."

He drank and wiped his lips.

"It looked as if a piece of honesty was doing me well already. She did go with me. I wouldn't stand in her way, especially as I could see now that she was judging every word I said. I'd always been afraid of that old thing, and here it was at last. I tell you," he said suddenly, "a secret like that between a man and wife—a real man and wife—pardners—it's worse than a wall. It's like double-edged knives. But you're married yourself, I dare say?"

"No."

"Ah, well, you don't know. And perhaps it's not the same for all. But I felt as if she was all a-wound, and I could see her bleeding. But I was very fond of Amy, and she was fond of me. She's dead now."

"Dead!" I was startled by this abrupt climax.

"Yes. Died a couple of months ago. I saw it in the paper. I don't know what it was. She was only thirty-four, and a strong girl all her life. Stronger than a man, as far as health of body goes. But never mind that."

He was annoyed, and his pipe glowed. Then he began again in a dreamy tone.

"We went by Newhaven. She liked that way. I don't know why. No one was with us but her maid, and she carried the jewel case herself. She never let me carry any of her small traps, because she always said I wasn't safe to remember them, and the maid was too sick to trouble about any jewel cases. We put her in the cabin.

"We had a couple of chairs on deck. It was a lovely day, but I don't think either of us cared for that. We were—all I can say is, I felt as if I sat next a stranger. After about an hour, when we were well out, she turned to me, very pale, and I thought she was feeling the sea, though indeed she was a good sailor. But she said: 'I can't bear this any longer. It's breaking my heart. I meant to wait to see what lie you would tell me in Paris—I wanted to see how many more you would go on acting to me, but I can't bear it.'

"I asked her what she meant, and she rounded on me.

"'What have I got in this bag? The paste you put into the safe when you stole the diamonds.'

"'It isn't paste,' I said. 'Cranley was wrong.'

"'I went to a jeweler the day after. Do you think he was wrong? Oh, didn't you know I'd have given you the diamonds and the hands too? Didn't you know I wanted to give you more—everything I could?'"

Bell's voice was quite calm, and after a moment he added as if in explanation: "She hardly knew what she was saying."

Then there was such a long pause that I ventured to ask: "What then?"

"What could I do? I told her she had the diamonds in the bag. She sat very still for about a minute, and then she began to shake all over. I asked her if she would like another rug, and she got up all at once and threw the bag into the sea. I tried to get hold of her, but she simply pulled herself away from me and ran to the cabin. She looked at me only for a second, but she looked as if she hated me."

He turned toward me again, as if noticing how low his voice was.

"Well, I don't wonder," he murmured—"believing what she believed. And how could the poor girl tell? She was as wise a woman as ever I knew. I told you I used to say she was as sensible as a man. But she was a woman."

He let his head stoop forward and I saw his pipe like a half-moon. So he reflected for a moment, and then said again, as if he could get no nearer to the explanation in his mind:

"But she was a woman."

After another minute he continued without emotion: "I never saw her after we reached Dieppe. She went on. I came back. She wouldn't touch her money, except a few pounds a year she had from her mother; and there it is still with the trustees. I suppose her father'll get it now. Yes, she left me. As I say, she hated me.

"No, I don't know that. But she wanted to hate me. I had hurt her too badly, and she was obstinate. Jealous."

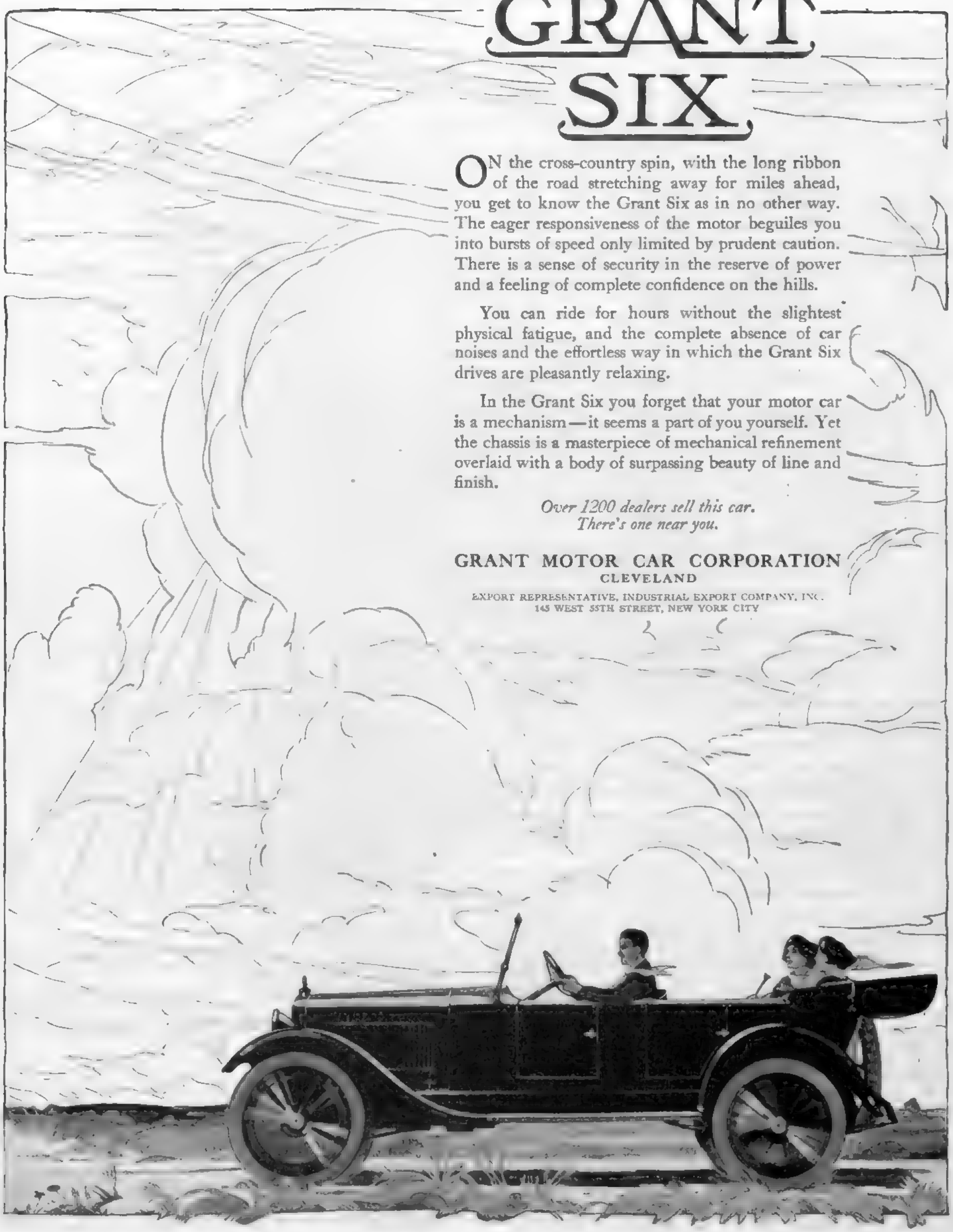
"Jealous—why? What of? Your business?"

"No. Just jealous, like anybody who can love like that." Bell took his pipe out of his mouth and passed his hand slowly over his head and face.

"That smashed me," he said gently. "It wasn't only the money—though that was enough. It was no good running then. No point in it. I went back. But I didn't do anything. Didn't even clean up my books for the trial, and the whole thing burst up in a fortnight.

"Do you know that she knew for six weeks before she offered me the diamonds—knew they were paste? That's a queer thing. But it wasn't spite. She wanted me to tell her."

He sank down into his chair, and the silence returned upon us.



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THE KONKRIN' HERO

(Continued from Page 9)

"Gallopers pay de rent. Wham! 'Morning, rainbow. Wah just begun. Dove of peace got one hot end like a hornet. Gallopers see kin yo' uplift de Honey Tone jack."

The dice raced on their victorious way. Twenty minutes later Honey Tone Boone picked up the cubes. The capital in his leather pocketbook had dwindled to a pair of weak-looking dollar bills. He reached into his pocket and his hand came forth clutching a rubber-banded cylinder of currency whose external unit was a yellow obligation wherein the United States Government promised to pay the bearer fifty dollars in gold coin provided the Democrats overlooked that much.

Honey Tone voiced his challenge. "Shoots a hund'ed dollahs. De big coin keeps de pikers out."

The Wildcat batted his eyes but rallied nobly and covered Honey Tone's bet with five twenties. "Roll 'em," he said huskily.

Honey Tone, rolling 'em, neglected to advertise the fact that when he reached for his new stake he had switched the dice.

"Seven. Shoots two hund'ed."

"Talk to 'em, Honey Tone." One of the uplifter's admirers offered verbal encouragement.

"Dey does de talkin'. Shower down, Wilecat. Shoots two hund'ed."

The Wildcat hesitated.

"Shower down," Honey Tone repeated. "You craves action. Git in de collar. Don't stan' theh poisoned on one foot like de iron lady in de park."

The Wildcat glanced about him. He saw that several pairs of heavy lips were curling in the bow of derision. He counted out a handful of greenbacks. "'At's two hund'ed," he said heavily. "Roll 'em." His neck itched. He sensed the impact of the ax. "How come I crazy?"

The rolling dice halted. The class in addition announced that four and three made seven.

"I mows de lettuce." Honey Tone picked up his winnings. "Shoots a hund'ed."

The Wildcat audited his capital. "Sixty's all I got."

"Shoots sixty."

The Wildcat took a deep breath and held onto it until he read on the clicking cubes the final message of disaster.

"Whuf! 'At's me." Honey Tone looked at his victim, and in the glance of triumph glowed the dull fire of accomplished revenge.

"Dem bones says who is de konkrin' hero. Dey knows."

The Wildcat picked up the dice and looked them over carefully.

"Dice, wuz clo'es a nickel Ise neked—an' you done it."

Honey Tone reached for the dice. "How come?" he objected.

"Dese dice knows so much Ah thought mebbe dey's educated."

The uplifter was glad enough to ignore the remark in his effort to get the dice under cover. He switched the subject quickly to one which would not include an examination of his paraphernalia of chance.

"I counts on you, Wilecat, to be colonel of de parade."

"Me?" The Wildcat sobered under the responsibility.

"You be de walkin' colonel, leadin' de konkrin' heroes."

"Whah at does you come in?"

"Ise de ridin' gin'ral whut leads."

"Honey Tone, does you ride I does. You an' me is 'quivalent, on'y Ise mo' in dis konkrin'-hero business. All de konkrin' you evah done wuz leadin' de sleep squad o' else joyin' roun' in Bo'deaux. No, suh! Does yo' ride, I does."

"De ridin' part's de hardest. I rides so you boys k.n see me give signs whah at to march. Does you ride de nex' boy done crave to. He say, 'Whah at's mah mule?' Fust thing yo' knows all de konkrin' heroes would be on mules. Dey wouldn't be no more mules lef' in de world. Figgeh out what ud happen to de horn band when de mules heard de toots an' started tromplin' 'em down. Figgeh out could a band ride mules an' play bofe. Figgeh out some mo' wid yo' haid st d of usin' it to eat wid so much an' yo' might figgeh out Ise right."

The logic in Honey Tone's objections appealed to the Wildcat. His imagination painted a contest between the horn department of the brunet brass band and three or four hundred stampeding mules.

"I guess yo' says sense," he admitted. "Us boys walks."

For a little while he and Honey Tone discussed the details of the impending parade. "When us passes de' gran' stan'," the uplifter specified, "I gives de salute. You be leadin' de platoon. When you gits opposite de gran' stan' yo' says, 'Eyes right.' 'At's all you does 'ceptin' to keep marchin'."

"Who's gwine to be in de gran' stan'?"

"In de gran' stan'? Fust dere'll be de 'ception committee, den all religious organizations, den all de lodges an' grave clubs, den all de women an' chilien whut ain't 'filiated wid nothin' but husban's an' kitchen stoves."

Throughout the discussion the Wildcat's unmounted disappointment ached until it was suddenly quieted by a detail of the forthcoming ceremonies which he did not impart to his associate. In the Wildcat's brain was born a scheme which promised to balance the books between him and Honey Tone.

"Yo' wife be sittin' in de gran' stan', I s'pose?"

Honey Tone laid himself open to the serious fall which is the common sequel of deceit. "I ain't got no wife."

"Thought yo' tol' me you wuz a married man when I knowed you fust." The Wildcat was indulging in a little exploration.

"Did I say I wuz married I must've been crazy o' lyin'."

"You is both," the Wildcat inwardly reflected. "'At's 'at," he said to Honey Tone. "On'y wid so much 'flooence it 'pears like you'd furnish yo' own mule."

"Ain't I made yo' Supreem Gran' Arrangeh? You p'vides de mule. I takes care o' rentin' de gran' stan' at de ball park an' spreadin' de publicity. Afterwards us has a gran' rally. Mebbe I makes a speech."

With the details of the program accomplished the defeated Wildcat left the konkrin' hero in the barber shop and made his way toward Captain Jack's home and the woodshed wherein was tethered the mascot goat.

Halfway up the alley which led to the woodshed the Wildcat spoke aloud in the darkness.

"Konkrin' hero! Him ridin' de mule an' us boys ridin' ouh feet. Huh! Ise de Supreem Gran' Walkin' Arrangeh, is I? Well, to-morrow I starts arrangin'."

His monologue was suddenly interrupted by an explosive braying which burst from the woodshed adjoining the one in which rested Lily. The Wildcat surrendered to his racing legs and galloped a panic jazz to the exit of the alley before his common sense reacted.

"Sho! Me a konkrin' hero!" he chuckled softly to himself. "Ol' mule whut b'longs to Cap'n Jack's neighbor sho' unkonkered me."

He retraced his steps until he came to the door of Captain Jack's woodshed. He opened the door and entered. From the darkness his mascot goat greeted him.

"Bla-a!" said Lily.

"Ain't yo' asleep yit? Mebbe dat damn ol' mule woke you up. Git to sleep!" The Wildcat removed his shoes and lay down on a rickety bed in a corner of the woodshed. "I'll do de 'rangin', Honey Tone," he mumbled. His lower jaw sagged and into his open mouth whined a lone mosquito. At the portals of sleep his night was again interrupted by the mule in the adjoining shed.

"Dat's de night-brayin'est jughead I evah seed. Wuss'n a midnight roosteh drunk wid moonlight." He was about to launch a few burning curses from a vocabulary which the mule could saggitate when a new thought was born to him. He lay silent, staring above him into the darkness.

"Ise de Supreem Gran' Arrangeh!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Is' de double grandes' arrangeh whut is!" A faint bleat sounded from the darkness.

"Shut up, Lily! 'Fo' I gits th'oo arrangin' yo' an' me bofe rides de mule does us crave to."

The following morning the Wildcat gorged himself on a ponderous breakfast.

"Sho' is noble ham. Yo' sho' is de grandes' cook whut is. Wondeh how come ol' Honey Tone neveh 'spressed himse'f about yo'."

"'At niggeh neveh wuz home enough to git 'quainted."

The Wildcat looked sideways at the cook. "Last night I meets up wid a boy in de barber shop whut knows Honey Tone pussonal. He says 'at triflin' uplifteh claims to bein' single; claims he neveh had no wife."

The culinary amazon picked up a frying pan and brought it down on the top of the range with a resounding bang.

"He claims, does he? Wunst Ah gits mah hooks in 'at nigger's head all he claims is funeral benefits!"

The Wildcat suggested that Honey Tone was probably far, far away and established as the center of another family circle. The cook reacted nobly. He waited until the avoirdupois cyclone had cooled off. Something in the cook's energetic rage suggested the activities of the Wildcat's former landlady, Cuspidora Lee, from whom he had occasionally borrowed tobacco money. He determined to visit his former boarding house and renew his financial relations.

"You has my sympathy bofe ways," he said to the cook. "Yo' is married up wid a no-account triflin' yellah uplifteh. Is he wid you you is mis'able an' is he A. W. O. L. yo' is twice 'at much. Wuz I you, when you meets up wid him I'd bleed him by han'. But don' you grieve. Neveh min'. Some day yo' meets up wid him. Den yo' pays him back."

The Wildcat left the kitchen. He carried a bouquet of cabbage leaves to Lily, who was tethered at the woodshed door.

"Eat heavy, Lily," he commanded. "Yo' neveh got no reliable greens like dis when yo' wuz in France."

He hazed Lily into the woodshed and departed on his way to visit Miss Cuspidora Lee. He found the Lee personage perspiring darkly in the clouds of heat that billowed from a redhot cookstove.

"Cuspido', I bids yo' mawnin'," he said briefly.

Cuspidora Lee turned upon him. "Fo' de Lawd sake, you scared me! If it ain't Vitus Marsden. Prodigal, come heah! Where at is you been?"

The Wildcat was engulfed in an embrace which reminded him of the time he had been buried under seven tons of fermented hay. He came to the surface.

"Cuspido', sho' is glad to see you. Whah at's dem pussonal preserves you 'scribed 'bout in yo' letteh?"

"Sit down till I feeds yo'. Is you as hungry as you always wuz I reckon you massacrees all de vittles in de house."

After the Wildcat had eaten within an inch of his life he sat back from the table and took a deep breath. "Whuf! Stomach's gittin' so big mah arms won' reach pas' it. Does it keep on mebbe Ah's 'bliged to turn roun' an' eat backwa'ds. Sho' is noble rashuns. Noblest rashuns I eveh et wuz heah."

He consumed an hour recounting his adventures in France for the benefit of Cuspidora Lee. At the conclusion of the recital the Wildcat was invited to make his abode in the Lee residence.

"Craves to, Cuspido', but Ah kaint. Ol' Cap'n Jack needs me. Wunst I leaves ol' cap'n dat boy run wild an' Ah finds him out in San F'mcisco. Ah'll be dragg n' 'long now. Sees yo' in de gran' stan' at de ball park durin' de konkrin'-heroes' parade nex' Thu'sday."

"You sees me befo' dat. Ise givin' a weegee pa'ty We'nsday night an' I bids yo' welcome."

"How come weegee?"

"Ain't you know weegee—little board whut points out is you or ain't you an' how come in de pas', present an' future?"

"Sho! How de boa'd know?"

"Spirits. Man whut sells de boa'ds runs de spirits."

"Is you tryin' to plague me?"

"You come heah We'nsday night an' see is I."

The Wildcat returned to Captain Jack's residence.

"Sho' is gran' to git home," he reflected. "Parades, weegee pa'ties fust thing I knows Ah'll be claimed by de church sociables. Sho' beats France. Stays heah an' works fo' ol' Cap'n Jack, eats me heavy, raises Lily, 'filiates at de barber shop wid de boys. Sho' beats de A. E. F. wah bizness."

His daydreaming was interrupted by Captain Jack's commanding voice.

"Wildcat, come here."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

"I'm going away for three months," Captain Jack abruptly announced. "Keep your eye on things."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Goin' way! When does us staht?"

"Us don't start. For once in my life I hope to go some place and come back without being hounded by my Wildcat nigger."

"Cap'n, yessuh. Whut beats me is how yo' aims to git along widout me takin' keer o' you. You neveh wuz no single thriveh."

"I'll get along without you. Go in and lock up the trunks."

"Mis' Cap'n Jack gwine wid you?"

"I'll say she is. Whither I goeth there shall she also go. Git those trunks fixed up."

With the departure of the master of the house a cloud of melancholy settled about the Wildcat which was not dispelled until suppertime.

On Wednesday night the Wildcat soused himself with bay rum and musk. About his neck in lieu of a collar he wrapped the spliced sleeves of a discarded silk shirt whose cerise dyes had barred it from Captain Jack's wardrobe. On his feet he wore a pair of patent-leather violins whose tight interiors had been plentifully massaged with axle grease. He started out with his mascot.

"C'm on heah, Lily—you stahts gittin' social wid quality folks. How come dese shoes pinches all de time sho' beats me. By rights I weahs twelves. Man whut sold dese shoes said dey wuz fifteens; feels like sho' take bofe to make 'at much. But when dey sees dis heah neckerchief dey won't notice de shoes."

Halfway to the weegee party he removed the shoes and carried them in his hand to the portals of the Lee establishment. He sat down outside the door of the ouija castle and put on his shoes. He tethered Lily at the step and knocked at the door. A moment later he was being greeted by twenty friends and half as many strangers.

"Befo' I turns down de lights," the hostess announced, "I wants you to meet up wid Colonel Boone, one of de culled heroes whut made de wah safe fo' white folks. Colonel Boone, say howdy at Misteh Marsden."

The Wildcat and the uplifter again stood face to face. "Honey Tone, how come Cuspido' calls you 'Colonel'?"

"By rights 'at's mah rank."

"By rights you is rank." The Wildcat turned to his brunet hostess. "Ah knows dis Boone man. Met up wid him in France. How come he projectin' roun' heah?"

Cuspidora was quick to sense a rift of jealousy in the social lute. "He's aimin' to claim me fo' a weddin' mate." She made haste to switch the deal. "Blow out dat light, Sis Mosby."

She reached for a second coal-oil lamp and turned it down until the room was hardly light enough to distinguish the black letters on the ouija board which lay on the table. The uplifter deflected the impending embarrassment which might develop from continued conversation with the Wildcat by functioning as master of ceremonies.

"Rally roun'. Spirits is willin' if de flesh ain't weak. Wilecat, fondle de weegee board an' take a r'ar at seein' whut de future holds."

"How come?"

"Dis corner says 'Yes.' Dat corner says 'No.' De little board slides 'Yes' or 'No,' dependin' how de spirits answers whut yo' asks."

The cross-examination of Mister Ouija and his talented aggregation of spirits endured for an hour, during which time a number of interesting facts concerning various members of the assemblage became public property.

The Wildcat, returning from an enjoyed battle at the refreshment corner of Cuspidora Lee's parlor, wedged his way into the group about the ouija board and laid a heavy hand thereon. The memory of Cuspidora's statement concerning her love affair with Honey Tone rankled within him.

"Spirits," he said, "I axes yo' is I married?"

Ouija answered, "No."

"Is Honey Tone Boone married?"

The board became a battlefield. Presently the tight tendons of the uplifter's hand showed gray against his skin, but of no avail, because the Wildcat's little finger

(Continued on Page 75)

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(Continued from Page 72)

lay tight against the perimeter of the moving planchette. Impelled by the Wildcat's little finger, the implacable spirits hazed weegee to the "Yes" corner of the board.

Honey Tone's defeated fingers relaxed. "Dat's de lyin'est board I eveh see. How come yo' gits a lyin' weegee board, Mis' Lee?"

"Spirits never lies," the hostess defended her unseen assistants.

"Ain't no lyin' lef' to do afteh dese upliftehs gits th'oo," the Wildcat commented.

A little later, apart from the other guests, the Wildcat asked Cuspidora Lee a direct question. "Ol' Honey Tone been representin' he's single?"

The Wildcat's brunet hostess hesitated. "Tol' me he neveh seed nobody befo'," she admitted; "tol' me his love eye neveh seed nobody 'ceptin' me."

"All 'at boy's love eye seed is de p'visions in yo' kitchen. Ah knows him. Acts like de yelleh niggeh whut he is; prancin' round uppity in France, comes back heah callin' himse'f 'Cunnel' 'count he wore oilcloth leggin's an' drunk coonyak whilst us boys wuz fightin' de Battle of Bo'deaux."

Cuspidora Lee listened with eager ears. "I runs him out now, the fleabit houn'!" she finally announced.

"Ca'm yo'se'f. Don't git to brindlin'. Come out to de ball park to-morr' at de parade an' you sees him leadin' us culled heroes."

Honey Tone Boone meanwhile had charmed a dozen of his male and female auditors with Mister Ouija's spiritual assistance.

At eleven o'clock the coal-oil lamps were again lighted and the guests employed themselves in the pleasurable business of consuming such refreshments as the Wildcat had overlooked.

The evening ended with a general announcement from the uplifter, in which he invited the assemblage to be present on the following day at the parade of the konkrin' culled heroes.

"As de Supreem Gran' Organizeh Ah bids yo' welcome," he concluded.

From the darkness outside came a sardonic echo. "Bla-a!" Lily, the mascot, had seen fit to accept the uplifter's invitation.

When the party broke up the uplifter showed an inclination to linger after the Wildcat made his departure, but presently he realized the failure of his ambition.

"Come on heah, Honey Tone," the Wildcat invited. "I walks a ways wid yo'."

Once along the dark street Honey Tone sought to review the ouija performance. "What fo' wuz you shovin' weegee an' makin' de spirits say 'Yes' when dey craved to say 'No'?"

"How come shovin'? Spirits does de shovin'. Ol' weegee tells de truf. Yo' sho' is married, ain't yo'?"

"I tells you once I ain't. I tells you now I ain't. Don' say no mo'."

"When you talks 'at way you sho' sound lak a cunnel, Honey Tone." The Wildcat switched the conversation to the details of the parade. "Is all de 'rangements done?"

"'Rangements done, 'ceptin' de mule I rides."

"Ah'll git de mule. Whah at does I meet you?"

"Parade stahts at noon f'm Willie Webster's barbeh shop. Us marches th'oo town an' hol's de gran' review at de ball park."

A little farther down the street the pair halted. "Whah at does you live, Honey Tone?" the Wildcat inquired.

Honey Tone did not see fit to reveal the location of his present domicile. "Down de street a ways," he said. The pair parted. "Don' fo'git mah parade-leadin' mule fo' to-morrow," Honey Tone admonished, "an' 'blige me by not referrin' no mo' to no wife whut I ain't got."

"Ah'll 'blige him," the Wildcat mentally conceded. "Afteh to-morrow I don't need to do no wife-referrin' 'bout Honey Tone."

The Wildcat went to sleep that night enjoying the details of a plan wherein Honey Tone's radiant future was considerably overcast by the clouds of retribution.

At breakfast on the following morning he repeated his invitation to Captain Jack's cook.

"Ol' cap'n an' de lady bofe gone away. No need you stayin' round heah all de time. Git to de gran' stan' early an' git a front seat. Mebbe you'll meet up wid one of my pussonal lady frien's, Cuspidora Lee, whut I boa'ded wid befo' de wah claimed me. Cuspido' sayd she gwine to weah a big pink hat wid yaller feathers. 'At's how you knows her. You sees me an' mah mascot when us swings pas' de gran' stan'. Ah'll be follerin' de Supreem Leader. He be ridin' a mule."

The Wildcat spent the next half hour festooning his mascot goat with raiment appropriate for the grand march. Lily's O. D. service coat was brightened with a red tissue-paper sash. The Wildcat sewed a turkey-wing fan to the mascot's overseas cap and wired the gaudy combination securely in place between Lily's horns.

"Hot dam! I says you parades."

For himself he borrowed a few things which lay here and there in the trunk room of Captain Jack's house. He stowed his own paraphernalia in a gunny sack. Leading Lily, he made his way to the neighbor's woodshed wherein was stabled the overgrown night-braying mule.

"Gimme dis heah mule, boy—an' a saddle," he said to the brunet guardian of the neighbor's mule. "I needs him temporary."

"How come?"

"I craves him fo' de culled heroes' parade. Some day I gives you two bits does you lend him half a day. All he does in heah is eat you po' an' wake folks up."

"Whah at's de two bits?"

The exchange was effected, and presently, leading the mule and the festooned mascot, the Wildcat arrived at the rendezvous in front of Willie Webster's establishment. He tethered the mule to a hitching post and led Lily into the barber shop.

"How come de goat?" one of the assemblage questioned.

"See dem stripes? Lily went th'oo more battles dan you has sense. F'm now on, where at I is Lily is. Bible says, 'Whah at de goat, dere is Ah also goat.' Stan' up heah, Lily."

The mascot was vainly endeavoring to eat the feathers from the top of her own head.

"Ca'm yo'se'f. Whah at's de Supreem Parade Leadeh?"

Honey Tone Boone stepped out of the adjoining room. "'At you, Wildcat? Whah at's mah steed?"

"Hitched outdoors. Sho' is rarin' to go. Parade-leadin'est mule Ah eveh see."

Honey Tone took a look through the window at his conspicuous mount. "Sure looms up. How come de goat?"

"'At goat's mah pussonal luck."

Honey Tone looked sideways at the Wildcat. "Does yo' feel like backin' yo' luck wid a jingle mebbe I 'bliges yo' sudden. Dey's a race track in de back room does you crave to gallop yo' luck a couple of heats."

The Wildcat accepted the challenge. The pair walked quickly into the back room.

"Shoots a dollah!" He explored himself for silver and revised his challenge. "Shoots fifty cents. Ain't got but sixty an' I needs a dime fo' goobers does I lose."

"Boy, roll 'em." Honey Tone proffered a pair of anxious dice, but the Wildcat paid no attention to the offer.

"Ah got mah pussonal weapons," he said. He fished a pair of dice from his left shoe. "Dey speaks de language. Gallopehs, git right. Wham! Ah tol' you! Ah lets it lay. Shoots a dollah."

Honey Tone faded the bet. "Roll 'em."

The Wildcat touched the tips of his fingers to Lily's head. "Goat, stan' by me." His swinging hand released a pair of dice whose innocent, upturned faces presently revealed a four and a tray.

"Seven! Ah lets it lay. Whole hog o' de squeal."

"Roll em!"

"Bam. Six an' five. Ah done climbed de luck tree. Honey Tone, shake me out. Shoots fo' dollahs. Lily, stan' by me!"

"Bla-a!" remarked Lily.

"Boy, roll 'em." Honey Tone began to itch for possession of the dice.

"Asleep in de snowdrift. When Lily says 'Bla-a!' Ah lets 'em ride."

"An' seven! Ah lets it lay."

"Shoot, you fool, nobody neveh made five passes."

"Nobody but me."

The Wildcat opened his dusky palm and a natural seven leaped to the gaze of a waiting world. Honey Tone's eyes bulged with surprise.

The Wildcat accumulated his winnings. From the crumpled handful of bills he selected a dollar bill, which he twisted into a tempting little salad bouquet. "Lily, eat dis fo' luck. Ah reaps de greens to nutrify mah mascot! Shoots ten dollahs!"

Lily munched delicately on the dollar bill while the Wildcat continued with the harvest. The deeper Honey Tone sank into the bogs of chance the more he resented the introduction of the Wildcat's trained dice. Once in the run of hard luck he showed signs of weakening, but the Wildcat was quick to rally him with the adroit tongue of flattery.

"One thing I'll say fo' Honey Tone—win or lose dat boy rides along. Sho' is a vet'ran sport."

In the Wildcat's compliment Honey Tone's effort to unload from the wreck-bound train of chance found defeat. He rode along, hope springing eternal until his financial condition approximated zero.

"Shoots twenty dollahs." The Wildcat's announcement leaped from a pair of belligerent lungs.

"Ain't got but 'leven-fifty." Honey Tone's voice was husky.

"Shoots 'leven-fifty." The game was delayed a moment while the Wildcat hunted for appropriate minor currency. "Heah's de fifty cents I stahted wid. Lily, at ease!" The southern hemisphere of the mascot subsided.

"Honey Tone, you sin-'fested uplifteh, feel de ax. Bam! Dey reads four tray. Lily, at rest."

The victorious Wildcat added the last of his winnings to the bulky roll inside his pocket.

"'At winds yo' up, big boy. De Supreem Leadin' Mule rides easier now. Yo' weighs six hund'ed dollahs less."

A unit on the outer fringe of the popeyed audience pressed forward to where the Wildcat stood. "Same ol' cyclone," he said in greeting. "Wildcat, you remembers me? I ain't seed sich a fust-class cleanin' since us fit de Battle of Bo'deaux an' yo' win all de pay dat us boys got."

The Wildcat suddenly recognized the speaker. "Backslid! How come yo' heah? Hot dog! I sho' is glad to see yo'."

"Ah come home casual, 'count of stummik mis'ry th'ee weeks afteh yo' lef' Bo'deaux," the Backslid Baptist explained. "Sho' is glad to see yo'."

"You 'membehs Honey Tone?" The Wildcat introduced the uplifter. "Honey Tone leads de parade. Us starts in five minutes. Jine in, Backslid, an' yo' marches 'longside of me an' Lily."

"Sho' 'steem to, Wilecat, but I takes mah run this aftehnoon."

"How come run?"

"Ise back on de ol' job runnin' Pullman out of Chicago. Ise due out on de fliah fo' Chicago at two-fo'ty. Any time yo' craves a ramble on de cushions, roun' me up. Ah stakes yo' to a white coat an' yo' is aced in as mah helpeh. Pullman service is crammed wid deadhead helpehs now de Guv'ment's runnin' de lines. An' boy, once us 'rives at Chicago de gran' ruckus begins!"

"Backslid, 'at sho' sounds noble. Some day me an' Lily sho' make a trip wid you."

The Wildcat and his former associate were interrupted by Honey Tone Boone. "Wilecat, you's de Supreem Arrangeh, ain't you? Roun' up de humans. Fawm de parade. Us starts."

The Wildcat threw back his head and addressed the gathering in the barber shop.

"Company, tenshun! All de niggers in de room whut's gwine to jine de gran' parade fall out de do' an' fall in!" He led the rush for the exit. Outdoors he repeated the announcement. "Gran' parade led by Honey Tone Boone. Followin' me an' Lily comes de brass ban'. Den comes de Sons o' Damon, Sons o' Damon wearin' de yellah belyban's walks ahead. Followin' de Sons o' Damon, de Knights wid de Red Pants falls in. Parade marches fo' an fo', ladies outside. Keep off de car tracks. Followin' de Knights wid de Red Pants comes de 'Filiated Toilers. Cornet Club comes nex', 'ceptin' de big bass drum. Fetch dat bass drum oveh heah. Yo' marches by me."

He turned to a group of human beings whose sole common characteristic was their color and the color of the sashes which were tied about them.

"Whut outfit is you boys?"

"Us is de Committee of Culled Democrats."

"How come they let you out of jail? Fall in behind de lunch wagon. 'At's whah you gin'lly is."

The drum-bamming giant took his place opposite the Wildcat. The Wildcat turned to the Supreme Organizer of the Culled Militarners of America. "Git aboa'd 'at steed, Honey Tone," he said.

Honey Tone clambered onto the mule with the assistance of a pair of agile bystanders. The Wildcat closed his eyes and lifted his head high in the air.

"Company, tenshun!" He turned to the drum bammer opposite him. "Le-et's go!"

"Bam!"

The crash inside the bass drum found a deafening echo in a blare of exploding horns and cornets. Lily shied close beside her master. Honey Tone's mule drooped a languid ear over a bulging eyeball as if to shut out a vision of impending disaster and then at the second note from the bass drum the mule leaped into a wild gallop. Before the marchers had covered a hundred feet Honey Tone and his jug-head mount had passed the fire hall three blocks down the street.

The parade marched steadily toward the ball park. Ten minutes later Honey Tone and the mule clattered past the parade.

"Ol' mule sho' steers noble, but he kaint stop," the Wildcat announced to the drum bammer opposite him.

On Honey Tone's third visit the Wildcat called loudly to him. "Head 'at mule round nex' time an' back him in de ball park."

The Supreme Organizer's reply was lost in a clatter of hoofs.

At the ball park the parade waited for the intermittent uplifter. As Honey Tone galloped past the head of the column he pulled a Brodie and landed breathless against the big bass drum.

"Boom!"

"Whuf!" he said. "Ketch dat mule!"

The hero blood pulsed strong in the veins of the Knights with the Red Pants. They rallied to the rescue. The organization deployed and presently the big night-braying mule was again delivered into Honey Tone's reluctant hands.

"Wait till Ah 'ranges 'at steed." The Wildcat loosened the saddle girth. Unseen by Honey Tone, he removed a small horseshoe from between the saddle blanket and the mule's epidermis.

"Sho' brings de luck. Some boy got de luck hunch figgered wrong. Git aboard, Honey Tone. Blanket got wrinkled. He done ca'm down now. Ah knows him. Git aboard an' lead de parade into de ball park an' pass de gran' stan'."

In the face of the assemblage Honey Tone could not back down. He mounted the mule. To his surprise the animal walked slowly and with all the peculiar dignity that a mule can summon. The uplifter looked down at the Wildcat.

"Line 'em up fo' de gran' entry," he said.

The Wildcat turned and called loudly to the marching column. "Company, tenshun! Heads up fo' the gran' entry." He turned to his companion. "Keep de drum goin'. Ah waits to see de parade git by an' is eve'ything right." The Wildcat faded out. When the end of the marching column passed him he walked quickly to a policeman who was standing near the portals of the entrance to the ball park.

"Cap'n, suh," he said to the policeman, "'at mule leadin' de parade b'longs to Misteh Joe Carroll whuts de neighbor of Cap'n Jack Stuart whah at I wucks. Ah ain't sayin' 'at ridin' niggeh stole 'at mule, but Ah knows Misteh Carroll neveh lent him. 'At niggeh's no good. Ah knows him."

"What outfit is this parade?" the officer asked.

"Ain't no outfit. 'At triflin' niggeh on de mule claims he's organizin' a new lodge: gits folks wild to jine and den lifts de 'nitiation money. Nex' day mebbe turns up in Vicksburg o' some place else whah some mo' fool niggers craves to jine on wid him. He sho' don' b'long heah. Ah knows him!"

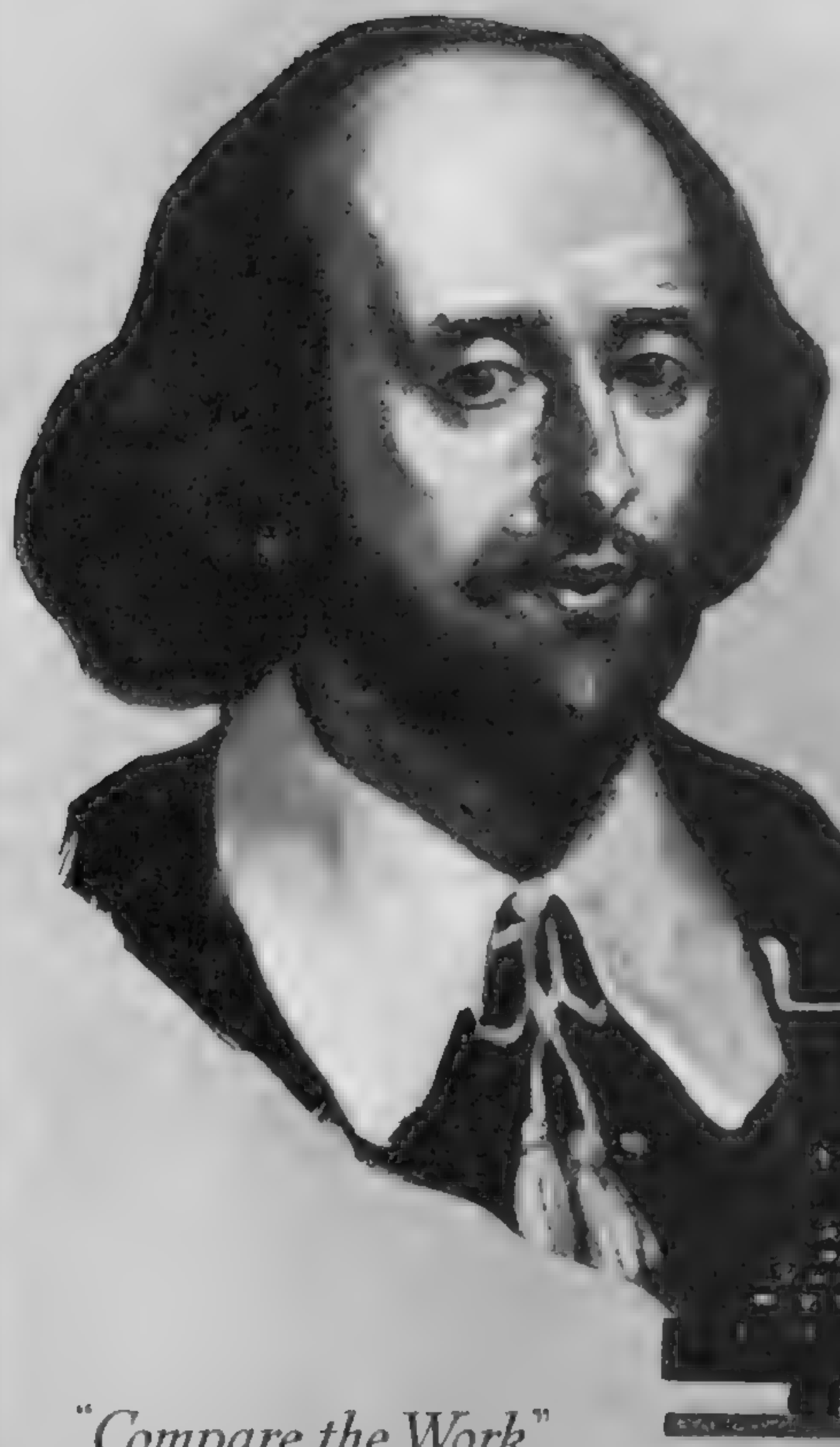
A record is a record, an arrest is an arrest, and the capture of a mule thief is a star of magnitude in anyone's official crown. The policeman walked into the ball park and headed across to where a companion officer was standing in front of the grand stand. At the moment, in the grand stand, Cuspidora Lee and Captain Jack's cook, seated together, were just beginning to get acquainted.

"Seems like I knows dat boy," the cook remarked. "'At boy on de big mule."

"I knows him too." The tenor of pride rang in Cuspidora's pronouncement. "Ah knows him well. He's de Supreem Parade Organizeh. 'At man's rich; on'y las' night at de weegee 'semblage in mah house he showed me nearly six hund'ed dollahs. When de social-visitin' part starts afteh de parade I gives yo' a howdy-do does yo' crave to meet up wid him; but don't git triflin' wid him, woman. 'At's all. He's mah man."

"How come?"

(Concluded on Page 77)



"As true as steel"

—Shakespeare

IN Shakespeare's day, fine steel meant fine swords. Today, fine steel means fine typewriters.

For fifty years the building of typewriters has progressed. All that science and art, all that ingenuity and patience can achieve is embodied in the Royal Typewriter of today. Nothing has contributed to the remarkable flexibility and endurance of the "Royal" so much as the progress in the manufacture of steel during that period. The closely fitted bearings, the perfectly adjusted mechanisms are only possible as the result of finely tempered and finely fashioned steel. The lightning-like touch—the roller-trip escapement—the perfect press work—each of these, like the Royal Typewriter itself, is "true as steel".

Whether in the battles of old or in the modern battle of business the advantage is with those who have at their command the truest steel—as in the old Damascus sword or the Royal Typewriter of today.

"Compare the Work"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-366 Broadway, New York
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ROYAL

TYPEWRITERS

(Concluded from Page 75)

Cuspidora bridled engagingly. "Us aims to git married soon as de local organizin' is finished."

"Ain't it gran'? Whut yo' say his name is?"

Honey Tone and his trailing parade were plodding along toward Cuspidora Lee and Captain Jack's cook. When Honey Tone came closer Cuspidora waved archly at the Supreme Organizer.

"Whut yo' say his name is?" The ponderous cook at Cuspidora's side repeated her question.

The Lee lips made answer absently: "Boone—Huntington Boone."

The cook swept the back of her hand across her eyes. "Boone! 'At's him!" She turned to Cuspidora. "You aims to marry him, does you? Well, marry him sudden. Ah aims to kill him. 'At niggeh an' me married each other two yeahs befo' he went to wah!"

The cook bellowed hoarsely once in the Supreme Organizer's direction: "Honey Tone!" A shrill echo came from Cuspidora's lips.

The Supreme Organizer wilted from the deck of his mule. Without looking round he started for the entrance of the ball park, but before he had covered half the distance he was overtaken by a furious tigress. Cuspidora Lee had outdistanced Honey Tone's wife in her pursuit of the organizer and to her went first blood. At Cuspidora Lee's hands Honey Tone took the count just in time to get his chattering teeth full of his enraged wife's crunching heels.

"Stan' back, Cuspido! Ah aims to trompie 'at snake in de dust!"

Thereafter for a space of minutes the massacre proceeded with systematic fury. It ended only when the policeman unlimbered a wicked sap and forcibly dragged the battling brunettes from their crumpled victim.

"Git to hell away from that nigger!" the officer yelled at the two women. With the assistance of a hearty boost from the policeman the Supreme Organizer struggled to his feet.

"Lemme go—lemme go!" he gasped.

"Wham!" The two-foot swagger stick in the hand of the police officer found its target. "Shut up, you mule-stealin' baboon! Come on here! You get fifty years in jail if we don't lynch you!"

Honey Tone Boone, the uplifter, trailed along with the policeman.

The Wildcat, with his mascot goat close beside him in the shadows of the entrance to the ball park, witnessed the consummation of his plans.

"Ah'll say Ise de Supreem Gran' Arrangeh!" he exulted. "Grandes' 'rangeh whut is! Eve'ything sho' is 'ranged noble."

He tied a leading string round the mascot's neck.

"Come on heah, Lily. Us fades befo' Honey Tone busts loose f'm de jail. Us rides de fliah to Chicago wid ol' Backslid. He's mah frien'. Le's go!"

AN AGENT OF PROMISE

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

WHEN the United States went to war with Germany Uncle Sam took possession of 288,780 tons of interned German ships. The fact that practically all these vessels had been damaged supposedly beyond repair by their Teuton crews is an old tale. The further fact that these same ships were soon put in commission and did valiant service for America's cause is another story of common knowledge. But just how the miracle was done is a chapter that will form a most interesting part in the war's history.

The damage to the vital machinery of the German ships was of such staggering proportions that it seemed useless to anticipate a cure of the trouble in less than eighteen months. However, a new and wonderful process had lately been devised, and progressive naval engineers, pressed on by the urgency of war, decided to abandon the old and slow methods of repair in favor of the new process, which at least held forth promise of a speedy remedy, even if there was some doubt as to the soundness and permanency of the work.

The result was that hundreds of experts in electric-arc welding were called into action and the attempt at rapid repairs was begun. In five and a half months the captive ships were again sailing the seas, carrying food and troops to the support of the harassed armies of the Allies in France. Twelve months' time had been saved and engineers estimated that the new method had effected an economy of something like $20,000,000 for the United States Government.

"Has the job stood the test of time and service?" That was the question I asked Rear Admiral R. S. Griffin, chief of the Naval Bureau of Steam Engineering.

His reply stated that "the repairing of the former German liners, the majority of which were put back into commission by electric-arc welding, is a very high tribute indeed to the efficiency of this process by reason of the fact that not a single instance of leakage or other trouble to the machinery so repaired has been reported to the bureau despite the unusually severe service which these ships have since undergone while doing duty in the United States Transport Service."

But electric-arc welding did a lot of other things for our Uncle Samuel during the world war. It speeded up the building of ships, which is indicated by the fact that 50 per cent of the vessels turned out by the Emergency Fleet Corporation since its inception have used the process of electric-arc welding partially in the manufacture of the ships. Over in England there has been considerable talk about an electrically welded cross-Channel barge that is now in service. America, unknown to most people, also has a complete electric-welded boat which was built at Ashtabula, Ohio, three years ago. This epoch-making vessel has been in continuous service and has at no time developed leaks in the electrically welded seams. It is for this and other good reasons that engineers now predict the rivetless ship.

Where this new scheme of joining metal plates will lead us is a matter of speculation. We already know that a 10,000-ton merchant ship built by electric-arc welding is 10 per cent lighter than the same vessel when the plates have been riveted. This decrease in weight increases the carrying power of the ship by 1000 tons. Furthermore, the electric welding of a ship of this class will be 25 per cent less expensive than if it were riveted. This is caused by the elimination of yard equipment, plate drillers and much handling of plates, which when riveted must be matched together to see that the holes are properly drilled. A riveted ship approaches between 60 and 70 per cent of being wholly efficient, while a welded ship is always 100 per cent efficient if the job is properly done.

It takes a training of from three to five years to produce a first-class skilled machinist. The same man can be made into a first-class skilled arc welder in from two to three months, and this man can go out in the open market and command the same or higher wages than the machinist who has served three years. When applied to shipbuilding one electric-arc welder can do the same amount of work as three riveters, and the welder requires less physical strength.

The common type of one-man arc-welding outfit costs about twelve cents an hour to operate—six cents for electric current and six cents for electrodes.

When looked at in relation to speeding up production and saving huge quantities of material which would otherwise go to waste, arc welding is a remarkable development. This is especially true at present in the railroad industry, where high prices, record wages and general unrest have made it impossible to get large new productions under way. Arc welding is proving to be a friend in need. The discovery was made that worn flanges on locomotive wheels can be satisfactorily built up by this new electric process. The method is also a cure for flat wheels and can be used to effect material savings in railroad roundhouses. In one small shop of this kind arc welding in a period of 24 days reclaimed parts worth $483.39. These same parts as scrap had a value of only $103.71. The net saving therefore in less than a month was $379.68. This, of course, does not take into account the bigger saving in time that resulted from putting railroad equipment back into immediate use.

"Good workmen know the difference"

When the blacksmith shod his own horse—

"Habits cease to become more efficient when no practical motive compels improvement."

Chap. III, p. 108—Psychology and the Day's Work

"I don't give a rap how big the job is," said Kylin. "Count me out on outside work for awhile. I'm going to feed a little concentrated Foster efficiency to our own factory."

Out in Elkhart, Indiana, Kylin, an efficiency engineer, is head of the Foster Machine Company's Engineering Service—a service department that has gained a big reputation "by increasing output and lowering the cost of production in many factories by recommending the proper combination of tools."

THE MOTIVE

Perhaps it was the reputation gained by this service department—perhaps it was the splendid name of their Universal Turret Lathe Machines for efficient performance—at any rate orders were coming in so fast that the Foster factory production was running about two jumps behind.

A few days later Kylin started on the sleuth through his own factory, looking for places to inject a few Foster service ideas and so speed up production.

When he came to the grinding department he nailed George Henderschot, who runs the big Disc Grinder.

"What's an average day's production, George?" he asked. George told him. "Humph," grunted Kylin thoughtfully. "Are those the best discs made?" "I dunno, Mr. Kylin," said George, "I guess they're all right." "Let's find out," said Kylin. "I'll send for sample discs of every blooming brand made. Try 'em out and give me a report."

THE IMPROVEMENT

"As a result of the tests which caused us to adopt Manning Speed-grits Metalite Discs," wrote Mr. Kylin lately, "we have doubled production on our Disc Grinders, and cut our grinding costs about one-third."

Incidentally George Henderschot is pretty well pleased with the increased production resulting from those Speed-grits tests. Why shouldn't he be? George is on piece-work.

Good workmen know the difference

Send today for "The Difference Book." Address the Manning Abrasive Company, Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y. Sales offices in all principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Company in your telephone book.

Manning Speed-grits

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say Sandpaper—say Speed-grits

STEEL

(Continued from Page 5)

money all the time. It was the Benningtons this afternoon, and there was Bacardi rum for your tea if you wanted it. Do you know, Howard, if she is a relation, I don't entirely approve of Charlotte; she's too sophisticated. Of course she looks older, but, after all, she's only sixteen. Big girls seem so mature."

"Charlotte's all right," he replied comfortably; "she is a good child."

His wife, with a lively amusement, interrupted him. "Child—you haven't seen her! But I suppose with her mother dead it was inevitable."

"You can't blame Dan," Howard said quickly. "He had nothing else and had to make a companion of Charlotte. He was absolutely dependent on Fanny, not only on his love for her, just on the fact of her existence. You see, he never went to parties; when he left the works he came home. Steel and his family, that's always been Dan Gage."

There were lights on the dressing table now; Howard could see Sophie's reflection in the mirror, and it seemed to him that her expression was both a little absent and a little troubled.

She turned suddenly with the appealing gesture of a confidence, an illuminating realization.

"We hardly know each other, really, do we, Howard?" As she expressed his own conviction he grew aware of a vastly deeper truth.

"You're quite right, Sophie," he asserted gravely; "we've got most of it to learn. But I doubt if it would have been different if we had been married for months before I left. Perhaps now I'm not at all the man you married; I can't be certain about anything yet. It's enough to be here with you; and, for a while at least, we'll have the gayest time possible. Nothing serious. Particularly I meant that about the uniform, the war."

He hesitated, regarding Sophie with a frowning concentration, endeavoring to formulate the phrases of a clear explanation of his difficult feelings.

"But first," he added, "before we go ahead with the fluff, you ought to understand my attitude toward all that affair in France. I knew men, Sophie—good ones, too—who liked it, who really did grow fat on it. They liked it all from the moment they put a foot in Oglethorpe or Greene, and then better and better until, perhaps, they got it in the most splendid fashion with sacrifice troops or taking their men into impossible places.

"But if you know me at all you'll realize I'm different; in place of liking it I hated the Army and its life, and I detest war. I can never tell you what a bloody, filthy, debauched, obscene and crazy carnage it is." His voice grew harsh and strained. "To hell with it! I went through with the whole show; there wasn't anything else to do; and it would be exactly the same, I suppose, if it happened again. It wasn't easy, but I can tell you I was right. An intelligence officer censors the regimental mail; I had charge of the night patrolling for spies; I was billeting officer and responsible for the interpreters; I kept all the colonel's maps, the battle line and battle order maps posted; and with a dozen other things I ran a school.

"That's unimportant; in some ways I'd rather have been a private, and not known so much. It was pretty enough on the posters for the loans and in the speeches, the kisses and cigarettes of the girls; and we were all burning to fight if you could forget your confidential instructions and the armed guards on the platforms of the troop trains. But here is the curious part, at least where I am concerned, the part I can't straighten out in my own mind:

"The men themselves, the real men, who didn't know enough to think it out, and weren't given a chance to if they did, were wonderful. They were sent in against the best army the world has ever seen. Sophie, those infantrymen, the men in my section, my men ——"

He rose, his bitterness lost in an intensity of feeling without adequate words.

"It's useless to pick out individuals and acts. No one, in his heart, who hadn't seen them, would believe me; the spirit was the marvelous thing. Patriotism is the easiest explanation, and the one the politicians love; but it was deeper than that. I've heard some learned persons talk about the psychology of war, the frenzy of killing; but they are worse than the jingoes. I can't make it out, Sophie; and I've thought and wondered for weeks on end."

"That's very well, Howard," she returned; "but just the same I'm glad you were made a captain."

He resumed his seat and gazed at her moodily. Suddenly Sophie seemed unreal; she was dressed now, in exquisite pale greens, with the tulle like a frozen breath on her bare arms and throat and breast. She was loveliness incarnate, the essence of warm seduction, an absolute revelation of all that art and artifice and the tiring predilections of men had historically made her. His tensity relaxed at her satisfying beauty. But he had, he realized, no impulse to take her into his arms, to kiss her; and this, because it seemed unnatural, a little morbid even, disturbed him. Howard was conscious of the nervous movement of his eyebrows.

He had, it was true, come back unwounded, the result of amazing chance; physically he was better than ever before. Yet at moments, principally through wakeful nights, he was apprehensive of strange states of mind; rather they were conditions of thought, conclusions he had newly reached. For the most part they took the shape of an utter weariness at whatever life had to offer; he felt at such times utterly robbed of all enthusiasm and all desire, plunged into an illimitable lethargy of being and hope. Fortunately this was not constant nor long; no pleasure could have been keener than that born in the tranquillity of his approach to Bagatelle; Sophie had stirred him deeply; that was entirely as it should be. But for a breath the flicker of a shadow had swept across his brightness; at the expression of her gladness that he had been promoted, that he was an officer, she appeared to draw away from him and carry existence with her. After all, he wasn't a spectator, he was a part of the serenity of the room, one with Sophie, his wife.

Naturally he couldn't make her share his feelings, the result of an incredible and incommunicable experience; she could never see the men of his section as he had seen them; Sophie was quite right about his captaincy.

"I can tell more and more that you're not the same," she remarked, slipping some glittering rings on a slight, perfect finger. "I must say it's hard on me." He told her lightly that she'd like him better, but there was no answering smile on her odorous lips. "Of course, publicly, I am proud of you," she continued; "privately—did you happen to love a French girl while you were away?"

"At least a dozen," he replied promptly. "And one more than all the others. She was in a garden with a chaperon, and she gave me a tea rose over the hedge. I was as awkward as the devil, because the train had halted and all the men were out watching us and grinning. They had strict orders about such things. There was another who had a little tea shop in Brest; the M. P.'s tried to scoop her up at ten, but a captain of the Navy helped us get her off."

"Everyone says that the Army makes you dreadfully immoral," she commented; "and I shouldn't blame you if it did." Sophie paused, gazing fixedly at the prismatic stones on her hands. "It was so very far away there and so—so dangerous."

She glanced at him swiftly, waiting again. It struck him sharply that she was serious, she wanted an assurance of his fidelity; but in a complicated way that evaded his understanding. Sophie was so laughable, the thing so absurd, that he was unable to answer in the mood of her query.

"There isn't a woman in France half as good-looking as you," he declared, "nor a dress in Paris so French. You're like a bonbon of green and white spun sugar. I don't believe you're real and married to me."

"It is queer," she said slowly; "I didn't think it would be like this." Howard could see that she was puzzled, almost dismayed; and a relieving wave of tenderness enveloped him.

"How does Dan seem?" he asked. "I mean, has the war changed him? But I suppose everyone is different more or less. Just as you said, Sophie, the thing reached over here, of course."

She replied that Daniel Gage was noticeably older. It was, she thought, the steel.

"Though properly," she continued, "he doesn't discuss such affairs here, you can see he's worried. That isn't strange, either; we have all been bothered out of our minds. You have no idea! It was an enormous nuisance about sugar, particularly at the hotels for your coffee. And stockings have been too wretched for words, simply no colors, and they wouldn't take them back!"

"Dreadful!" Howard laughed at her indulgently.

"I'm quite prepared for your attitude of superiority," she announced. "Major Moreland is exactly the same. I don't think it's nice."

Howard couldn't recall a Major Moreland and asked if Sophie had met him at Greene.

"Oh, dear, no!" she replied to a query. "The adjutant general's staff at Washington. His eyes, you see. But he was in France on a special mission, and he says what's perfectly true—that almost the hardest work of all was at home; they often and often stayed at the offices till midnight. Mrs. Harrison Wain is his sister, and he's stopping with them in the Valley."

She fell silent, with her hands loosely clasped about a silken frill. There were innumerable plans to discuss, arrangements to be made—nothing was settled for their future—but he was glad to put off serious consideration for the pleasure of such novel, irresponsible moments as this. He simply couldn't get enough of Sophie's beauty, the pale rose of her shoulders and her pale gold hair, the brown eyes dark on her delicately glowing color under the merest shadow line of eyebrows. She grew, he thought, a little restless under his long scrutiny and rose abruptly.

"Hadn't we better go down? Dan and Charlotte are so anxious ——"

Certainly he wanted to see Dan; and Charlotte had promised to be exceptionally attractive. But he was utterly contented where he was, with that vision of loveliness, his own, shining in the subdued lights against the gathered dusk. Outside the stream was veiled in shadow; the whisper of its fall seemed louder; the heavy oak foliage was blurred on a sky from which the yellow light had almost faded. His emotion became suddenly deep again—he was choked by the longing to take all this place, and love, into his being, to merge his identity into the still air and murmuring water and cool leaves and to be possessed by Sophie.

He caught her hand and drew her to him, and stood motionless with his arms about her, his cheek lowered against hers. He was powerless to express what he felt; indeed, it had no words, none were necessary. The sense of her seductive flesh had vanished like the light from the sky, leaving a profound rapture limitless and without form. Then he grew conscious of the faint jar of her beating heart; it shifted his emotion to an overwhelming pity at the thought of how transitory her charm must be; and he spoke again in a low, eager rush of tender words:

"And we'll hold each other tightly, Sophie, for the world and life are not to be trusted. You have no idea how ugly, how uncertain, they can be. The only thing dependable, stronger than accident, is faith, and that's a kind of love, and love's a kind of faith. I've seen the bottom shot out of everything but that. You can't destroy it because it goes from man to man, one takes it up from another. Perhaps it would be better to call it fidelity."

She disconcerted him by breaking sharply away, hurrying into the darkest part of the room, and he heard a slow nervous sobbing. He followed her, silently cursing his clumsiness; he should have realized that she was upset by his unexpected return, his return at all after her hard months of doubt and suspense. However, she held him away with an arm extended at random.

"It's—it's horrid of you to say those things about life and talk so much of dying! I can't stand it. The world isn't all wars and killing and frightful responsibilities. You left me alone, went away when you did, and then expect to find me entirely different, changed like you, when you come back. It isn't fair to ask. I love life even if you don't, and I won't have it all spoiled and you judging me."

At this his crisp balance returned.

"You're quite right, Sophie," he admitted. "I made an ass of myself. But you are being a little silly too. Come, we'll go on down."

A renewed application of rouge and powder, of brief dabs of cold water, was necessary. She quickly regained her lightness of spirit; and, waiting patiently, Howard Gage wondered at the difference between men and women. He was, he discovered, appallingly ignorant about women's essential character. He had known, both superficially and well, a great number of them; and in common with most men he had felt that he comprehended women sufficiently. But his opinions had been the result of a comfortable, superior detachment. Married to Sophie, with their happiness to a large degree dependent on the rightness of his understanding, he found that his views were dangerously shallow and inadequate.

It wasn't only that Sophie was almost a complete stranger to him, he was unable yet to penetrate the substance of which her so feminine motives were made. However, he reminded himself that he had determined, for the present at least, to ignore serious considerations. She turned to him for an assurance of the complete rehabilitation of her fresh charm, and then they left their room, laughing.

III

DANIEL GAGE had his back to them as they entered the long drawing-room below, but he turned instantly; and as he hurried forward there was visible on his face the gladness that filled Howard. They were ridiculously alike when allowance was made for the difference in their years; Daniel Gage was past fifty; but they had the same slight, erect body and high shoulders, the same strongly marked autocratic nose and clear, engaging hazel eyes. Their voices, too, were identical, as was the assumption of an attitude humorous and slightly scoffing.

Yes, Dan showed the strain of the last years, Howard realized; he had definitely aged, become a little fragile. The younger man found himself studying these particulars unemotionally, as if they were a shade removed from him. It was a habit into which, lately, he had blundered; thoroughly detestable, he admitted. But at the same time his affection for the other was undiminished. Dan was fundamentally immovable in his allegiances, changeless in the integrity of his principles. Dan was an absolute, a fixed, quantity; but though a difference was perceptible in him Howard was totally unprepared for the Charlotte who advanced, composed and yet warm, to kiss him.

It wasn't only that Charlotte had grown; in the actually brief time through which he had been away she had become confusingly mature. Charlotte was a large girl, with the smooth white skin of her mother, and hair, heavy and slightly rippled, so darkly red that her eyes seemed positively violet. She had always had the potentiality of uncommon good looks, but Howard was not prepared for its fulfillment in, as it were, a breath.

"You've turned into a beauty while I was away!" he exclaimed indignantly; "with your hair ridiculously grown up and your handsome legs retired from the vulgar eye."

She replied coolly: "That's to make them really fascinating."

A servant appeared with a tray of cocktail glasses, a silver-and-crystal shaker and caviar; and Howard Gage watched the preliminary formality of dinner with a strange new sense of remoteness; the prescribed restraint of the servant's movements—a young man with stooped shoulders and a blank face—the pungent bits of toast and stinging iced drink suddenly

(Continued on Page 81)

Interrupted by FIRE

When fire destroys a factory, ordinary fire insurance pays for the buildings and machinery, but production stops. Although Hartford *Use and Occupancy Insurance* will pay current expenses and fixed charges while you are closed down, nevertheless your good will and continuous service to your clients lose much of their worth whenever production ceases.

Most fires are caused by carelessness and neglect. Rigid fire prevention methods greatly diminish the chance of loss. Every concern should have both fire prevention service and fire insurance. High grade fire prevention service is furnished by the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. It is as necessary as fire insurance.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Hartford Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and The Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co. write practically every form of insurance except life.
Any agent or broker can get a Hartford policy for you.

ALADDIN
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THE clean, cool white-and-blue of *Enameled Steel* and the rich, silvery sheen of *Aluminum* will delight you. *Aladdin* Cooking Utensils lend distinctive beauty to any kitchen and their usefulness brightens kitchen hours—lightens kitchen duties.

There's real quality, lasting service and satisfaction in every graceful *Aladdin* design—and unusual features for convenience:—

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1. Actual Capacities by Government Standards.
2. Double Lipped Sauce Pans.
3. Notched ears that keep bails cool.
4. Smooth comfortable handles.
5. Round easy-to-clean corners.
6. More pleasing and practical shapes.

Look for the big, red *Aladdin* label on *Enameled Steel* utensils, and the *Aladdin* quality mark stamped on the bottom of *Aluminum* utensils. It's the mark of high quality, big value and utmost convenience.
Select *Aladdin* Utensils for *your* kitchen—sold by progressive hardware, house-furnishing and department stores.
See your dealer or write for *Aladdin Aluminum* Catalog E-720 and *Aladdin Enameled Steel* Catalog F-720.

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NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves. Ovens. Cabinets
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and PERFECTION
Oil Heaters.

(Continued from Page 78)

seemed purposeless and inane. Howard was bothered, too, by the vacuity of the man with the tray; he wanted to tell him sharply to stand up and breathe, change his servile attitude to a keen, hard vitality. But the cocktail was extremely pleasant; and simultaneously with his disturbance the details of his surrounding were very soothing.

Daniel said to his daughter: "I wish you wouldn't drink cocktails."

"It's so much nicer to have them with you than in the pantry," she told him. He answered with a reminder of her years, sixteen; but questions of mere age, Charlotte asserted, belonged to the past. "All those silly old prejudices," she turned to Howard, "went with the war. The relations of a father and his child have become perfectly charming, haven't they, Dan? You wouldn't have them different for anything." She laid a serene hand on her parent's shoulder.

"It was all that confounded running about in uniform with a carful of marines, or whatever they were," he grumbled. "Entirely unnecessary and out of place. The truth is, Howard, that though these girls called it doing their duty their life has been a long jamboree. They were anywhere but home almost any hour of the day or night. Suffrage was dropped like an old cat with a purple ribbon. You'd have them—Charlotte and Ann Barnes and Henrietta Safford—stamping in here after a cold drive." He characterized their self-confident speech: "'I'm near frozen, Charlotte; shove the decanter along, will you, and have some water brought in.'"

"If you're not careful, darling, you'll be picked up for an enemy by the Department of Justice," Charlotte warned him.

They were at the table, and Howard was submerged in an unquestioning satisfaction. The quiet room, dim except for tall candles burning without a waver on the table, the carved glass and silver and linen, the pale sweet butter in the form of minute calla lilies had often in the past year hung before him as a vision of lost felicity. It had expressed all, he thought, that was desirable; and though it was his peculiarity never to entertain the possibility of being killed, Bagatelle had taken on the aspect of belonging to another life, of an Elysian dream conceived in the cold mud where he lay dug in.

Dan's face, directly illuminated, was stamped with pleasure at his return. It was the elder's habit to drink Scotch whisky weakened with water through dinner, and silently he held up his goblet toward Howard. Sophie was unusually quiet; the light was caught in sudden gleams in her hair; the flawless delicacy of her face was amazing on the subdued interior. Howard wondered what she was thinking about. He must realize that, practically, they had to begin their life together over again, start from a fresh point. This was not necessary because of Sophie, but from the fact that he was so different; while in France he had taken it for granted that they could resume their marriage where it had been temporarily interrupted.

He hadn't, until now, even begun to appreciate the extent of his change. His needs, he felt, after he had settled down, would be fewer, less complicated, but more insistent. He had learned a great deal during the war, gained enormously; but, too, lost. Principally he had lost immaterial qualities; not immaterial in the sense of unimportant but as opposed to reality. Among them had gone what even he could tell was a good-natured tolerance of life. Howard had never been an optimist—the inborn cynical strain in the Gages prohibited that—but he had been willing indifferently to pass over many things that now, even in thought, exasperated him. The whole truth could be expressed in the fact that he was undeniably harder and less patient. Less patient! There was his special difficulty, for, though it was true about things, conditions, it wasn't where men themselves were concerned. So much that was condemned, he had found, was unimportant measured against the indispensable; at least in battle where he had so supremely been.

IV

AFTER dinner they progressed back through the drawing-room to the porch for coffee and smoking.

"And here's something else," Daniel Gage proceeded, "since we're discussing Charlotte." She interrupted him to point out that she had been dropped as a topic ever so long ago. "This Moreland," he said, "brought her two hundred cigarettes the other day. No more candy, you observe—cigarettes. Why, good heavens, it wasn't many decades back when a man would be severely criticized for smoking with women about!"

"I can quite believe that," Charlotte returned placidly. "You see, it's plain from the daguerreotypes, but I hope you'll keep on being quaint, it's so becoming."

"On the contrary," Sophie put in, "I think he is right. In the South everyone with breeding would agree with him. When you marry a great deal is right that was wrong before."

"There was a girl from Louisiana at school with me," Charlotte calmly observed, "whose history I won't reveal beyond the fact that they telegraphed to New Orleans for orange blossoms."

"Charlotte," her father said indignantly, "go to bed!"

She kissed him affectionately and returned to the couch hammock where she had been sitting. The obscurity of the garden was being slowly dissipated by the brightening radiance of the moon; the clipped hedges cast dense black shadows and the massed phlox recovered an elusive suggestion of their color. The stillness and peace, Howard Gage thought, were miraculous. His sense of the isolation of Bagatelle returned; it was a magical place—a magical existence—outside the turbulence of a hideously shattered world.

Suddenly, with a pinching at his heart, the feeling of having neglected a trust, he wondered how Lapigne, his orderly, was. No such Eden as this waited for Lapigne. Howard knew that after he himself had been detached from the regiment, the other had been viciously gassed, and that he intended to return to the United States, where, though French, he had served a number of enlistments in the Army. His speculation extended to the other men of his section. What would they find on their return to the lives, the activities they had known? Howard was too lately back to grasp the temper of the country, but his feeling about Bagatelle had risen from the instinctive recognition that the conditions of life were precarious.

As if influenced by his thought Sophie, a shape of infinite loveliness, went inside. Charlotte moved away over the lawn with a cigarette in her fingers, and he was conscious that Dan was masking from him a deep concern.

"How has the Gage company been?" he asked abruptly, not from any fundamental interest in the works but because of his affection for Daniel. "You mustn't attempt to carry all that metal on your own shoulders. I'll gamble you haven't shot a quail since I sailed."

"Very few of us got away," Daniel Gage admitted; "and it doesn't look as though we were going next week, either. The war for us, for manufacturing, was only the beginning of difficulties. But you are hardly in the house, after so much, and I'm at you already with my troubles. Sophie and Charlotte have very different plans for you. And, Howard, I want to say right here that I'm not going to ask you a question about your experience in Europe. Naturally you know how we feel about it, how proud we are of you and anxious to hear everything; but only you can judge what you care to recall or think we ought to learn."

"If you don't mind," Howard replied, "I'd rather you talked about the works."

The other smiled. "That's novel, from you," he commented. "However, I imagine that whatever I might say will reflect the condition of your own experience, a condition of confusion. And, indeed, so many elements are in motion here, all more or less contradictory, that it would take a college of economists to give you the situation. We'll dismiss the Government, or rather the President, with a prayer." Then, contradicting this decision in tones in which reasonable displeasure grew to an utter exasperation, he characterized the Administration in hotly caustic phrases. "You'd think," he asserted, "that it was a crime to have any practical experience or knowledge of affairs. Well, let it go: it will be over soon, and we can build the country up again.

"I give you my word, though I don't see why or even how most of the steel works keep on operating. The large corporations, of course, are more or less secure, and ours, the Gage Steel and Iron Works, is different." His voice took on an accent of pride. "You must remember it has never been out of the family, and it was established seventy-five years ago. We've had more than a controlling interest—we have been it and it has been us: Mercer Gage and then his son Howard, Howard's cousin Frederick Gage, your father, and now me. All Gages. Because of that, the way we have held things together, it's unusually healthy, even to-day. The Briar Steel Corporation, of Pittsburgh, made an offer last month—a million and a half. Fair enough, you'll admit. There's an operating profit, to us, of a hundred and fifty thousand annually. But with what I can almost see coming, heaven knows how it'll be in a year!"

"If that's so," Howard Gage commented irritably, "why don't we sell—get out?"

"Sell the Gage company?" Daniel expostulated. "Why, that never entered my head! No, no; I have very different hopes for it. They include you, too, but in another light entirely. That we won't go into to-night. Yes, we've had a lot of trouble; some in the plant but most, thank God, outside. In the first place, I adopted the flat shipyard schedule; forty cents an hour is plenty for a helper, but the government contracts paid fifty; electric welders got eighty instead of fifty; and cranemen—who should have had forty—were offered seventy-five. A little of that and we were shorthanded as the devil. We were, as you know, filled up with Emergency Fleet work, ship castings and rolls for plates, through the war. We got them out, too, in spite of everything.

"But afterward—when this gilded peace came—then, in reality, our war began. It opened in earnest with the strikes, though except for the machinists walking out I had little trouble with my men. They had always been well treated, and the sensible ones, the expert labor, realized it. But they got hold of some skyrocketing ideas about what amounted to plant ownership. A group of them came to me—Simmons, the melter, a pattern maker and a molder or two with their helpers, a ladle man and Wroth, from the core room—with some cooperative dream with a senate and house elected from the labor; an elaborate shareholding scheme with every finger in the pie.

"I asked them what in thunder they wanted representation for when there wasn't a man or boy in the shops who couldn't and didn't see me about every little burn. And as far as sharing went, they had its equivalent at Christmas, and none of the risk. Wroth, who was their spokesman, assured me of their loyalty to the works, but kept on to say they didn't want a benevolent paternalism. Where, in the name of Karl Marx, do you suppose he got that phrase? It staggered me. He admitted that they had no complaint, but times, he said, were changing. Oh, he was loaded right up to the muzzle, and quoted some remark about labor, capital and management being the three legs of a stool.

"They even had a scale of just profit calculated—five per cent for the investment with an additional five per cent as insurance, and the rest divided between the stockholders, the employees and the management. I told them to bring their troubles to me, but not their visions; Wroth would have talked all day if I had let him. That was bad enough, though not serious; but one fine morning a walking delegate, or some such comedian, got into my office with his message. It wasn't merely collective bargaining now, a legitimate relationship between an employer and his labor; oh, Lord, no—it was a group system. The workers in other plants were to fix the wages and hours for the Gage shops.

"He said his name was Brown, Jim Brown, but I told him he lied and that it ended in ski or vitch. He had Bolshevik hair and an English like scrap iron. Grew threatening, too, and shouted that the goblins would get us all. This was at the works, and Tom had to remove him. It was humorous and unpleasant both. There's so much uncertainty; workers, at least steel workers, are like beautiful women—you have to keep them pleased all the time and they go off on the most unexpected tangents.

"There's one thing can be counted on, however: I expect to run my own concern. For seventy-five years the Gage company has been operated with fairness and a consideration of everybody. The Employers' Liability Act didn't disturb us. These new theories about a low labor turnover brought me no great saving light. Old Geltiger died in the summer after sixty-three years' service; Romert—I've made him foreman in the converter shop—has been with us over forty; and a good number have bettered ten years. Benevolent paternalism!"

"Still," Howard Gage contended, "I can't see why you won't sell to the Pittsburgh people. You as well as admit that the whole thing may go up the stack at any time. We have lots of money for the canoness and Charlotte and the Nichols, in St. Louis, plenty for you and me. I hate to say this to you, Dan, for I realize how you feel about it, but I haven't a trace of affection for the Gage company. I have no interest at all in the manufacture of steel; and I'm certain I'll never be a success at it. Get rid of the works and take a rest; let's go down to North Carolina, as we used to, or up on the Miramichi. You can always be a director, as active as you choose, with all the fun and none of the strain, like those damned laborers."

"The fact is, Howard," the older man insisted, "you know nothing at all about making steel. You were only in the downtown offices, a clerk and a kind of assistant to the purchasing agent. That was a mistake I made tying you to orders from the Scrap Association and telephoning for an emergency load of bolts or a car of coke. You should have gone into the open hearth and had your hide blistered by the heats."

He paused as his daughter reappeared from the patterned moonlight of the lower lawn. She was, she said, tired, and went to her room with none of her customary spirit of light mockery.

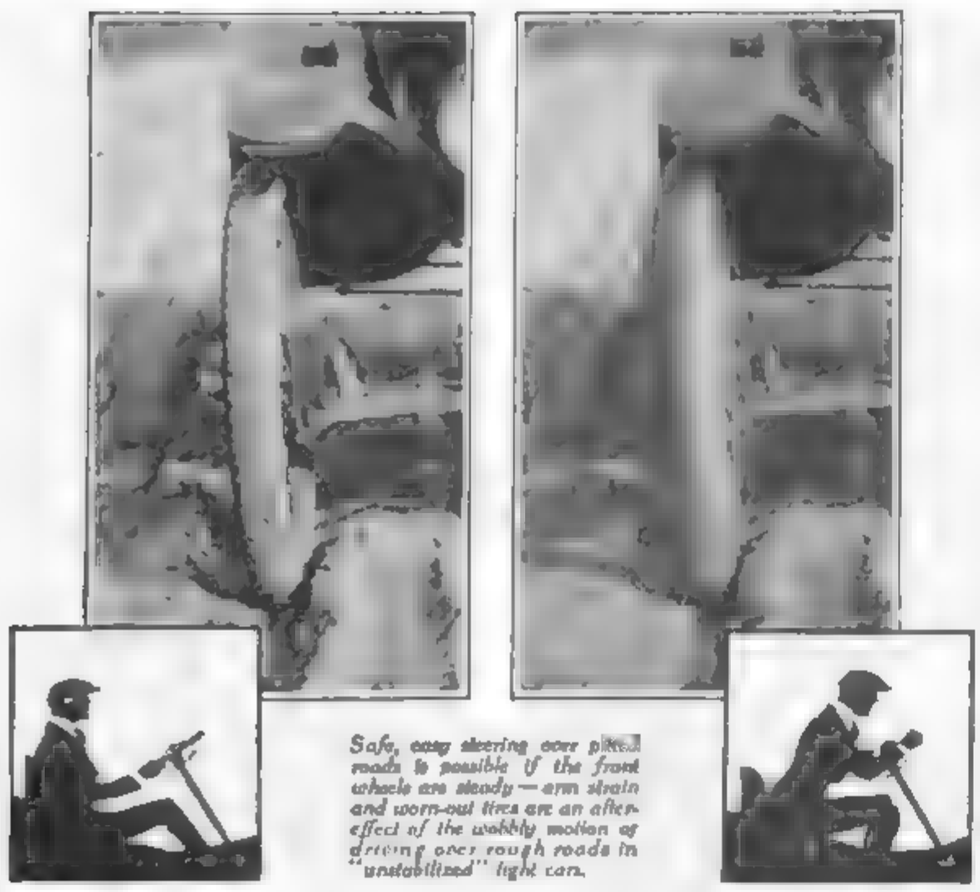
"Heaven knows what they're coming to," Daniel Gage said moodily of his daughter; "it's plainer every day that I don't. Of course, there were special circumstances with Charlotte. When she was ten her manner amused me; and then, after she was fully justified in her attitude, she grew a little older; and the whole thing, as you see, became unfortunate. Not for me—privately Charlotte entertains me enormously—but I'm worried on her account; she's at once very young and yet mature. Charlotte has had no real experience, nothing but unlimited talk and speculation with her friends. She gives the effect of being advanced, in fact quite fast, and capable in a worldly way, but it's no more than a pose, while the truth is, too, that her emotions are very fully developed. She's been fortunate in her associations; at least I've had an eye on that; but if she came in contact with an older and harder knowledge ——

"I'm not simply prejudiced in saying that Charlotte is uncommonly attractive; she couldn't help it, with her mother. Charm is in the blood—highly organized and magnetic women. They seem, to me anyhow, to be getting scarce, Howard. Those I see about are completely different—from Fanny. I dare say it's there, but no longer for me. Women used to keep their complexion like alabaster and their hands like lace; but that's a joke now; it's supposed to be ins pid. They are full of all sorts of activity and pretensions, drink highballs instead of hock, and slash over the country in leather breeches. When I was a young man and rode with ladies—we even called 'em that—it was through the bridle paths of the parks; they had long plum-colored skirts and little whips in gold and mother-of-pearl. Lord, how they flew up into the saddle with a boot in your hand, hardly more than a feather."

Howard saw definitely, in this vein of reminiscence, Daniel Gage's failure in flesh and spirit. He regarded him with an affection, a pity, mingled with a growing impatience. This love for the elder, resembling so much else, he told himself, had been damaged by the war. The state of remoteness that he dreaded swept over him; his sympathy for Dan was lost in a lethargy where nothing, literally nothing in the world, was worth effort. What was the good of a love that at its zenith was certain to be cheated, robbed, by death; while death itself, in turn, seemed inconsequential. He halted sharply in his mental sinking at the image of Sophie. She now formed his supreme attachment and obligation to life; and suddenly, anxious to be with her, he rose and hurriedly bade Dan good night.

V

VERY much later he was obscurely disturbed in a deep slumber by a constriction of the heart. Finally it half waked him. He had a sense of oppression, of being crowded upon by the night, and thought he was in the closeness of his cabin on the transport Minneapolis. Then, fully conscious, a memory of the whole nightmare


Safe, easy steering over pitted roads is possible if the front wheels are steady—arm strain and worn-out tires are an after-effect of the wobbly motion of driving over rough roads in "unstabilized" light cars.

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The arm and shoulder aches that come from driving the usual light car over a pitted road, and the wear of tires that results from the zig-zag motion of the front wheels, are both traceable to a common cause.

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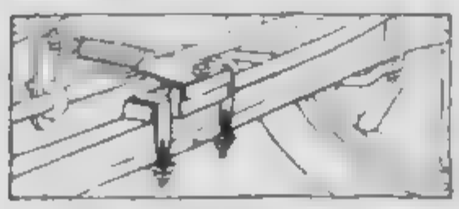

BALCRANK
STABILIZER
FOR **FORDS** AND OTHER LIGHT CARS

of the war burdened him. It was staggering. The moon had waned, yet the room was not entirely dark; he could see Sophie, sleeping serenely, between the posts of her bed. Her hair lay loosely over the pillow; an arm, bare and relaxed, was visible across the sheet. Her breast rose and fell with a faint suspended regularity.

She had seemed, that evening, a stranger in many ways; but asleep she was absolutely incomprehensible. There was something withdrawn, appalling, about sleep; it was like a secret mockery of the accomplishments of life. He leaned nearer, impelled against his choice; her face—void of animation, pallid—was as cold as stone. Howard was as shocked as he might have been had he discovered a strange presence intruding in Sophie's place. He rose abruptly and crossed the room to a window. The sound of the stream was louder by night than by day; the sloping lawn, the trees, were steeped in darkness; they, too, were cold, almost ugly, unsatisfying.

It was, he decided, his own fault; the result of that damned unhealthy mental condition. He hadn't seen anywhere a lovelier place than Bagatelle, and Sophie's beauty, her desirability, were beyond measure. Thinking of men left hideously dead in France, Howard Gage told himself that his luck had been monumental. He had fulfilled his duty to the last conceivable demand, and here he was home again, with Sophie, youth, money. He silently reasserted his determination to get every obtainable pleasure from living—the pleasures of his opportunities and position. Dan must be brought to see the folly of continuing the Gage Steel and Iron Works against every possible reason for letting it go. Finance, labor, politics were hopelessly opposed to manufacturing. It was immensely fortunate that they had an opportunity to sell.

He wondered a little, more peaceful and yet not sleepy, what he would do. There was really nothing outside the distasteful business of modern war that he knew; what he had learned with the purchasing agent of the Gage company was negligible. He wouldn't go back to that no matter what Dan said or how much he urged. The mere thought of sitting at a desk, fiddling with an order for pig iron, stirred him with revolt. At this he seriously considered doing nothing. He might build near the hunt club, and keep a respectable stable; Howard was fond of horses and had a good seat, a light hand; and they could go North or South with the season.

This had a great deal to recommend it; if workers wanted impossible conditions, if the Government was fantastic or corrupt, it wouldn't then bother him. Politics had become a shady profession; there were plenty of money grabbers to run the business of the country; the intrinsic value of work was a hypocrisy of materialism masking as a moral truth. Every sensible man who was honest admitted that he hated work; anyone who was inteligent, with his, Howard's, chance of leisure and independence would accept it. And Sophie, he added, should be delighted.

All his reasoning, however, went back to the fundamental conviction that life was worth very little effort; and this unexpectedly collided with the problem planted in him by the men of his command. What was the explanation of their power to move him so profoundly? It wasn't simply courage, though they had been courageous beyond any calculation; it wasn't patriotism, a term debased to a mere party cry; it wasn't endurance, though they had cheerfully borne incredible ill. He remembered, in connection with this, a cold dripping evening when he had gone forward in search of a place in a wood in which to bivouac for the night. He had sent back word for the advance and was waiting when, through the darkness, he heard an indefinable approaching sound—it was the men, utterly exhausted, plastered with mud and rain, without rations, singing.

He could hear the echo of their voices, the words of the song, in the safe tranquillity and luxury of his room; and it thrilled him now as it had then. There was a mystery, a secret, to which he couldn't penetrate; from which, perhaps by his rank, he had been barred. It belonged to those who marched shoulder to shoulder, the companies and regiments, the divisions and armies of men.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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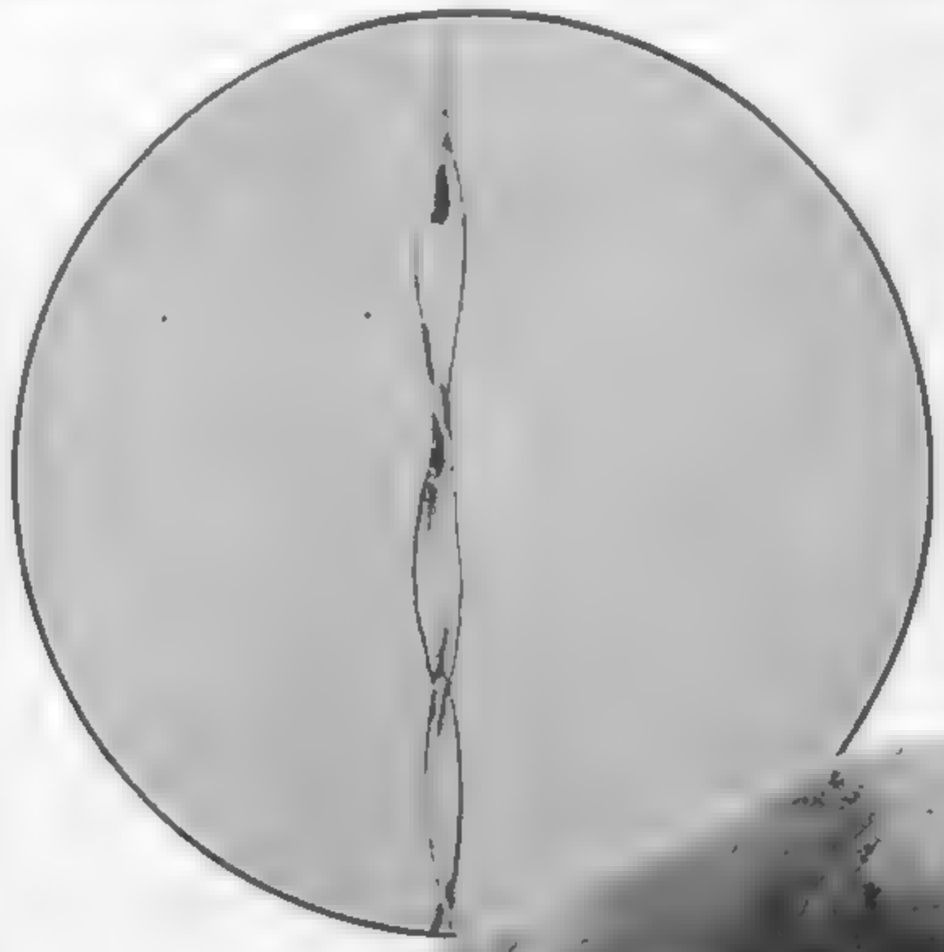
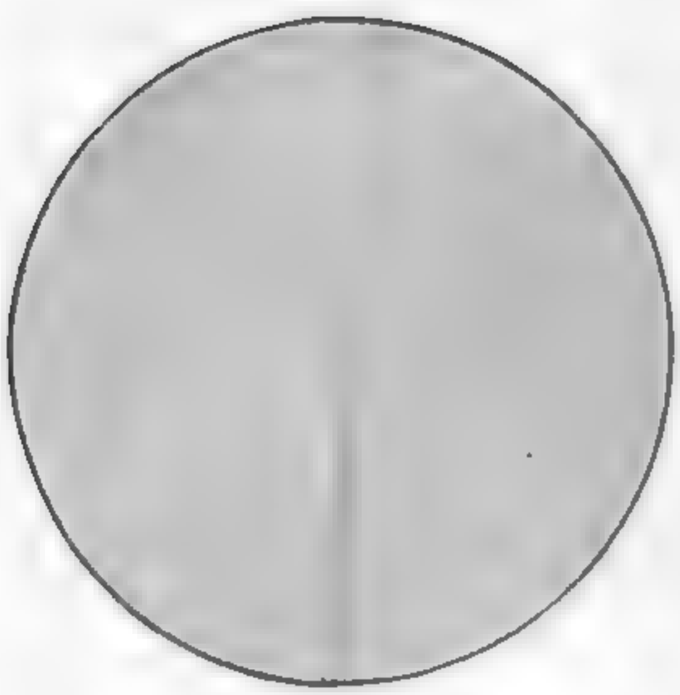


Microscopic photograph of a section of a 1¾-inch staple of SARIVAL cotton immersed in glycerine to make a clear image and magnified 370 times to show the frequency of its natural twists



Microscopic photograph enlarging 370 times a section of a 1-inch staple of a good grade of American (Upland) cotton, immersed in glycerine to make a clear image, and showing its comparative deficiency in natural twists

Due to its close, regular, natural twist shown in the larger circle above, the staple of SARIVAL cotton is spun into yarn with least mechanical tension. The feathery fibre receives no such strain as often weakens cotton fibres which, having less twist, offer more resistance to the spinning operation. For this reason SARIVAL retains its original high tensile strength in yarn and in the final fabric. As the table below shows, SARIVAL embodies the peak average of all the qualities requisite for fine commercial cotton materials, especially aircraft cloth and tire fabric.

AVERAGE QUALIFICATIONS

KIND OF COTTON	Average Length of Staple	Comparative Tensile Strength Per Square Inch Diameter	Comparative Smoothness	Comparative Fineness	Comparative Natural Twist Turns Per Inch	Comparative Mean Diameter Inches
PEELER (AMERICAN)	1¼"	81	80	70	145	1/1000
PERUVIAN	1 5/16"	39	65	75	135	1/810
UPPER EGYPTIAN	1 5/16"	106	75	77	140	1/1150
SAKELLARADIS	1 5/16"	118	90	80	165	1/1300
SEA-ISLAND	1 5/16"	106	94	85	180	1/1450
SARIVAL	**1 5/16"**	**140**	**98**	**90**	**200**	**1/1650**

SARIVAL is produced in America exclusively for The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company by its subsidiary

Southwest Cotton Company

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

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THE MISTER JOLLY WELL MURDERS HIS WIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

dragged from its box and spread over the divan. Quite overcome, Aunt Eliza sank into the high-backed chair at the head of the table and sniffled.

"That," the Mister murmured approvingly—"that is a proper wrap."

"You have the Mister to thank," said Peter, "for the excellence of my selection. He gave me expert assistance when I was choosing it."

Viola frowned.

"A banker, a soldier, and now a fur expert," she said. "What next, I wonder?"

"I lived two years in the Hudson Bay country," the Mister deprecated apologetically.

Aunt Eliza had regained her composure.

"Dear, generous Peter," she said reproachfully. "Why didn't you give this lovely thing to Vi or Dorothy?"

"Dearest!" Dorothy protested. "Why should he?"

"If to-day had been their birthday," said Peter, "I should have given them each one."

Aunt Eliza was tearful again.

"I didn't mean to sound ungrateful. It's just that I think you might have won either of them with such a gift."

"Every woman has her price," Viola laughed, smoothing the silver-fox collar.

Dorothy glanced at Viola and then at Peter.

"It might have made some difference," she observed dryly, "which one he had wanted to buy."

Peter gestured with humorous frenzy.

"The inevitable subject is up again! Tell me, Aunt Eliza, how could I have chosen between them?"

Viola laughed. So did the Mister.

"My dear boy," said Aunt Eliza, "your heart must tell you."

"It's an equivocal organ. It palpitates extravagantly for both your nieces."

"Why don't you flip a coin, old chap?" the Mister asked with a sly grin.

"My dear fellow, it's a distressing situation," Peter rejoined. "I adore these girls—have done so all my life—and if marriage to one of them ever forced me to try to stop loving the other I'd be very unhappy."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Jameson," Dorothy snorted. "I am firmly convinced that he really loves Vi, and is simply—fond of me because I look a little like her."

"Whereas," Viola added gayly, "I know he is mad about Dorothy, and only hesitates to marry her because he thinks he might break my heart—conceited wretch!"

"Now I ask you ——" Peter appealed to the Mister. Dorothy flung an arm round Viola.

"Dearest," she said, "you're a wonderful sport, and you'd never admit your real feelings, but I think Peter ought to marry you."

Viola kissed her tenderly, but not without amusement.

"Dottie, you're a self-sacrificing lamb," she countered, "but you can't humbug me. I know you've been insane over Peter for years and years."

"Yes, of course," Dorothy admitted reluctantly, "but Peter prefers you ——"

"He does not!" said Viola.

"—— and anyway—I don't mind disappointments so much as you do. I mean—there are probably other men whom I should be willing to marry."

"All this," Aunt Eliza interposed gently, "must be very entertaining for the Mister."

The Mister laughed light-heartedly.

"It is!" he exclaimed. "Very!"

Aunt Eliza shook her head in perplexity.

"It's appalling," she declared. "It's unreal, ridiculous."

"How long have you three ——" the Mister began.

"This deadlock has persisted"—Peter peered comically into his memory—"for at least a year."

"Longer than that," said Dorothy. "Ever since we were children it has been first one of us and then the other."

"Peter and Vi were sweethearts in grammar school," Aunt Eliza recapitulated, "and Peter and Dottie in high school, and both of them during college and both of them ever since. What a trio!" she sighed.

"The eternal triangle," Viola mused, smiling. "Thank goodness we have reached the stage where we can discuss our case, instead of dodging round the subject."

"I hope the Mister isn't shocked," said Aunt Eliza. "I am."

"You've been reading about triangular love affairs all your life," Dorothy expostulated. "The only difference between other triangles and ours is that ours is—equilateral. Nothing but the sum of the three angles can make two right angles—if I remember my geometry."

"Dorothy is delicately implying," Viola laughed, "that we ought both to marry Peter."

Dorothy nodded and chuckled.

"Viola!" her aunt exclaimed. "Dorothy!"

"Unfortunately," Peter wailed, "the law takes an unkind view of—the sum of the three angles."

"Very narrow-minded and unsympathetic of the law," the Mister murmured.

"As matters now stand," Peter concluded ruefully, "I don't believe either of them cares a snap for me. Each one urges the other to marry me."

"I suspect"—Aunt Eliza was much in earnest—"that both the girls know which of them he ought to marry, but feel that Peter must express a preference—and the right preference."

Peter gestured to indicate despair.

"How can I trust myself to do that? Suppose I guessed wrong! It's too great a responsibility. If they know let them speak!" he concluded dramatically.

"We don't," said Dorothy; and Viola shook her head in thoughtful agreement.

The Mister held up his finger for attention.

"Have you tried counting out? Eenie, meenie, mynie, mo ——"

"My mother told me to take this one," Peter laughed, taking up the singsong.

"No, no!" the girls cried out in unison. "That won't do at all."

"Auntie is right," said Dorothy, "in thinking we want Peter to decide. But I don't see why she suspects us of knowing which of us we want him to choose."

"Oh dear, my head is going round!" said Aunt Eliza.

"Why doesn't one of you fall in love with somebody else?" the Mister demanded suddenly.

"You talk," said Viola, "as if that were the easiest thing in the world to do."

"If," Aunt Eliza exclaimed, "I could just find some man who would attract one of them away from Peter!"

"Men as attractive as Peter," Dorothy observed, "have usually been snapped up."

"On the other hand," Peter declared fiercely, "if they meet some really attractive chap they will both fall in love with him, their tastes are so blinking similar."

The Mister pulled a solemn face.

"That is a drawback," he admitted. "Still," he continued more brightly, "you and this other chap might make a compact between you, a compact to draw straws for partners, and later, if either couple proves dissatisfied, to swap round."

"Mr. Jameson!" Aunt Eliza exclaimed when the laughter had subsided, "you are the worst I have ever heard!"

"You are a villain!" Dorothy shook her head at him. "Shame on you!"

"I don't think," Viola added pensively, "that either of us would care to be swapped."

"The Mister is being flippant," said Peter, "at our expense."

"I apologize," said the Mister hastily. "Is this a serious discussion?"

"Of course it is!" Viola was indignant. "I'm beginning to dislike the Mister intensely. He is as unsympathetic as the law."

"Quite so," Dorothy nodded.

"I say, old chap," Peter begged, "would you mind vamping one or the other of them so as to help break up the infernal triangle?"

The Mister's face fell.

"I shouldn't much fancy myself as a male vamp," he declared. "Besides, they dislike me. You heard Viola."

"Dislike bespeaks active interest. It's a hopeful symptom," said Peter.

Viola made faces at Peter while Dorothy regarded her thoughtfully.

"If the Mister could fall in love with Vi," said she, "it would simplify matters."

"Don't demand impossibilities!" Viola burst forth. "The Mister is himself a near-blond, and it is an axiom in—thermoerotics—that blonds are not attracted by blondes. On the other hand, if he could suddenly become enamored of you, Dottie ——"

"I think"—Aunt Eliza laid a fragile hand on each of them—"that unless the Mister makes impartial love to you both it will not be a perfect test."

"Is that asking an awful lot, old chap?" Peter appealed.

The Mister laughed heartily.

"I'm afraid it can't be done," said he.

"You're not exactly flattering," Dorothy observed.

"I dislike him more and more," Viola declared.

"I couldn't possibly be impartial," the Mister explained. "If I let myself go I should be sure to fall in love with one of them and not the other."

"Splendid!" Peter cried. "But which one?" he added hastily.

"Couldn't say in advance."

"I knew he hated blondes," said Viola. "I begin to detest that man!"

The Mister was thrown off his guard.

"On the contrary," he said, "I adore blondes. I'm foolish about them."

"Ha!" said Dorothy. "Viola is elected."

"I have to watch myself," the Mister continued with a shamefaced grin. "Hair like Vi's does something chemical to my blood."

Dorothy pretended to pout.

"If I peroxide my hair," she asked, "will you cast me a glance once in a while?"

"I couldn't help myself."

"Then to-morrow I become a blonde."

"Dorothy!" Aunt Eliza lamented.

"O my prophetic soul!" Peter plagiarized. "I knew they'd fall together."

"Why shouldn't we?" Viola asked. "Here is a man who can trust himself to choose between us. That's more than can be said of you."

"Vi, when I am blondined I shall certainly vamp him away from you!"

The Mister had grown very serious.

"There's another reason why I can't assist in breaking up your triangle," he said slowly, and paused for an instant—"my wife."

It is probable that he had not calculated the effect of this bombshell. The color came and receded from Aunt Eliza's face, while the rest were studies in consternation. There was a thunderstruck moment of complete silence, but at last Aunt Eliza gathered her wits together.

"Mr. Jameson," she said breathlessly, "you have lived in our house for a whole month and you've never mentioned her. Why didn't you tell us?"

"You never asked me," said he, smiling.

"I congratulate you"—Peter shook his hand—"upon having reached a safe mooring where no storms of passion can reach you—and all that sort of thing."

"The Mister is a gay deceiver," Viola accused him. "He raises wild hopes and then dashes them to the ground."

Dorothy made a gesture of mock tragedy.

"Our dream is out!" she sighed. "My hair stays dark."

(Continued on Page 87)

"Poor Little Vi!" Aunt Eliza Whispered to Dorothy. "I Could Cry With Her"

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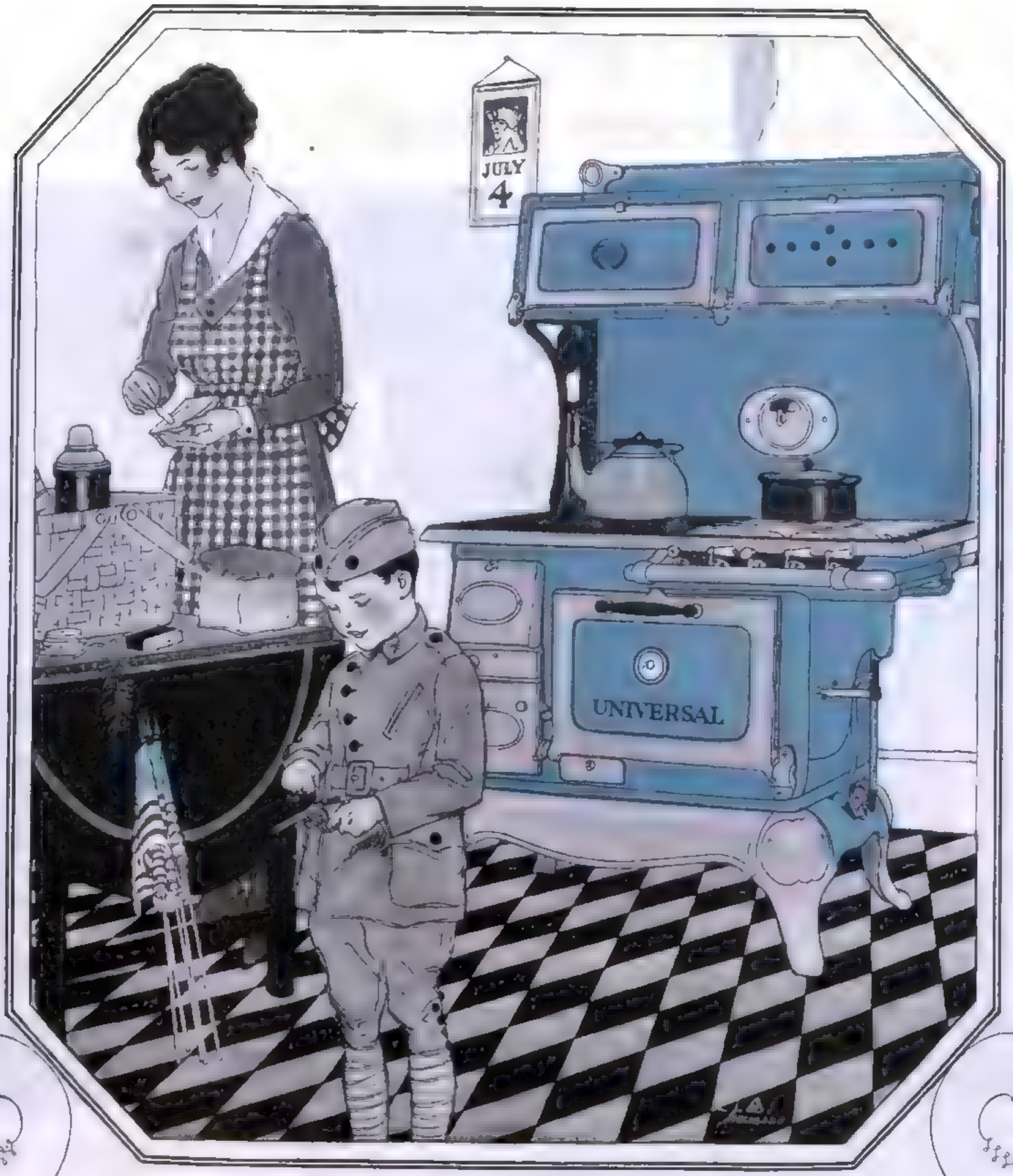

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(Continued from Page 84)

"Tell us about your wife," said Aunt Eliza. "What is she like?"

"Well"—the Mister hesitated a little—"her hair is gray like yours."

"Gray!" Peter exclaimed.

"Like Aunt Eliza's?" Viola echoed.

The Mister nodded.

"Very much. She lives in Toronto, and she is about Aunt Eliza's age. A few years older perhaps."

An uncomfortable instant of silence followed this announcement.

"How long have you been married?" Aunt Eliza asked gently.

"Just a short time."

"Then those are letters from her you receive every day," Dorothy asked, "in that lovely old-fashioned handwriting?"

"Yes."

Aunt Eliza was perturbed.

"Isn't she lonely in Toronto without you?" she asked.

"I hope not. She has grown children, you know. She lives with them."

"We must invite her down for a visit," said Aunt Eliza.

"You're very kind," said the Mister, "but she detests railroad trains."

"She was a widow then," Viola inquired, bewildered, "when you ——"

The Mister nodded and laughed heartily at their troubled faces.

"Is it so strange," he asked, "that I should have married a lady old enough to be my mother? I often refer to her as 'mother,' you know."

"No, no," Peter protested. "We're just flabbergasted by the suddenness of it."

"You act," Viola burst forth, "more like a bachelor than any other married man I've known."

"I hope you don't suspect me of having invented my wife," said the Mister.

"All the married men I have known," said Dorothy, "would—well, never mind."

"What was Dorothy going to say?" Peter asked.

"Don't press her," Aunt Eliza cautioned. "If she refrains it must be unsayable."

"Probably she was thinking as I was," Vi laughed, "that in the Mister's place any other married man we've known would have continued to conceal his wife."

"I wasn't concealing her," the Mister protested.

"Oh yes, you were," Viola insisted gleefully. "And just to punish you I'm going to pretend that she doesn't exist."

"Oh, I say!" the Mister ejaculated. "You can't do that, you know."

"Can't I?" she asked defiantly. "I shall flaunt my golden locks under your nose."

"Vi!" Dorothy giggled. "You abandoned hussy!"

Aunt Eliza was visibly distressed.

"Viola, dear," she expostulated, "you're disgraceful!"

Viola shrugged.

"Added to all his other charms," she affirmed, "is the fact that he is unattainable, and the further fact that to attempt him is wicked. Therefore I shall pursue him madly—it's so safe!" she concluded with a gurgle of mirth.

There was a knock at the door of Peter's rooms, and he clapped his hands.

"I'm getting frightfully jealous," he said. "Thank goodness, here's the dinner."

Dorothy caught him by the ear as the waiter entered.

"You devilish lawyer," she whispered. "Did you engineer this?"

But he shook his head elaborately.

Viola was brushing the Mister's nose with her topknot.

"Vi, do behave yourself!" her aunt admonished.

"I shall hold the Mister's hand under the table," that incorrigible one asserted.

"Oh, I say!" the Mister exclaimed once more. "I didn't think it was being done this season."

The following morning on the way to the subway Bertrand Jameson hesitated before Magonaghy's little shop, and at last made up his mind to go in. He wanted to talk to somebody.

"Magonaghy, you scoundrel!" he shouted.

"Is it you, sir?" said Magonaghy mildly, emerging from the twilit wilderness of plumber's fittings which filled the back of the store.

"Why the devil," the Mister asked, "did you frighten me so last night?"

"Have they made a play for you already?" Magonaghy demanded eagerly.

"Certainly not," said the Mister. "I told them I'm married."

"You—married!" The plumber repeated it disgustedly. "You—married! Yah, that's shameful of you!"

"A chap has a right to be married, hasn't he?"

"Sure I never thought that of you, sir!" Magonaghy reproved him sternly.

"It's most unfortunate," said the Mister absent-mindedly. "I'm not sure Miss Viola believes me."

"Ha!" Magonaghy barked. "Did you ever know a woman to believe anything she didn't want to believe?"

"I'll have to persuade my wife to come down for a visit," said the Mister. "And I hate to do that. She loathes traveling, and, you must remember, she is not a young woman any longer."

Magonaghy was outraged.

"Is it an old woman she is?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. She's elderly."

The plumber cocked a coldly critical eye at the Mister.

"Well, well," he said, "who would have thought that!"

"Have thought what?"

"That you were the kind to marry some old girl to get her money!"

"Good Lord!" cried the Mister, staring at him. "I wonder if that will occur to them!"

"What other reason could you have had?" Magonaghy asked angrily.

"But she had no money. I've been supporting her and her sons until this year, and now they are taking care of her."

"Tacha!" the plumber spat. "You're the limit!"

"Oh, my word!" the Mister murmured, appalled, and wandered slowly out of the shop, while Magonaghy glared after him and shook his grizzled head.

That conversation with Magonaghy was the Mister's undoing. When he reached his office he hastily dispatched a letter to Toronto, and then seized the telephone, fidgeting until he heard Viola's voice on the other end of the line.

"I—ah ——" he began, and stuck.

"What's the matter?"

"I—ah—Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed. "I've just had a talk with that confounded plumber, and I'm as ratty as if I still had shell shock. Don't mind me, I—ah ——"

"What did he say?"

"He—well, he was unintentionally insulting. That's no matter, I—ah ——"

Viola laughed.

"Did you call me up to say 'I—ah'?" she asked.

"No, of course not. I wanted to tell you that I've written mother—that's my wife, you know—to pack up and come down for a visit. You don't mind—I mean your aunt won't mind, d'you think?"

"Of course not. Aunt Eliza invited her, you remember."

"I -ah —"

"What is it?"

"I hope you don't think—I must talk with you, you know. Will you have dinner with me and go to a show or something? I must talk with you."

"Are you starting to give me a rush," Viola giggled, "like a regular married man?"

"No—of course not—or—yes, if you like. But please dine with me."

"Of course I will, gladly," she laughed. "I haven't been rushed by a married man for months. It'll be very jolly."

"I wish you wouldn't rub in that married business."

"No?"

"Can't we forget that?"

"Do you think that would be quite safe?"

"Oh, I suppose not. Do as you like, but I must have a chance to talk to you. I want to try to explain—I—ah ——"

"I'll meet you at the Astor at seven," said Viola hastily. "Stop 'I—ah-ing' until then, for goodness' sake."

"Good-by," said the Mister, "and thanks awfully."

However, when he did see Viola that evening he found it impossible to get much beyond "I—ah." Between the second and third acts of The Gold Diggers he contrived to say "I hope you don't think me a beastly rotter ——" But she didn't let him finish his sentence, and he was so relieved to hear her impatient "Cheer up, certainly not!" that he couldn't bear to press for information as to her opinion of a man who would marry an elderly widow.

Instead he begged that she would believe in the respectful quality of his very great admiration for her, and that she would spend the following evening with him at the circus in Madison Square Garden, where they might eat peanuts and be quite childish, and un—well, untrammeled.

She laughed and consented.

"Do you think Mrs. Jameson would mind?" she asked.

"I wish I hadn't told you!" he declared vehemently.

"My dear," she replied, "I begin to recognize in you the typical husband after all."

He grimaced but was too content at her acceptance to protest.

Their party turned out a foursome, Peter and Dorothy sharing their box at the circus. It was the first of a series of nightly foursomes, always gay and usually hilarious, with the Mister sometimes shy and oppressed and sometimes playing the fool extravagantly, as if to make up to them for his moments of brooding.

Ten days went swiftly by. One evening Aunt Eliza met the Mister in the hall and asked him whether he had had a reply to their invitation. Without comment he handed her the letter he had just glanced through.

"Darling boy," she read aloud, "of course I'll make the trip if you insist. The Ladeaus are very nice to ask me. But I can't start before Thanksgiving. I think I had better come down about December first. Then I can stay a week or so and still get back in time to have Christmas with the babies."

"The babies?" Aunt Eliza queried.

"Grandchildren," the Mister explained.

"Good gracious!" Aunt Eliza bit her tongue and gazed after him as he went slowly up the stairs to his floor.

"Poor dear," said Aunt Eliza to Dorothy and Vi, who had joined her on the landing and were now scanning the lines, "he seems terribly disappointed at this postponement. What sort of woman do you suppose she can be?"

"Scheming old hag," said Vi briefly. "The clever old devil caught him when he was too young to defend himself. I hope she never comes. I shall hate her."

Dorothy exchanged glances with her aunt over Vi's shoulder.

"'Mother,'" Vi muttered scornfully as she read the signature of the letter. "Brazen beldame!"

"Dear, dear," Aunt Eliza murmured sadly, "life is getting more extraordinary every day. Dear, dear."

A fortnight elapsed, a fortnight of teas, dinners, dances, and of week-ends spent—Aunt Eliza chaperoning—on Peter's capacious steam yacht. A very happy two weeks. The Mister had by this time regained his serenity, outwardly at any rate, and he contrived to laugh at Viola when she stumbled suddenly upon him and accused him of looking positively haggard.

"That's my borrowing expression," he declared gayly. "I was mentally rehearsing a speech to the Wall Street people whom we are asking to float a loan for us."

She regarded him with her head on one side.

"The Mister has a quick recovery," she remarked a trifle wistfully, "but I wish he didn't feel that he must be—plausible with me."

The haggard look returned to the Mister's face for a second.

"Must keep up appearances," he mumbled; "must maintain your poker face or the game isn't safe at all."

Viola turned abruptly away.

"I'm getting very bored with playing safe," she announced, and left him.

A day or two after Thanksgiving he came downstairs with a suitcase in his hand and informed them that he was off for Toronto to fetch Mrs. Jameson. He had business in Toronto that might keep him a week. And if he didn't go for her she was likely to prolong the delay. He wanted to make sure of her. Also she would feel safer traveling with him than alone. Aunt Eliza accompanied him to the door with cordial messages for the invited visitor. When they had gone Viola stared absently at her sister.

"Dottie, do you think ——" she asked slowly and paused, musing.

"Do I think what?" Dorothy demanded.

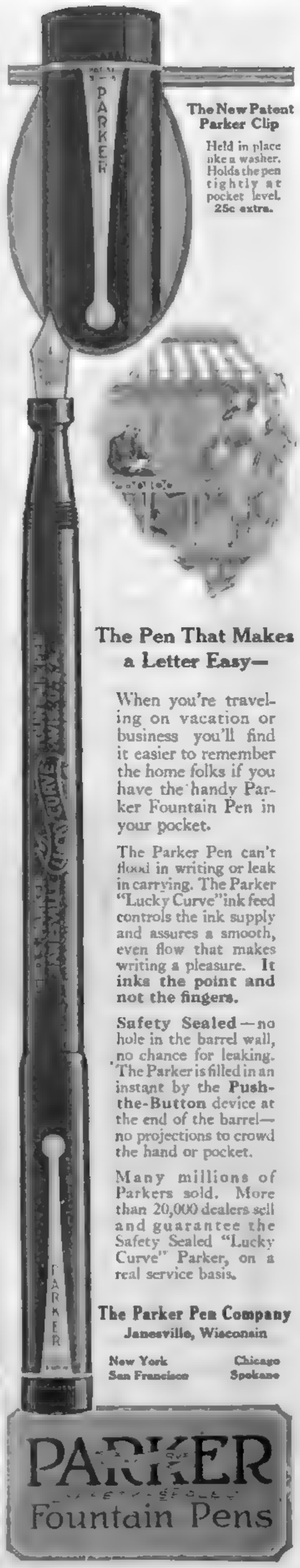
Viola started.

"Oh, nothing—what was I saying?"

"Vi, you've been so absent-minded the last few days that I don't know you. You start sentences and never finish them. What were you going to ask me about the Mister?"

Viola's cheeks took on a faint tinge of color, but she laughed.

(Concluded on Page 89)



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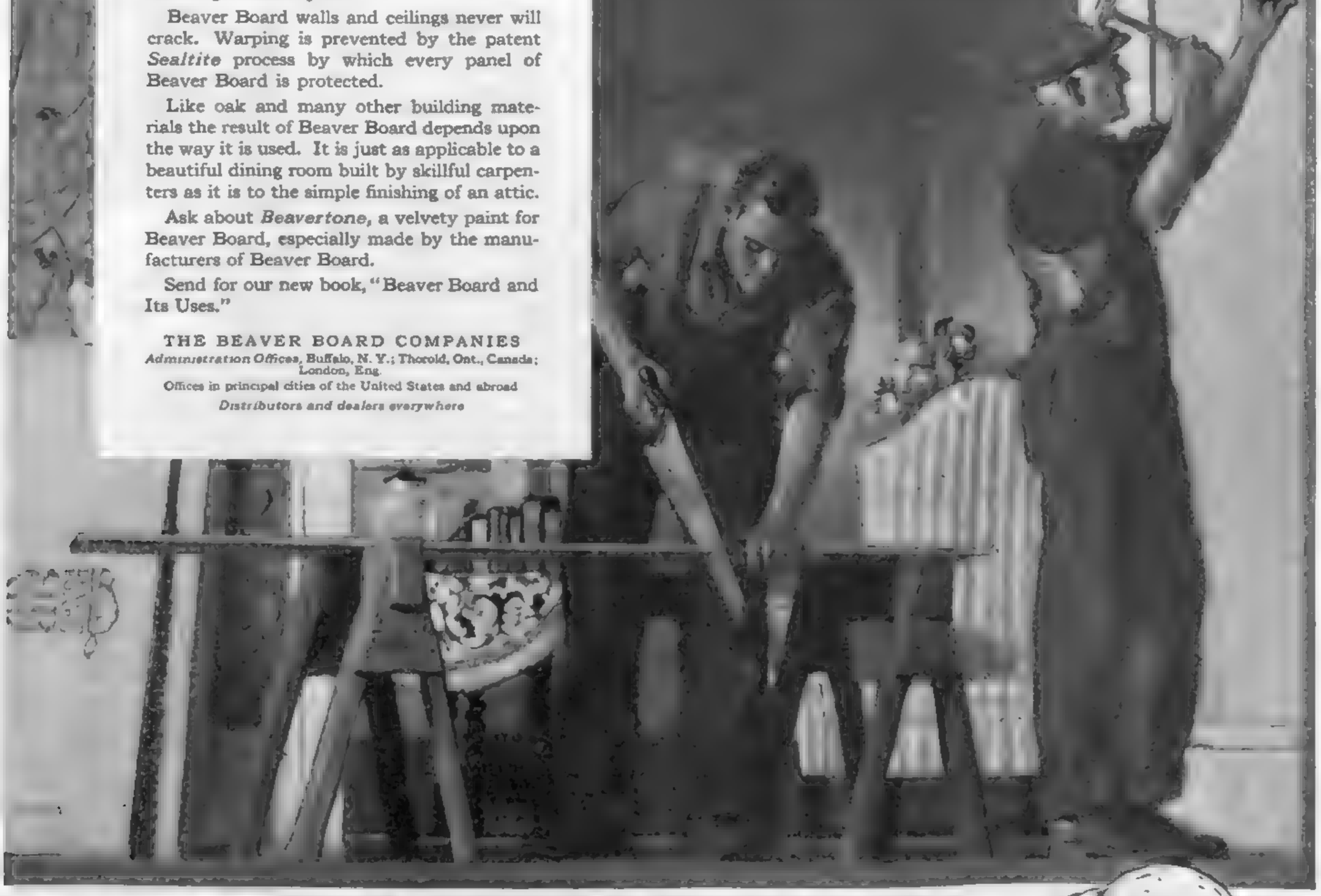

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(Concluded from Page 87)

"Do you think he's very much in love with her?" she asked.

Dorothy shrugged indifferently.

"Probably. How should I know? And what do you care?"

Viola ignored the questions.

"He writes to her every day—short letters. It never takes him more than five minutes to finish one of them. I wonder what he says in them—I mean I wonder what a man could write to a wife who is old enough to be his great-grandmother."

"Perhaps that is why it doesn't take him long."

"Why in the world do you suppose he married her?"

"Vi, dear," said Dorothy sternly, "that's the seventeenth time you've asked that question.

"Don't tell me you're going to fall in love with the Mister!"

"How do I know?" Viola flared out at her.

"Don't be cross, dear," Dorothy protested.

Viola pulled up short and smiled.

"It might be interesting to wear a broken heart on my sleeve," she said. "Don't you think an air of tragedy would become me?"

"No!" Dorothy sniffed disgustedly.

"Well, it would be an excellent way to lure Peter away from you. He'd do his best to console me. Look out, I may get that man yet!"

"I'd lots rather you did that than—make a fool of yourself."

"Don't be an ass!" Viola retorted violently. "I won't make a fool of myself."

"My dear!"

"I'm no mere man to boohoo over a love affair."

Dorothy laughed grimly.

"You're not ready yet to howl with heartbreak, but honestly, Vi, Aunt Eliza and I are worried about you. We're wondering how you'll behave when his wife is staying here in the same house with you."

"That will cure me!" Viola exclaimed fiercely.

"I hope so."

"Or else I'll kill her!"

"That sounds hospitable."

"I'm not going to be here when she comes. I don't want to meet that woman."

"Don't be a silly child, Vi."

Viola stamped her foot.

"I won't stay here and try to be nice to that old witch! I won't do it! You'd better not try to make me!"

"Nobody is going to force you to stay. I think you'd better not be here."

"I'll stay if I want to," she announced indignantly.

"How would it look if I weren't here? What would they think?"

Dorothy held out her arms.

"Dearest, come here," she begged.

"No!" Viola was stormy with defiance. "You would pry into me, and now you know. I hope you like what you've dragged forth. Don't touch me! I refuse to weep and wail and gnash my teeth over any man!"

And having issued this ultimatum she dashed past Dorothy and slammed the door of her room.

Aunt Eliza had returned just in time to observe her exit, and in the ensuing stillness she and Dorothy gravely shook their heads at each other as they listened to a sound which might have been and probably was sobs stifled in a pillow.

"Poor little Vi!" Aunt Eliza whispered to Dorothy. "I could cry with her."

A week went by somehow, and the following Sunday morning while the Ladeaus were still at breakfast they were suddenly confronted by the Mister, and by a white-haired lady in widow's weeds, who bore him an obvious resemblance—if you were looking for resemblances. Viola created a mild scene by dropping her cup into her saucer with a crash.

"I let myself in with my key," the Mister apologized. "I didn't think you'd want to see visitors at ten o'clock of a Sunday morning."

"That's quite all right," Aunt Eliza murmured.

"Mother," the Mister went on, "this is Miss Eliza Ladeau."

"I'm tremendously pleased to meet you," said Aunt Eliza cordially.

"These are Aunt Eliza's nieces, mother," the Mister continued his introductions while the rosy-cheeked little lady bowed and nodded brightly, "Miss Dorothy Ladeau and Miss Viola."

"We're delighted to meet the Mister's wife at last," said Dorothy.

"Yes, indeed," Viola chimed in, but there was just a faint undertone of irony in her voice; "we have been looking forward very impatiently to seeing you, Mrs. Jameson."

The Mister was glaring at the floor.

"This lady is not my wife," he declared violently.

"Not your wife?" Aunt Eliza echoed blankly.

The white-haired little lady was smiling at their perplexity and embarrassment.

"You poor dears!" she commiserated. "What a wicked scamp Bertrand is!"

"Then—where is your wife?" Viola demanded.

The Mister ground his teeth.

"I've jolly well murdered her!" he said, and walked away to the front window.

"Murdered her?" Aunt Eliza repeated, staring after him.

"He's done nothing of the sort," said the little old lady, smiling reassuringly as she adjusted her spectacles on her nose. "I'm the only wife he's ever had, and I'm as much alive and as much his wife as I've ever been, but I dare say if you'll look at us both you'll suspect that I'm nothing less nor more than the mother of this young ruffian!"

"His mother!" Aunt Eliza and both nieces cried out together.

"But how can that be?" Dorothy asked.

"He told us ——" Viola began, and stopped, reddening at a sudden realization.

"Why should he have said ——"

Aunt Eliza paused.

"I don't understand."

"Which of your nieces," Mrs. Jameson asked, "is Viola?"

Vi's color came and went as Dorothy and Aunt Eliza turned and looked at her. The little old lady appraised her with a swift glance, peering shortsightedly through her spectacles, and bobbing her head happily.

"You're a lovely child," she said softly, "and I congratulate the lad on his good taste. You have my blessing. I shall love having you for a daughter."

"But—but," Viola stammered—"you talk as if—well, as if we were—as good as engaged—or something!"

Mrs. Jameson laughed merrily and patted her cheek.

"I hope you soon will be," she said. "Hasn't he proposed to you?"

"Certainly not!" said Viola indignantly.

Mrs. Jameson laughed again.

"I'm forgetting. Of course not. How could he?" she asked. "He was married to me. However, I hereby annul his marriage to his mother. Come along, Bertrand. Face the music."

The Mister faced about for a brief second.

"Oh, I say!" he protested helplessly. "How can I face anybody after my asinine masquerade?"

Mrs. Jameson was smiling at Viola's face, across which a succession of emotions was flitting—resentment, chagrin, relief and anger.

"My dear," she pleaded, "please forgive him. He's always been rather timid with women."

"I think nice men usually are, don't you? And he was badly frightened of you by that impudent plumber. What was the creature's name?"

"Magonaghy," Aunt Eliza breathed. "Magonaghy."

Mrs. Jameson addressed herself to Aunt Eliza.

"It must be nearly time to start for church. May I go with you?"

"Please do. Won't you come upstairs while I put on my things?"

"Thank you."

"Dorothy, where is my new sealskin coat?"

"I'll come along and find it for you, auntie, dear."

Viola was left glaring at the Mister with tear-filled eyes and dilated nostrils.

"You!" she said. "You coward!"

"I adore you," he replied, "but I'm terrified of you."

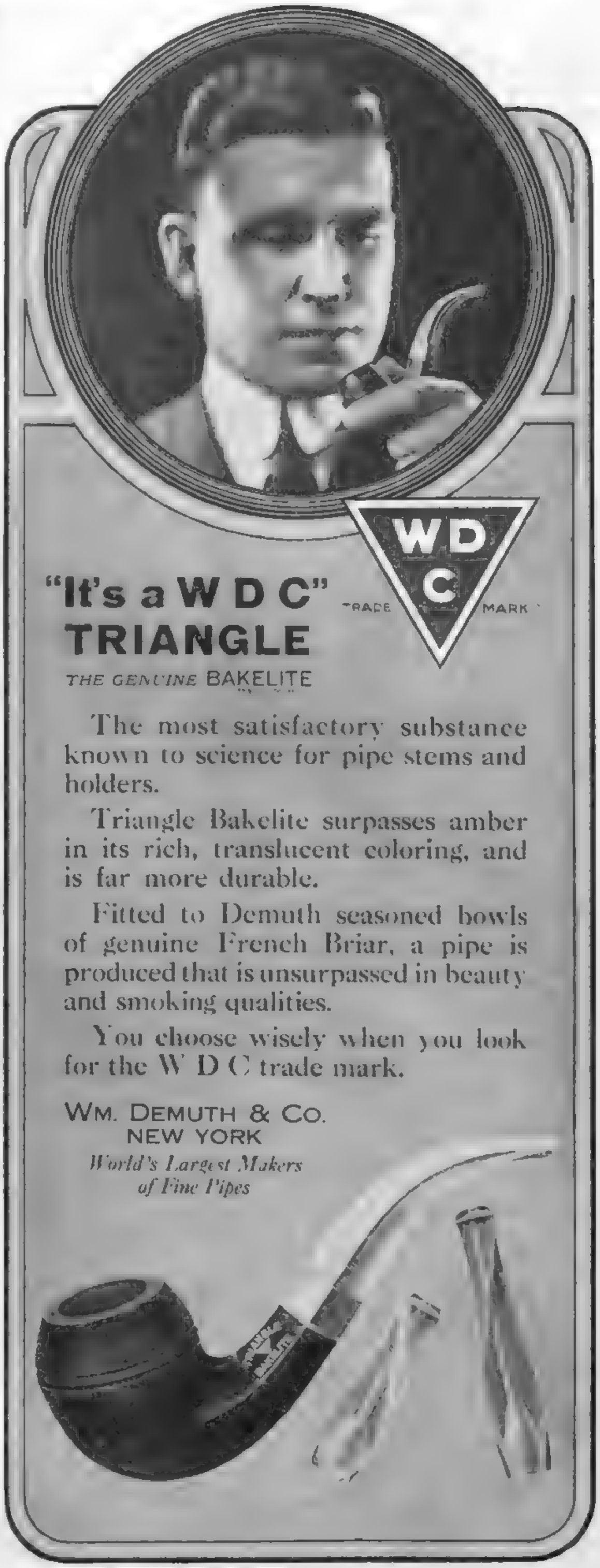
"You coward!"

"I worship you!"

"I hate you! If it wasn't for your darling little mother I'd refuse ever to speak to you again!"

However, fifteen minutes later, when that lady suddenly appeared in the doorway, this is what she said:

"Bertrand, could you bear to stop long enough to let me kiss her?"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CLASS

(Continued from Page 23)

only way to test him—put him on his own. Then if Rolf proved dishonest, incapable, disloyal, Aurelia at least would be saved.

Tom took his daughter and the yacht Northern Lights and started on a year's cruise round the world. Rolf saw them off, and I—also present—thought I detected in Aurelia's fine eyes a shadow, a faint obscuration. She looked at Rolf now and then with a kind of curious, tense expression. They said their farewells under Tom's eyes, and Rolf went back to the office and the task of managing the line.

For several weeks nothing occurred to make me think more than usual about Haroldson. Then while I called on old Ransome on some business or other he let fall his crabbed gossip. He rubbed his hands. He stared at me with his pale, glimmering eyes almost hidden beneath his wrinkled brows.

"I hear Rolf Haroldson is kind of spreading out," he told me. "Tom must have been crazy to leave that fellow in charge. You ought to hear what that young chap is doing on his employer's money and credit!" He suddenly sneered right in my face. "You never took any stock in my opinions about Haroldson, Garfinkle. Now you'll see!"

Ransome wasn't the only one who began to talk. Right and left men spoke of what Haroldson was doing, now that he was free for a year to use the Rouse Line for his own purposes. And at last I heard a tale that sent me direct to Rolf himself. He received me in a newly furnished office on the top floor of the great building Rouse had built him. The moment I walked in I knew that something had happened. I felt staggered. But Rolf met my eyes with a shy, boyish smile. He motioned me to a chair and dismissed his secretary with a wave of the hand.

"Now what is it, Garfinkle?" he asked. "You have trouble all over your face."

"It's none of my affair," I told him. "But you know I have a great liking for you. Tom Rouse is my friend. What is all this I hear about your doing the line over from top to bottom—spending money like water—going head over heels into things Rouse would never dream of doing?"

"I have one year," he said quietly. "By the end of it I'll have the results to show."

"I looked about me as I came in," I retorted. "You have spent a fortune on furnishing this office. Tom was satisfied with a cubby-hole in a corner."

Rolf got up and stood right in front of me.

"You remember when Ransome broke me over that Hyacinth deal?" he said. "Well, from that day to this I've been working up to this. And you have to admit that I've made a success. Haven't I?"

"I'm afraid you're going to spoil it all," I said.

"No!" he returned with sudden fire. "I'm going to assure it!"

"By buying thousand-dollar desks?" I demanded.

"Ransome has a better one," he answered, going across the room and sitting down. "But I am spending money."

"All San Francisco is talking about it."

"Is that so?" he asked amiably. "Let 'em talk! While they're talking I'm acting, Garfinkle. But I know Rouse thinks you are his closest friend. He's to know nothing of my scheme till I think best. Understand? But I'll tell you. I'll tell you because I know I'm right, and it's the honest thing for me to do. But I trust you not to say a word to a soul under any circumstances. I'm going to put this thing through my way. I don't care a rap what others say or think. They'll know some day that I'm top chief in this city."

I could do nothing less than agree to his terms. And this is what Rolf Haroldson told me that afternoon in his office away up in the bright air, with the wind blowing in at the window and the hum of the city lost in the depths below us.

"Nothing is worth while," he said, "if it isn't consistently following out a plan. My idea since I was a boy is to do things the best of any in the world. I like class. I find that only one man in 10,000 knows what real class is. The ten-thousandth succeeds like a typhoon. But it takes a strong, logical faculty, which I have cultivated. I am going to put the Rouse interests in a class by themselves—from the rug on the floor to the ship at sea.

"Look at Rouse himself! He was making a success in a small way when he took me in. But if you wanted to know what kind of man he was you had to visit his house. You could come in here on business and be asked your name by a ten-dollar-a-week clerk. You were ushered into his office by a sixteen-dollar-a-week stenographer person. You found him in a dingy office sitting in a six-dollar chair in front of a sixty-dollar desk. See the difference now!"

"I feel it," I admitted.

"Exactly! But I carry it out logically. The boy who met you in the reception room gets twenty dollars a week and is in line for promotion. The girl at the switchboard gets two hundred a month. The secretary who introduced you gets three hundred a month and the girl who just left I enticed from an office in New York by a guaranty of six hundred a month for a year. In other words, the people I have here fit in with my thousand-dollar desk. I have doubled the bookkeeper's salary and given him five new men—the best he could procure for four hundred a month each."

Tom Took His Daughter and the Yacht Northern Lights and Started on a Year's Cruise Round the World. Rolf Saw Them Off

I gaped. He laughed at me and went on.

"That is what I've been working for—class. The business man who enters this office from London meets no one who isn't a topnotcher. The office boy has been trained in the best boys' school in America. He is a gentleman. The telephone operator is the most competent in the United States, and she can handle any business that comes up with the expertness and sureness of a highly paid official. I spend my hours here among a crowd of experts.

"When I go down to the pier I leave my office in the hands of men and women who know the world, know business and can make the biggest kind of business man feel that not a moment is wasted. The gentleman from Ecuador who arrives to ask after ten packages of freight meets a man who speaks better Spanish than himself; is made comfortable with a stenographer who can spell the name of his country house and knows the streets of his city. I can even give him an interpreter who knows more about his business than any man in his own shop. Other men go in for costly rugs, furniture and expensive dinners to valued clients after the day is over. My clients never forget for a moment that the Rouse offices are in a class by themselves. I spend no money on a five-thousand-dollar picture. I stick it on the salary of a man or a woman who is the best I can get."

I listened and studied my man. He was calm, modest, almost shy. But I had to have facts. I brought him down to earth.

"I always thought the Rouse Line ran ships—not offices," I remarked.

Rolf rose and smiled winningly.

"That is another matter," he said pleasantly. "As I understand it, nobody is talking about anything except the money I'm spending in fixing up our office. When it comes to ships"—he paused and looked at me with a faint flush on his brown cheeks—"I mustn't tell. But some day—oh, well, our rivals will open their eyes!"

That was all I got out of him. I departed thinking that Tom had rightly discerned his general manager's true character. He wasn't actually disloyal possibly, but Rolf was untrustworthy. I confess to feeling utterly cast down. And as gossip grew more insistent I began to consider writing to Rouse.

Other affairs occupied my mind, and I had to make a trip to France. I came back to find that, though the Rouse Line was daily increasing its business, there was an ugly undercurrent of rumor. I traced it to Ransome. The old fox was being hard pressed by his rival and he was fighting back in his usual style. He openly boasted that he had smashed Haroldson once and would do it again.

He even hinted that he was friendly to Rouse personally and would show him real kindness by exposing the man he had left in charge of his business.

This was of course mere talk. I sought for the basis of it, and finally discovered that Rolf was building three new steamers. Two of these were fast express vessels for Oriental trade and required for the growing demands of the line. The third was what no man ventured to affirm to be a legitimate investment for the Rouse money.

Rolf had little to say when I approached him on the subject, but he was untroubled. He put me off with his usual boyish and modest manner. I went to the northern yards and saw the new vessel for myself. I came back to San Francisco and spent a month vainly trying to formulate some kind of letter to old Tom, who was then in the Mediterranean with Aurelia and the Northern Lights. Then the third steamer was launched and brought to the bay for her engines. These were installed, a crew was mustered under Rolf's personal command and the Lady Nell made her trial trip. She developed a speed of fourteen knots only, though I knew she had twenty-thousand-horse-power boiler capacity. All San Francisco laughed. Tom Rouse's money had been used in building a freak steamer with freak engines, cargo capacity for less than 3000 tons—and less than the speed of a small coaster. It was told about the city that Rolf had spent $1,500,000 on this folly.

This time I went to Rolf and told him frankly something of what Tom had admitted to me before he left. I ended up by urging him to make a clean breast of it to his employer, change his office methods back to something less extravagant and resume legitimate business. He heard me out. I shall never forget his face.

He was frightfully taken aback by the thought that Rouse had never entirely trusted him. He combated the notion strongly, his boyish face aflame. But I stuck to my point and at last blurted out: "I should have supposed that the way he kept Aurelia away from you would have suggested that he didn't fully trust you—that he had doubts."

Rolf stared at this, then set his teeth.

"Nothing of the sort did or could occur to my mind," he said with odd sternness. "It would be unbelievable that any father in his senses would not cherish a girl like Aurelia above his business and his business associates. I have never felt worthy to be her friend. I have never dreamt for an instant that I had made good enough for Rouse to consider me in that light. But——"

There he stuck. I could get no more out of him.

He closed our conversation by saying in a stifled voice, "Nobody shall lose a cent by the Lady Nell."

"I know of no ship's making returns on the investment by being laid up in port and repainted every three months," I retorted, and left him.

I did not write to Tom Rouse, but something of the gossip reached him and worried him. The next I heard was that the Northern Lights had passed through the Suez bound for Bombay. Tom was edging home. Then he arrived in Hong-Kong before nine months of his year's holiday was up, and I knew that he was lying in his big stateroom waiting for the word that was to call him home to face disaster.

Meanwhile Ransome was steadily plotting against the Rouse Line. It had become

(Continued on Page 95)

SELLERS
Kitchen Cabinets
"The Best Servant in your House"

Utmost Cabinet Convenience Due to Sellers Creations

THE Sellers ideal has been reached. For over 28 years we have been working toward it. You see the final achievement—the world's most convenient kitchen cabinet—in the illustration.

Every want is here anticipated. Every last possible effort and needless move is eliminated.

To reach this state of completeness, we have had to create many features *found in no other cabinet*. Some of them have taken years to perfect. In all, it costs us many thousands of dollars annually in excess of what the usual equipment costs to supply them.

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Take, for instance, the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—acknowledged the most important improvement ever made in kitchen cabinets. To supply this feature alone costs us $52,000 each year more than ordinary flour bins. But think what it means! All the dangerous lifting and straining and the treacherous chair climbing necessary when filling the ordinary flour bin *is eliminated*. This automatic flour bin drops down level with the work table. You fill it with ease—then a slight push slips it into place. This is real convenience.

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Women have always wanted these conveniences The Sellers now supplies them. Altogether there are 15 vitally necessary improvements never before combined in any cabinet.

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Unusual though it may seem, the Sellers is *not* an expensive Cabinet. It costs no more than any ordinary good cabinet. The extra features are contributed by the Sellers factory. Go see the Sellers at your dealer's. Go over the special features. Judge for yourself if this is not the pinnacle of kitchen convenience. Decide to have a Sellers in your kitchen at once. You can pay cash, or your dealer will arrange terms to suit your income.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., Elwood, Indiana

Canadian Factory: Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Co. of Canada—Southampton, Ontario, Canada

(5A)

Columbia

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You will find it at its best on Columbia Records, and the music of many lands besides. For just as our country has won its way to international power and fame, so Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola have attained world leadership in the field of music.

All the music of all the world is yours on the Columbia Grafonola—from the ever-inspiring Marseillaise to the Battle Hymn of the Republic, from weird Arab chants to Polish patriotic songs. Armenian folk music, Serbian marches, Chinese one-steps, Russian mazurkas—the best music of all lands and all ages interpreted by the world's greatest artists who make records *exclusively* for Columbia.

Standard Models up to $300. Period Designs up to $2100

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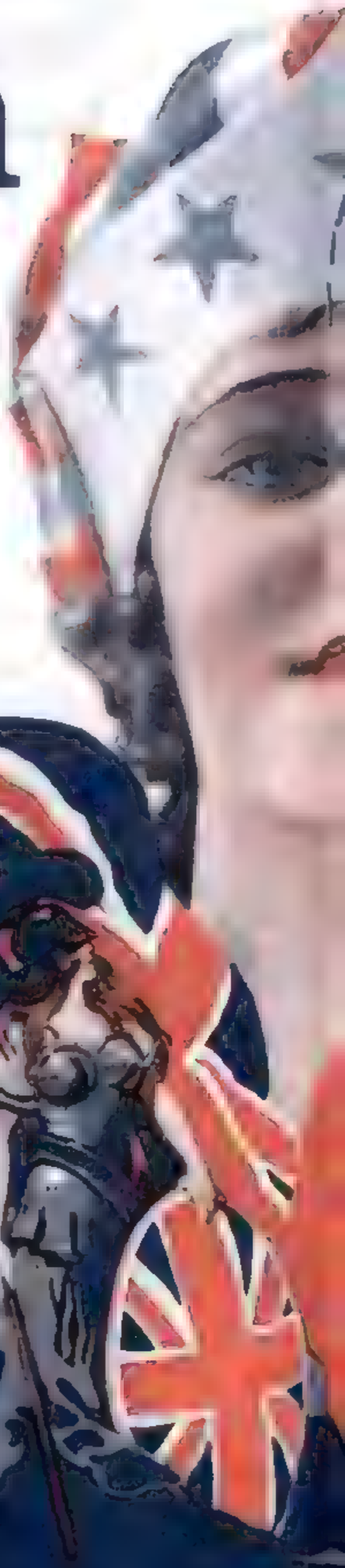

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Columbia

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The Only Non Set Automatic Stop

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. *As Instrely* on the Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Records Grafonola

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Beech-Nut Ginger Ale

"Great!"

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New Ginger Ale With a New *Flavor!*

WHENEVER you see a new Beech-Nut product announced, it means that a *better flavor* has been created. A flavor that is absolutely *distinctive*—a flavor created because the opportunity existed for real *improvement* on the usual flavor. A typical *Beech-Nut* flavor.

Beech-Nut Ginger Ale, the new member of the Beech-Nut flavor-family, has the delicate, pungent, aromatic taste of carefully blended gingers. Soft and smooth, with just the right piquant tingle. A mellow, fruit-like flavor. No harsh, peppery sharpness. And no unpleasant after-taste. Everyone will like the mellow flavor—women folks and children equally with men. Bottles generous in size—moderate in price.

Beech-Nut Birch Beer and Sarsaparilla equally good.

BEECH-NUT FOODS OF FINEST FLAVOR

Bacon	Chili Sauce	Jams, Jellies, Marmalades
Peanut Butter	Oscar's Sauce	and Jellied Fruits
Pork and Beans	Cider Vinegar	Mints
Tomato Catsup	Prepared Mustard	Chewing Gum

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, *"Foods of Finest Flavor,"* CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 90)

an obsession with him to crush Rolf Haroldson. He spent his days harrying his subordinates, his nights planning and scheming. He began to overload his company with fast ships for which there was little cargo. He started a line to Manila purely to oppose the Rouses. He cut freights to the bone in the southern trade and word got out that he was skimping his steamers in stores. Then he began buying cheap coal, and riding his skippers and engineers. He ceased to dry-dock his vessels often enough. He cursed over bills for paint. Passengers began to grumble about the meals served on his liners. And all the time Haroldson spent more money, lavishly, splendidly. He met Ransome's cuts in rates and simultaneously poured out money in refittings and coal and supplies. When the other man's ships began to lag in their schedules Rolf shortened his by days at a time. And when Ransome sent grumbling crews to sea to sweat overloaded steamships across the Pacific, Rolf dispatched his shining liners with half-empty holds and overpaid crews. It was a race between pinching shrewdness and almost spendthrift lavishness. It was spectacular, foolish, insane.

Yet I knew—and none better—that with all its expense, and notwithstanding Ransome's desperate efforts, the Rouse Line was making a fair profit. Because it is customary for many business men to travel on the same vessel with their goods, Rolf's excellent accommodations for passengers, shortened voyages and costly meals seduced men against their frugal instinct to use his vessels. And now and then he made a big stroke which would more than offset several voyages of ordinarily profitable trade. But the end must come. Rates were going down against a rising market. Ransome had slowly gathered into his circle a lot of smaller companies which could not stand the speed. People began to think that they could lead Haroldson into any wild investment, just so it gave a chance to best Ransome. There was a widespread feeling of insecurity among those who held the Rouse stock. And Tom's long-continued absence during months when his line was fighting a battle for life did not go toward making matters smoother. The Northern Lights kept to the China coast.

In every long-continued struggle for existence, such as this had become, a wise man expects the moment when human desperation leaves the open and seeks the shadows. To me it appeared that old Ransome would hold out the longer. I woke every morning fearing to hear that Rolf Haroldson had tried some criminal way out of the *impasse*. Like many another man, I disliked and distrusted any assumption that business can be done on a higher plane than custom approves of. That Rolf, with his addiction to the notion of being in a class above all others, would sooner or later take the plunge into the depths of ignominy I could not get out of my mind. I prayed that Ransome would break first. But I knew that behind that scheming and unscrupulous old man the sinister and dark forces of a multitude were at work. I could feel the tenseness of the situation as it developed day by day.

I came to the point where I determined to cable Tom Rouse, when Matthew Hawkins, master of the Belle of America, one of the Rouse crack ships, dropped down across from me at a table in a restaurant. I had always liked and respected Hawkins. He was not only a thorough seaman but a gentleman. He was evidently in high spirits.

"Haroldson has cut my schedule a day at each end," he told me. "The man is a wonder. Maybe Ransome will wake up."

"The Belle of America is a splendid packet," I admitted. "But she can't stand such handling." Then I added: "I don't comprehend why men like you don't stick up for your ships. You are making a fool of yourself by trying to cut the Pacific passage down below the record."

"Who? Me?" Hawkins replied amiably. "Man, I'm getting $1000 a month!"

A few cautious inquiries showed me that the Rouse Line was paying in certain instances treble the usual wages to skippers, with a bonus. It couldn't be done, I knew, and it was fatal at a moment when Ransome and his crowd were preparing to smash rates to nothing in a final thrust at the Rouses. But before I could send my cable the Marine Exchange had news which blotted all else from mind. The Rouse liner Kabul was sinking 1200 miles west of the Golden Gate after collision with the Ransome freighter W. H. Jones. The Kabul had left Hong-Kong with a full passenger list, 6000 tons of general cargo, 2000 tons of silk and—what made men glance fearfully at each other across the great corridors of the exchange—£8,000,000 of gold from India, which was consigned to United States bankers to restore a falling rate of exchange. The catastrophe was not only a terrific blow to the Rouse Line, but it threatened the stability of a thousand commercial firms which had depended on the arrival of the gold to make their bills good. In the flurry no one had time to consider the collision or its causes. All minds were intent on the effect of the news on the banks.

While I was trying to get further details a messenger from Rolf's office found me and gave me a message. Haroldson wanted to see me instantly. I found him in his office, at his desk, dictating letters. He was perfectly calm and easy. He apologized, finished his dictation and dismissed the secretary. Then he got into his coat and hat and grinned at me.

"Didn't you hear about your steamer Kabul?" I demanded.

"I did—two hours ago," he returned. "Off we go, Garfinkle!"

"Go?" I repeated. "Where?"

"To get the Kabul."

We dropped down to the street and got into Rolf's car. The driver, without orders, started off at a high speed toward the upper harbor. Haroldson ignored my protests and laughed at me.

"You are in an awful plight," I told him curtly. "You have lost a costly steamship and a silk cargo worth many millions. That gold bullion being lost means that to-morrow and next day and the day after men are going bankrupt. And you are off on a wild-goose chase like a madman."

"Like a wise man," he replied, lighting a cigar. "I may have little leisure to tell you all about it later. Listen! The Rouse Line will lose precisely four times its total resources unless the Kabul's cargo is saved—and landed in San Francisco within six days. The Kabul was to have arrived six days hence, and all business was done on that basis. I had her knock out her top speed so as to arrive—if she did arrive—two days earlier. I gambled a little on it. Her general cargo is practically only a drop in the bucket, and doesn't matter. The silk we insured ourselves. The gold, of course, is to boom the exchange rate. That is all plain, eh?"

"Perfectly," I admitted. "But the Kabul is 1200 miles west and sinking in the open ocean, as I hear."

"She'll float two days yet," Rolf replied.

"And some freighter will pick her up as salvage."

"It happens that there is nothing nearer her than San Francisco," Rolf replied calmly as the car swung across the Islais-Channel bridge. "She is 1200 miles, to be sure. But we'll make it."

"In an airplane?" I demanded crossly.

"In the Lady Nell."

"A twelve-knot steamer! Which means it will take her 100 hours to reach the assigned position of the wreck—if it is still afloat. And time to transfer cargo—and 100 hours back. At best nine days, Haroldson. And it's a fool's errand!"

"It sounds that way," he admitted. "It would be—for any other line. But the Rouse Line is in a class by itself. I'll show Ransome once and for all that he'd best have kept his dirty hands off a first-chop outfit."

A thought burned in my brain.

"Ransome? He sent the freighter out to run into the Kabul?" Then I said: "That's unthinkable! No man would dare!"

"Maybe not," Rolf replied quietly. "The fact remains that he has banked on two things for ten days: The nonarrival of the silk that the Kabul carries and a fall of thirty cents in British exchange. And right on the dot his old W. H. Jones wallows out of the darkness and smashes into the Kabul. Herrick wirelessed me all about it. The Jones sank with all hands—so Ransome is safe on that score, with no witnesses to his rotten plot. But I'll get him just the same."

The motor turned into a long pierway and sped past a gate into the shadows. Presently we drew up alongside a steamer, which I saw to be the Lady Nell. A couple of newspaper reporters waited at the gangway. Rolf nodded amiably to them.

"I sent for you here because I want you to see something," he explained. Briefly he told them what he knew of the wreck. "I'm sailing this minute for the Kabul in the Lady Nell. I'll be back in port four days hence to the hour, with the bullion and the silk and the passengers."

"Excuse me, Captain Haroldson," put in one; "your steamer is reported sinking 1200 miles to the westward. How in heaven's name can you get to her under three days—let alone be back here in four?"

"That is what I want you to see," Rolf answered with a boyish smile. "Come along. You will be my guests and I'll see to it that you have free use of the wireless."

The reporters drew back with one accord. In that instant I saw Rolf change his entire plan. He smiled faintly, murmured a few commonplaces about the Kabul's reporting herself still safe and announced his own departure for the scene. Then he led the way up the plank and curtly ordered the chief mate to get ready to leave the slip. I glanced down and saw the newspaper men staring up at us with a quizzical expression on their faces. You will see later that had they accepted Haroldson's invitation the public would not have suffered the four days' misery which they did, and there would have been less said about the mystery of the Lady Nell.

Within five minutes of our arrival the Lady Nell was quietly pulling out of her berth, with Rolf himself on the bridge. We swung and turned down channel slowly. Half an hour later the steamer was making a fair twelve knots against a fresh lower-bay breeze. Rolf had called me to the bridge. He was plainly a different man from the one who had invited witnesses to his voyage.

"Some day they will learn that what the Rouses do is worth watching," he said grimly. "But now that they have chosen to stand off and play critic, not a bit of news do they get from me or this ship."

"There won't be much to get, I fancy."

Rolf looked at me with an almost stern expression on his face. Then he summoned the chief engineer. That officer was in consultation with his chief for a brief time and went below after an odd glance at me. The Lady Nell passed out the Golden Gate, swung through the usual medley of homing craft and headed south.

Rolf called me to the bridge. He grinned and said: "It will be drier here."

Then he thrust the engine-room signal over to "Full Ahead" and the Lady Nell leaped underfoot. Then I knew the secret of that ship. She was the speediest craft of her tonnage afloat, and one of the fastest steamships in the world. We drove toward the Kabul at thirty-six knots an hour.

That was how the peering passengers on the sinking Kabul saw help arrive in the dawn of the third day after the collision. That is how five days after the news had been posted at the Marine Exchange the San Francisco extras announced the arrival in port of the Lady Nell with the passengers, silk and bullion which the wreck had carried. For a few days the streets talked of little else than the feat the Rouses had achieved with their mystery steamer. Then Ransome and his associates went to the wall, their line was put at auction, Ransome himself fled for fear of criminal prosecution, and Tom Rouse hurried home to settle the last details that made him master of the trade of the Pacific.

I was present when Rolf Haroldson resigned. Tom had sat staring at him after the last document had been gone over and the various clerks and officials had left. Rolf stood by the window, looking out with a queer, dreamy smile on his features. The silence was profound. Tom broke it.

"You have done better by me and my business than I could have imagined possible," he croaked. "What do you want? Half the business?"

At that instant the door opened and Aurelia entered. Even in those quiet and splendid surroundings she imposed herself upon one as exquisite. Her dark hair, dark eyes and creamy complexion set off the expression of her face, which was at once maidenly and imperious. Her figure showed to its advantage in a frock of the cleverest fashion. But more than all, she made us rise breathlessly to hear her first words, as if she arrived from some world where all voices are melodious. But she said nothing, smiled on us all and seated herself apart. I observed that Rolf gave her a single glance and then turned away, flushing faintly.

"I've just offered Rolf a half interest in the line, Aurelia," her father said. "It seems a lot, but the boy has done wonders."

Haroldson shook his head.

"I don't want it," he answered.

Tom fairly jumped in his chair.

"What do you want, young man? You have earned the right to make your own terms. But I think half interests in such lines are worth a good deal."

"I ask nothing," Rolf replied firmly, a little hurriedly. "I think we have gone over everything. I must ask you to let me resign."

This astounding statement silenced Rouse. He stared, unbelieving, on his general manager, then turned to me with a helpless gesture.

"You didn't trust me," Rolf went on quietly. "For some weeks I have known that you never did fully trust me. I carried on to finish my job and make good with it. Now I must quit."

Rouse grasped at the gist of this.

"Not trust you?" he cried. "Not trust you? What d'ye call my going off for a year and leaving you in full charge, never so much as cabling a suggestion? What, eh?"

"Oh, you were kind enough," Rolf replied hesitatingly, shyly. "But I heard the truth—and I quit. You held me possibly—disloyal, not honest."

"I think the world would say I trusted you," Rouse retorted angrily. Then he calmed himself. "Listen!" he said. "You want something! Name it!"

"Nothing! I resign!"

Tom glanced at his daughter. She was interested in a curious way, a detached way, as though this discussion was going in a direction that intrigued her. Then he went back to his problem with Haroldson.

"I confess I don't understand you," he said.

Rolf was disturbed by this. But he tried to explain.

"The point is, you thought that I acted differently with your property than I would with my own, Mr Rouse. You suspected that I would take risks with your money I wouldn't dream of taking with my own. You didn't trust me. The consequence is, I must leave your office."

Rouse stirred wrathfully.

"Hang it all, boy, you've been in business long enough to understand that no man ever entirely forgets his money or lets it go into another man's hands! I trusted you, right enough! Suppose the Kabul hadn't floated thirty minutes after that collision, eh? What about my trust in you then? What kind of a fool would people have called me?"

Rolf smiled boyishly.

"My point exactly, Mr. Rouse. You think that I wouldn't have done that thing—risked everything on the Kabul—if it had been my own fortune at stake. I pulled it through and you were kind enough not to raise the point. But now I'm going back on my own. Mr. Garfinkle told me your feelings in the matter long before I loaded the Kabul. I planned then to quit when you got home. I must. I am going to handle my own money hereafter, only my own and in my own way. Sometime you will understand that the reason I succeeded with your company was because I never let myself think of it as yours. I used it as my own. If I stayed with you you would still hesitate, doubt, overrule me."

Rouse sagged in his chair like a very old man. "Oh, well," he said with an effort at a sneer, "I suppose I may as well ask what you expect to do now—and promise you my help."

Rolf met the sneer with a deprecatory glance at the old man. I saw Aurelia lean forward, forgetful of everything but what Rolf would reply. He said simply: "I am going to take over an option on the Ransome ships and run them in opposition to you."

Suspicion blazed up in Tom's breast. He shook with anger and glared at Rolf.

"I suppose you've already fixed things in this office so as to assure your success in opposition?"

Haroldson flushed and his eyes brightened.

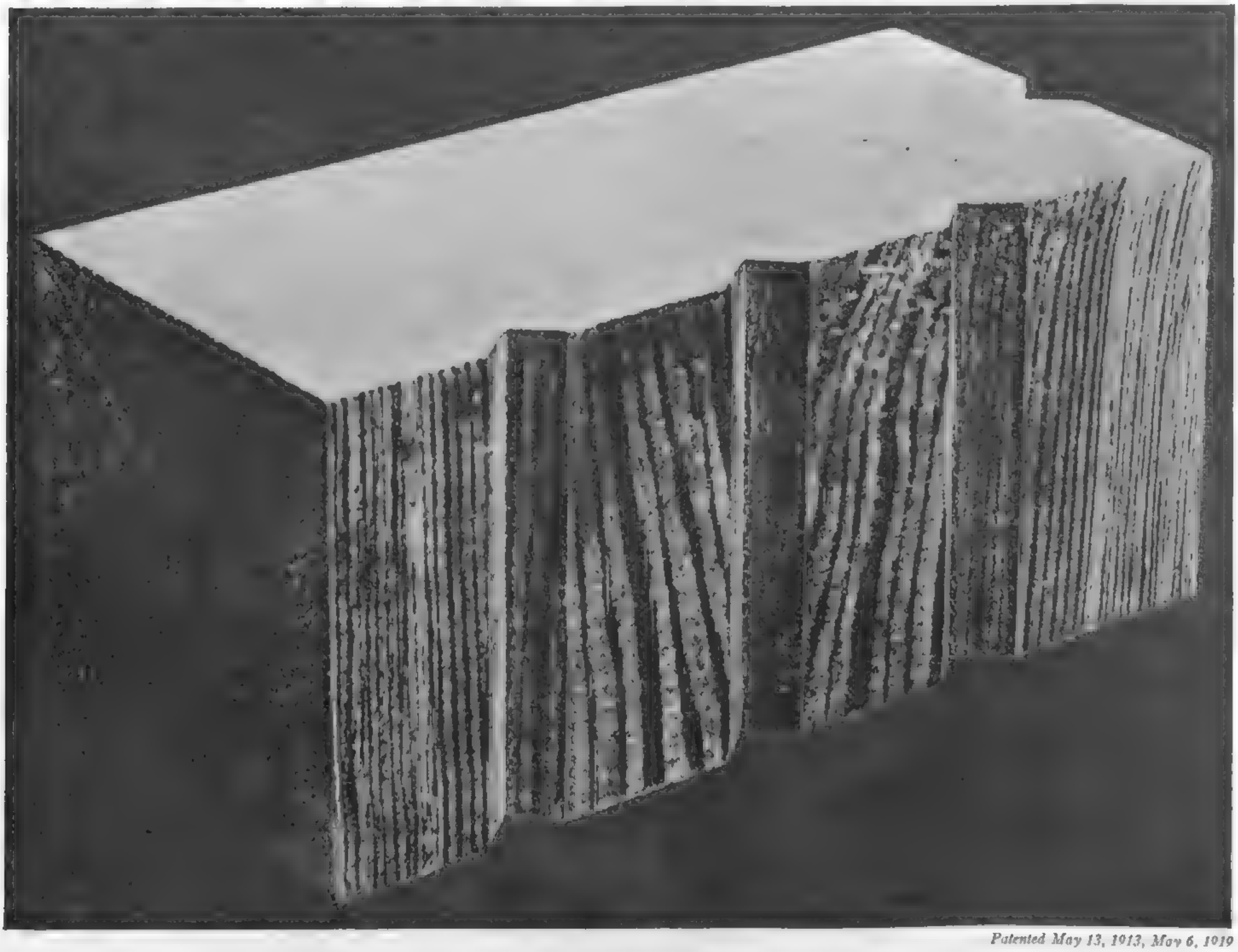
"Nothing but yourself can shake the stability of your business," he returned coldly. "The slightest thought will show you that it is barely a month since I smashed Ransome, and that meanwhile his business has fallen into your hands. I may fail in an effort to revive the line."

"I remember you failed once before," Rouse remarked grimly.

"I did," Rolf confessed frankly. "I've learned a lot since, but nothing to make me believe that I wasn't right before."

(Concluded on Page 97)

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS



Patented May 13, 1913, May 6, 1919

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	No. of Repeat Orders	*Square Feet*
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The Ford Motor Company	35	720,972
The General Electric Company	28	539,568
The Buick Motor Company	23	337,842
The Bethlehem Steel Company	19	246,834
The B. F. Goodrich Company	18	194,040
The Willys-Overland Co.	17	117,666
The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.	14	81,270
The American Radiator Company	14	58,014
The Reo Motor Company	13	357,642
The U. S. Malleable Iron Company	13	14,040
The National Enam. & Stamping Co	12	196,848
The Timken-Detroit Axle Co.	12	67,086
The Du Pont de Nemours Powder Co.	11	26,109
The Standard Steel Tube Co.	11	36,207
The Lunkenheimer Company	10	65,710
The Olds Motor Company	10	376,180
The United States Aluminum Co.	10	220,510
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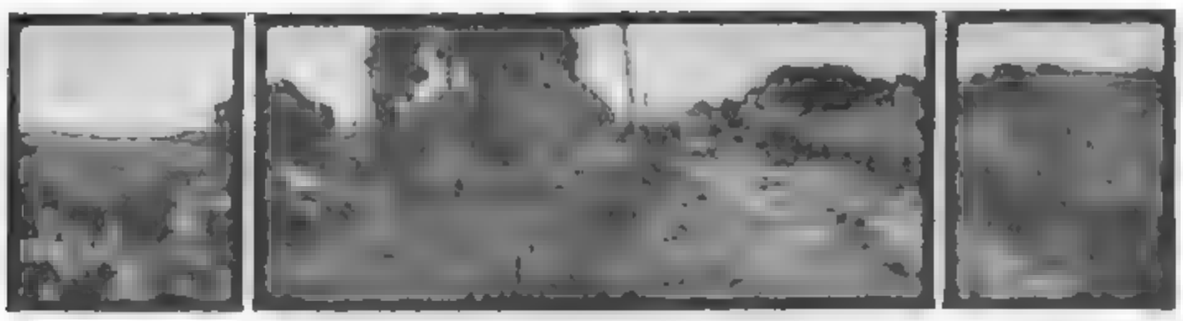

(Concluded from Page 95)

Aurelia had risen and stood among us with a strange intensity of attitude. She spoke quietly, addressing her father.

"You don't understand, dad," she said. "Rolf is right. You told me yourself you didn't trust him."

Rouse squirmed.

"I had my reasons," he muttered.

"To make me distrust him," she went on. "That is why I came here this afternoon. For years I have been warned against the man you left in charge of your property. You've always called him your good friend, and helped him. But you have just as consistently made me feel that he might turn out badly."

She turned to Rolf and I saw the astonishment rise in his eyes.

"You are so absolutely right!" she went on in her full, tuneful voice. "I understand! Dad doesn't!"

Rolf never took his gaze off her.

"Would you have understood if I had made a mess of things?" he asked.

Aurelia flung such suppositions aside.

"Of course! What would it have mattered to—to—us?"

"It would have meant that you would have had to live on the tenth of your present income," Rouse said bitterly.

Rolf started at the tone and said hastily, "Let's not discuss it."

"And you really intend to go to work to reëstablish the Ransome Line?" Rouse demanded.

"Starting next week, sir."

Tom rose and confronted him.

"Then I'll smash you!" he roared. He whirled on his daughter. "I forbid you to speak to this ungrateful whelp again, Aurelia! He is disloyal, as I feared he would be! If you have anything to do with him I'll—I'll disinherit you!"

"Dear me!" Aurelia responded softly. "Rolf hasn't asked me to—to leave the Rouse Line."

The young fellow rose magnificently to the challenge.

"I made the Rouse Line the biggest in the Pacific for your sake," he said, ignoring both us oldsters. "Throw it away! I'll make the Ransome Line twice as big and thrice as splendid for you."

Followed a silence.

Then Aurelia said quietly, "Nobody seems to offer as much, Rolf. Anyway, I—I trust you."

She held out her hand to him and he took it bashfully. I glanced away, at Tom Rouse crouched lionlike over his desk. The two young people nodded coolly to each other over their tremendous bargain, and Aurelia departed lightly and splendidly. Rolf stayed to sign a few letters brought in to him, and then took hat and coat. Tom watched him silently, and when he was gone turned to me savagely.

"My Lord!" he cried. "I come back to my own office and feel like an outsider! My own girl makes small of me! Do you know what I'll have to do, Garfinkle? I'll have to sell out to Rolf Haroldson. Maybe not this year, or the next—but sooner or later I'll have to knuckle under. He's—he's bewitched Aurelia and she goes right over to him! She almost proposed to him under my very eyes!"

"She did propose to him," I remarked, feeling strangely genial under my gruff exterior. "And I believe you will do well to sell out to Rolf."

"I offered him half. I'd ha' given him three-quarters!"

"He will have everything or nothing," I said wisely.

Rouse fell silent, and presently said with a sudden change of humor, "By hokey, I'll show that Rolf something!"

"Eh?" I asked, startled out of my dream.

Tom laughed at me.

"I'll show those two children who's who in the Pacific!"

And he did. Two years later Rolf Haroldson and his wife came to Tom Rouse and paid him an outrageous price for his holdings in the Rouse Line. Tom grinned to me over it.

"I ran those two the race of their lives," he said. "Twice I nearly had Rolf where I could dictate to him. And at last he saw the point and bought me out. He had to—or lose class." He chuckled. "I never saw Rolf better pleased. He never wholly approved of me as father-in-law till I showed him I could stand up to him in business. The boy is never satisfied unless he has the best in the world—even in fathers-in-law. Some class, eh?"

When You Buy Beverages at the Fountain

Note the containers from which your fruit juice drinks are drawn. Be sure that the ice is not placed in the beverage, thus diluting or contaminating it. It pays to buy drinks served from cleanly, right-principled "C & H" containers.

"C & H" Dispensers

No dirty or germ laden ice comes in contact with the beverage in "C & H" Dispensers. The ice is held in a separate chamber. The beverage is drawn through glass or white porcelain and a sanitary, non-clogging faucet. "C & H" dispensers for syrups, milk, cream, buttermilk, etc., are absolutely sanitary. Dealers will find it profitable to use them, because they *are great ice savers*.

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"XXth Century" water coolers installed in offices and stores, protect health and promote efficiency. No ice comes in contact with the water, which is always served clear and cool as a crystal spring—never harmfully cold. The "XXth Century," with its patented "Fibrotta" ice container, *saves its cost in ice*, using far less ice than other coolers. Handsome in appearance. Lasts a lifetime.

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Write for our Cooler and Dispenser catalog, also catalog of "Fibrotta" equipment—pails, waste baskets, umbrella jars, cuspidors, etc., rich mahogany in color; exceptionally durable and very sanitary.

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS

10 Leonard Street Dept. G New York City
Established 1889

FLOATING ISLAND

(Continued from Page 25)

the entire development of civilization for small individual states to go on maintaining their strict lines of individuality. And with the world's ever-increasing interdependence in trade relations and the general trend of nations—particularly the small ones—to specialization in production, it is ridiculous to suppose that the old, sharp, national lines can be reëstablished. Already they are broken down; inevitably there is a greater and greater tendency to certain logical national affiliations, an outgrowth in part of the alliances of the war. And never again will nations be able to slip back into their individual shells. No country, great or small, is absolutely self-sufficient any longer. The increased education of the rank and file of citizens plus their heightened standard of living precludes any such strict individualism as was possible even fifty years ago. The old conception of nationality was founded on isolation. Distinct national arts, costumes, music, architecture were the direct products of isolation, and isolation no longer exists nor ever can again—unless indeed industry shall actually vanish into the fog of red radicalism.

Now having said that much without any come-back which can reach me at this present writing, I want to go on and say that there is just one thing which will retain inviolate the identity of small nations: And that is their whites.

I draw no color line in that remark. You know as well as I do what I mean. I mean the white spirit; the souls of those individuals, no matter what color their skin, who cling to an ideal through the most complicated national difficulties. Czechoslovakia is a magnificent example of a nation which has done just that.

Cuban Insect Life

But nearer at home—how have we done with our Latin neighbors? Do we understand them? Do we give a—a cuss? We as a people are so gol-durned superior about what we can see in the flesh, so visionary and idealistic about something three thousand miles away, even when we are selfishly interested.

I want Cuba's sugar for my floating island. I want Cubans to prefer selling it to me. I don't want her to go behind my back and sell it to somebody else either. And to help this friendly feeling along I want the casual average American tourist who goes down to Habana to quit looking it over a little as if it were a menagerie. I want him to get a glimmer of intelligence about the folks who live there and to lay off pigeonholing opinions of Cuba which are not based on fact.

For all the newly evolving relationships of the world are going to be based upon mutual understanding. Funny thing it took the world so long to find that out, isn't it? Just like a child suddenly discovering that honesty is the best policy after having written it a hundred times at school in his copy book without its registering in the least. The only people who are going to be crushed by the world's readjustment are the ones who prefer their own opinions to the facts.

For example, let us consider the facts about bugs. One of the principal, what I may call, topics of conversation with the returned wanderer from East Orange is or are the Cuban cockroaches de luxe. They base their statements regarding the friendly, not to say cozy, habits of this large and handsome species upon mere visual experience. They have seen him nestling by the bathtub or capering gayly under the sink. He was there all right, all right, though he has no wings at all. And the evidence of personal observation, having ended after a very slight acquaintance, which is, as usually, terminated by the iron heel of the invaded, is only correct as far as it goes. Not one of the many distressed persons who have breathed the abhorrent name of cockroach to me seemed aware of the fact that the Cuban variety is a cleanly beast, properly known as the dry roach, and that his natural and preferred dwelling is in a self-built dry cranny in a wall or a hole in the ground. He is a husky out-of-doors creature, without any odor, and only comes into the house to escape the wet. Sometimes he wanders into the bathroom, but it's by mistake or the driest possible pipe. He is in nowise dangerous and he won't jump at you unless you get him all excited.

He and the Cuban flea are really maligned. The flea keeps his proper place in the markets. If you go there you may meet him; otherwise not. For Cuba is an extraordinarily clean place.

In Cuba the immaculate cleanliness of black and white alike is a revelation. Every day is Saturday in Cuba; and the theory of human equality, so far as racial differences are concerned, seems almost an actual thing. There may be some color line, but it is not discernible. If God had pleased to give me a rich brown complexion and I couldn't get a job as ladies' maid on the Chicago Limited, I'd move to Cuba at once, buy me a box of lavender face powder and a private bath in a good neighborhood and set about the entering of whatever profession or industry for which I was best mentally equipped, wholly unhampered by my epidermis.

I don't know why a so much greater equality in this respect obtains in Cuba than elsewhere, even in the smaller neighboring islands, but I do know that nothing really comparable to our negro problem exists there. The population is supposed to be thirty per cent colored and seventy per cent white. However, nothing is said about the pale-lavender population, which seems to be both large and self-evident and which is at once the most interesting and the most difficult human element in the island.

Now let's get this matter straight. The population of Cuba is divided into three parts—broadly speaking. It's always safe to add that "broadly" stuff in case of a barrage. Well, anyway, Cuba is roughly—quite roughly—divided into three elements. First, and most supremely important, are the Cubans. I mean representative Cubans who are as white as you are in skin and in spirit. Or as white as you ought to be. In the old days their relationship to Spain was just about that of ours to England in the eighteenth century. Only Spain was a darn sight meaner. In other words, they are colonist Spaniards of a high order, as are emigrant colonists the whole world over, and their original spirit hasn't changed any. Also like ourselves, they have a slight matrix of other bloods.

Next there are the Spaniards. And I don't really see how the Cubans stand them, because they are a whole lot like some Englishmen we have met, only worse, because these Spanish birds are living on an island the proprietors of which, with a little aid from the U. S. A., quite recently licked the pants off them; and yet they maintain a snobbery which would make me want to murder them out of hand if I were a Cuban. Even as an American cousin it got my goat something awful. And goats are not needed in Cuba. All the old Harlem goats have moved down there, driven out by the housing problem, just as all the scapegoats have been driven out of middle Broadway by the drought.

Well, as I was saying, these Spaniards jolly well kept their interests in Cuba, but have not done Cuba the courtesy of becoming Cuban citizens.

Just think how you would feel if, meeting a resident foreigner in your home town, you heard him scornfully deny being an American. "Good Lord, no! I'm not an American!"

Suppose he said that disgustedly, though farming a perfectly good piece of American soil. What would you do in such a case? You'd tell him to jolly well go home or change his tune. And as a matter of fact we have patiently endured a great deal of such stuff. Now we are through with it. Such a resident is quietly handed his passport. Not so the Spaniard in Cuba. Yet one of the very first things a resident Spaniard does to the stranger is to make it clear that he is not a Cuban. Gee, it made me sore! It didn't raise their stock with me one little bit.

All during the world war some of these Spaniards seized the opportunity of furthering German propaganda. That's not so strange, of course. And there they are. Why, if they hold Cuba in so little respect that they will not become citizens, don't they go back to that dear Spain tra-la-la? Because they are making money, dum-di-dum!

And then, thirdly, but not leastly nor lastly, by several thousand words, are the pale-lavender people.

Prior to 1898–99 there was a real reason for Spanish-born people being upstage. The laws of Cuba were all partisan to her governing class, discriminating against the native-born, and General Wood's child was the first governor's offspring to be born in the palace. Part of this discrimination was based on the fact that a good many native-born were slaves. This was, of course, prior to our own Civil War. And as a result of slavery Cuba has a third group, whose edges touch the first two classes rather closely, however, and these are my lavender people. Every big port in the world has them, but in Habana they are of a far higher grade than in Shanghai or Port Said or any other great cosmopolitan port that I have ever seen. In fact, they are a quite wonderful people, furnishing, as they do, the most picturesque and exciting sort of element.

Carmen's Perfect Day

They are, I suppose, part native Indian, part African negro, part Chinese, of which great numbers were at one time imported as laborers, and a little dash of the proud Spaniard. The result is amazing. Spanish is their language, and Spanish, too, the dress of the women, who have a strange beauty of their own; also lavender face powder, from which I get my term. There are many ardent patriots among the men. They are a moderately sober, industrious lot; born lovers, gamblers, fighters. And to see them dance a sort of sublimated shimmy, called the danzon, at one of the public balls on a Sunday night is a sight not easily forgotten, nor one to which you would take your mother—that is, not unless you were modernizing her and had primed her on Ellis and Moll in advance and were sure she was capable of taking a big night from a purely intellectual standpoint that would ruin all possible pleasure in it.

Well, anyway, I'll say that the whole of Sunday as observed by these folks is worth following up. Beginning with early mass let us follow Miss Carmen Sanchez y Schmidt to the luscious end of a perfect day.

At seven o'clock, standard Cuban sun time, she is ready to accompany the mamma and the mamma's mamma, who is called the mamita, to mass. Being an ambitious girl with an eye to a good husband in the near future she, at eighteen years, has been careful to weigh not less than two hundred

(Continued on Page 102)

Symbols *of the* Craftsmen's Pride—Ancient *and* Modern

THE timekeepers so painstakingly wrought by the craftsmen of the ancient watchmakers guild were a source of pride to their creators—and it was natural that they should seek methods of identifying their masterpieces.

Sometimes the guild mark—an encircled letter, a pineapple, a heraldic emblem—was used; sometimes the name of an individual. Pride of craftsmanship was paramount, and each watch identified by name or symbol represented the best efforts of those who created it.

In the mountainous cantons of Switzerland the art of the watchmaking guilds attained its fullest development. There the masters of the guild dedicated their lives to their work, and passed down their art, a priceless heritage, to their sons and grandsons. There many worthy marks originated, and have been perpetuated even unto this day.

This Emblem of the Gruen Guild *Identifies Jewelers Who Will Show You* Gruen Watches

IT remained for Gruen to bring into the Gruen Watchmakers Guild the descendants of these old guild masters, that the ancient ideals might be preserved. It remained for Gruen to make the products of their art available to America, through the medium of the jeweler agencies who display the Gruen Guild emblem.

In the Gruen Guild Workshops at Madretsch-Biel, Switzerland, Gruen Guild Watches have their origin. Here, with the aid of the most modern American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the Gruen movements—and here these artisans, with the same skill and devotion as was possessed by the masters of old, do what no machine can do, finish by hand and adjust each movement to the exacting standards of Gruen Precision accuracy.

On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop of the Gruen Guild where the hand-wrought cases are made, and the movements inserted and given final adjustment. Here, also, is maintained a *real* service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to any jeweler in America.

Thus, in Gruen Guild Watches, are combined the old ideals, that made the Swiss guildsmen the watchmaking masters of the world, and the new American principles of standardization that make for uniformity and sustained quality of output.

You may see the Gruen Guild Watches at one of the 1,200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed in the store windows of all Gruen agents. Remember, however—not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

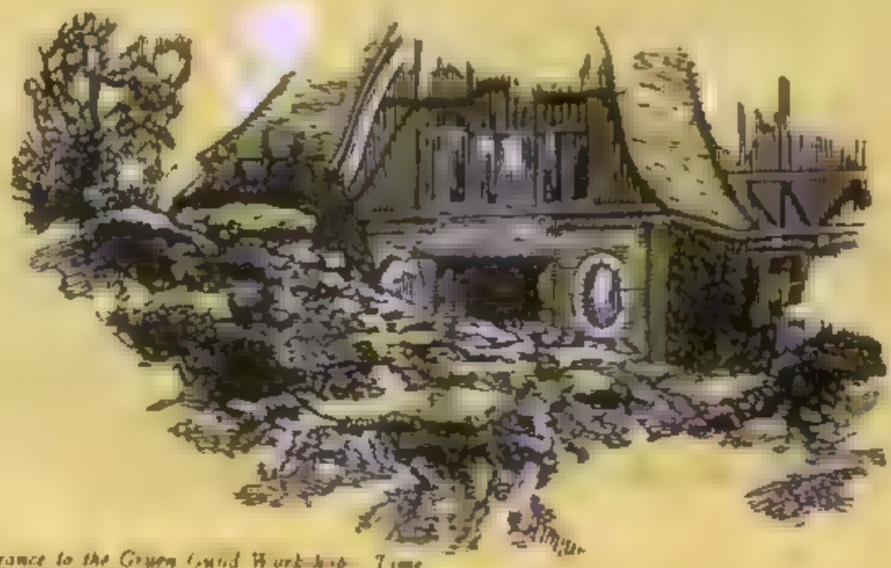
Dietrich Gruen Models, $300 to $850. Ultrathin Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible]. Prescientific Models, $65 to $[illegible]. Wrist Watches $65 to $[illegible]. Thin Models $75 to $[illegible]. Men's Strap Models [illegible], $75. Ladies' Wrist Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible]

Increase in price for gold cases or platinum and white gold cases in various styles and finishes. Gruen Guild de Luxe Models from $125 to $10,000

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Canadian branch, Toronto, Can.

The Gruen Observatory Standard, [illegible] to the [illegible] of the Gruen Guild Emblem. [illegible] possible precision [illegible]



Entrance to the Gruen Guild Workshop, Time Hill, Cincinnati. [illegible]

GRUEN Guild Watches

Large photograph: One of a set of Goodyear Cord Tires which outhauled solid tires in a six months' test conducted by The Winkler Motor Service, Chicago. Inserted photograph: The two trucks used in the test, No. 1 on Goodyear Cord Tires, and No. 2 on solid tires

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Greater Range With Savings Via Pneumatics

The analysis below sets forth the net results of a six months' test conducted by The Winkler Motor Service of Chicago. This concern handles, on contract, the deliveries of The Steele-Wedeles Company, wholesale grocers of that city. The two trucks employed in the test were of the same make and capacity. Truck No. 1, on Goodyear Cord Tires, was used for long-distance deliveries to retailers, often running as far as Gary, Indiana—35 miles. Truck No. 2, on solid tires, was used for the shorter city hauls, traveling good pavements most of the time. Allowance, therefore, should be made for very bad stretches of roads encountered by the pneumatic-tired truck at the south end of the city and outside of it

	Truck No. 2 (Solid Tires)	Truck No. 1 (Goodyear Cord Tires)	Difference in favor of Pneumatics
Number of days operated	153	153	
Miles traveled	7,026	10,282	46% increase
Ton miles traveled	8,700	12,834	47% increase
Miles per gallon of oil	93	157.5	69% increase
Labor cost per mile (drivers)	$ .111	$ .075	32% saving
Operating cost per mile	$ .239	$ .225	6% saving
Cost per ton mile	$ .19	$ .18	5% saving

NOTE: Included in the Operating Cost Per Mile are all variable charges such as for fuel, oil, wages, repairs, tires, etc.; also, the fixed charges for overhead, administration, interest, taxes, and the like. Observe particularly that the latter were automatically reduced per mile by the pneumatics, which distributed them over a 47 per cent greater delivery distance.

COMMERCIAL hauling records comparing Goodyear Cord Tires on trucks with solid tires, as above, thoroughly explain the rapidly advancing adoption of pneumatic truck tires in America today.

Made intensely practical with the pioneering development of Goodyear Cord construction, the able pneumatics are multiplying both the utility and economy of the motor truck.

How decisively the big Goodyear Cord Tires improve hauling is shown in varied operating and cost reports sent on request by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

Touch the Corn

with Blue-jay, and it goes

This is the method which has ended at least a hundred million corns.

It is scientific, easy, simple, painless. It is fast supplanting all the methods which were harsh, uncertain, wrong.

It was invented by a chemist who spent years in corn study. It is produced by a surgical dressing laboratory of world-wide repute.

The method is called Blue-jay. It comes in liquid form or plaster—as you choose.

A simple touch applies it, and the corn pain stops. In a little while the whole corn loosens and comes out—usually in a couple of days.

Millions of people use it. They stop every corn ache the moment it appears. Instead of paring and nursing a corn, they end it quickly and completely.

You will do that always when you once try Blue-jay. Then corns will cease to trouble.

Prove this tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

Liquid or Plaster

Blue-jay comes in both liquid and plaster form. Tell your druggist which style you prefer.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

(Continued from Page 98)

pounds or so, the rigors of a diet of candied yams, fried fish, buttered unbleached rice, condensed milk and dulce de guava helping her on toward that much-desired end. Her complexion is smeared with cold cream and plastered with lavender face powder, through which perhaps a few brown freckles show pleasingly. She is clean—beautifully, immaculately clean. Having already taken one bath she will take a second one after the siesta.

Her hair is elaborately dressed, but she does not wear either a hat or flowers upon it. Instead, perhaps a huge bow of pink—terrifically pink—ribbon will adorn it. Her skirt is a sports skirt from the Estados Unidos, her thin blouse, which allows the pale golden skin beneath to be glimpsed, is the fine work of her own hands. Over this, about the shoulders, lies a fringed kerchief of bright yellow silk loosely knotted. She wears purple stockings and striped tennis shoes. Between the inevitable and showy earrings her naturally crimson lips glow amazingly. She wears no rouge, because, with her, pallor is the sum of desirable beauty. A heavy perfume, a large fan to keep away the sun and she is ready—a strange, really beautiful, alluring tropic flower, fantastic and unreal as the flame trees back in the baking plains of the interior.

On the way home from church she looks about her for a possible flirtation. Afterward there are chicken fights; a late second breakfast; the siesta; if you have the price, the big race of the week out at the American park; or a lazy dressing, and the Jai-Alai in the evening, killing time until the ball begins; or out on the Prado, walking up and down while the band plays and plays at the theater doorway and never stops, like a circus sideshow attracting customers.

As for the ball itself—well, I want to sit down and gasp when I think of it. There are no chaperons at a ball of this class. The foreign visitor is neither welcomed nor encouraged, and I advise you to stay away unless you go to look with the eyes of understanding—with not alone a willingness to learn something about a people very different from anything we have at home, but with the resolve not to criticize but to comprehend. Here you will see, if you succeed in getting a place in one of the boxes—you positively must not attempt to go upon the floor—here you will see a very wonderful sight that can be and generally is all too easily misunderstood by cheap-minded sensation hunters.

Undiluted Jazz

The dancers are not vicious. They are primitive; a wholly different matter. If Americans gave a party like that, or if real Cubans gave it, it would be vicious. But the savage is strong in these dancers-till-the-dawn. Yet the air of restraint is marvelous. A strict etiquette prevails. It is distinctly bad taste to change partners. It is also de rigueur to dance continuously in a space not over two feet square. Conversation during a dance is simply nil. No one gets very tight, and the music never, no, never ceases. When an intermission occurs the band instead of stopping simply plays a great deal louder.

This avalanche of sound is the signal to stand still on the exact spot whereon you find yourself, pull out your fan and talk. The men push their hats back a little farther on their heads, mop their faces and talk. All at once the music grows soft again. Instantly hats are pushed forward, fans are closed and the dance begins anew. I may say in describing this danzon, which is the exclusive feature of the evening, that the only part of the anatomy remaining expressionless is the face. A poker face and a snake-charmer body are the first requirements of a really first-class belle of the ball.

The orchestras need a word or several all to themselves. I spoke of them a few weeks ago, but you can't dismiss them so easily. They are black. They are the Congo. They can't bother with a regular tune they just retain the jazz part of jazz—the thumping and the brass noises. Santo Domingo! Key West! Oh, Baby! It's the rhythm of the universe, as old friend Bergson would say. It's the kind of music no lady would listen to—without dancing.

I may add that there are no Sunday newspapers in Habana, which may explain a whole lot.

That a genuine effort at counteracting the evils which are incident to the existence of the lavender population has been and is being made, I positively know. The task is by no means so simple as might at first appear, because you can't just shut the lid down on folks of that kind without bringing about a rebellion. Because these mixed breeds have some fine qualities. They are not, I repeat, low. They are dressed up but undeveloped primitive people, with all the savage virtues and some of the civilized ones. They themselves abuse their license very little.

Well, anyway, this important third element of Cuba's population is bound to go its noisy, childish way until it grows up or is assimilated or something. Meanwhile it furnishes an intensely interesting study for highbrows like myself, and is by no means without its beauties. There is a rhythm to all their living which extends in a less exaggerated form through every class of society in the country.

Also, there is a solemn dignity common to all grades of Cubans taking their pleasure. Moreover, they all love to dance, and do so upon every possible occasion. A tea—so called from courtesy—at one of the big hotels is a sight desirable to behold, and though run by Americans it is one of the most un-American institutions in Habana.

Cuban Cocktails Always Twins

It is usually a magnificent occasion and yet one at which many of those petty barriers of misunderstanding which I am out to clear up are apt to arise. Here we see the high-class Cuban family out for a big time. And yet the tourist watching them needs to have it explained that these are really high-class Cubans.

Why, in the name of Ham, this should be necessary, I don't know. For I've got to admit that in any New York hotel one can see just as many nice young ladies just as nicely made up; and yet at home no one would dream of misunderstanding them as much as they would like to be misunderstood.

But perhaps it is because some of the short skirts at a Cuban tea are bona-fide evidences of youth.

The first thought of any well-regulated Latin mother is to bring her daughter to a marriageable condition as soon as possible. Daughter is right with her on the proposition. And the net result is that at such a public function as I am about to describe you will very commonly see a family party consisting of the grandmother—always the chief power in any household where she exists—the mother, and perhaps five daughters, ranging in age from the early twenties to a fourteen-year-old miss with skirts to her knees, jeweled earrings, her hair down her back, her face enameled, carrying a fan and a lorgnette—and using them, too, believe me!

To see these six or seven ladies enter and take their places at table is not a little awe-inspiring. The tea hour is five P. M. and they come more punctually than to a private function. The tiled patio is empty save for its glittering tables, shiny waiters and abundant flowers. Then all at once it is full of lovely ladies.

And their clothing! The most extravagant and extreme modes that Paris can furnish are not extreme enough. Nor is there in any community in the world such a show of diamonds. In size and numbers the display is incredible.

Recently an estimate made by a local jeweler stated that over two million dollars was represented in jewels on the persons of the assembled company in a single afternoon. I don't know if he got it right or not, but I'll say it certainly looked like real money, at any rate.

Well, these ladies, having seated themselves, order a mild cocktail apiece. There is no such thing as a single cocktail in the island, and so what the waiter actually brings is a double Bronx or Orange Blossom. One drink lasts a Cuban lady all afternoon and she takes it with a spoon. This means Miss Fourteen Years too. But ——

They don't smoke. No Cuban gentlewoman, or even perfect lady, smokes in public. Also, when a masculine acquaintance desires to dance with one of the flock, he asks her mother's permission. They dance divinely. After the dance is over, does the young man join the party and stand a round of drinks? He does not! He bows politely, hands her back into the bosom of her family and departs. Very likely he will come back for the next dance. But he would no more be allowed to sit out a dance with her, or to

(Concluded on Page 104)

STEEL is steel and machines are machines.

Yet one forging holds and another fails. One says, "Rely on me" and proves it—the other brings failure and peril when it breaks under strain.

Why the difference?

Men.

The proudest product of the Billings & Spencer Company of Hartford, the First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America, is men.

Men in executive positions who have descended from the founders of the business—who got from their own fathers the Triangle B ideal.

Men in the shops to whom the crash of the hammers has been music for a quarter of a century. Such a man as, grown too old for active work, begged to be allowed to stay in the shops as a watchman, because the thunder of noise and the bursts of live sparks were part of his life. He stayed.

Men who have grown up and grown old in the Billings & Spencer tradition that "into every forging goes our whole reputation."

Men to whom steel is a living and breathing thing, with human faults or virtues, who could not work if they were not allowed steel worthy of their craftsmanship. Men to whom great machines are as their own fingertips—who constantly plan for better work, to whom the improvement of a single screw is an epoch of accomplishment.

Men who think only of the product—who send out their forgings into the world of industry as a father sends out his sons—giving them the best there is in themselves.

Just men.

And that is the only difference between forgings, the only difference between this tool and that, the only difference between machines.

Men.

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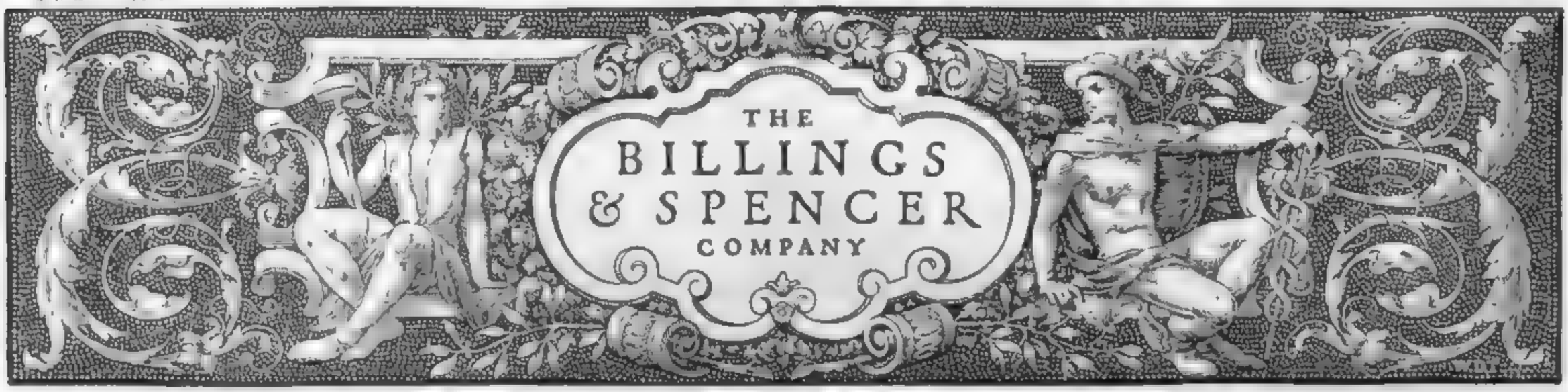


(Concluded from Page 102)

take her to luncheon or the matinée unchaperoned, or even to see her alone in the parlor, than the protected American girl would be permitted to stand on her head in the middle of Fifth Avenue.

For all their hectic exteriors, the conservative Cuban women are the most conservative going. But they don't look it, I admit that. Also, this class doesn't get fat until securely married—just like the average nice American girl. They are a highly moral, rather narrow people, and if perhaps not all the men are of the nonskid variety, the ladies most certainly are.

Another little thing which American visitors don't get right the first time is the way the ladies, even the most impeccable of ladies, get spoken to on the streets—if there is the least thing about them worth mentioning. Of course there are women who would be safe anywhere, poor things; but, nowadays, what with the beauty parlors, emergency kits for first aid to the homely, and all, these unfortunates are few and far between and rather stupid. And nobody has much sympathy for stupid people of any sex.

But in the City of Nonsensical Gallantry a good point has to be well concealed to be overlooked by the male population. And what is considerably more, the gentlemen have an idea that it would be all wrong not to let the lady know that they have noticed. Therefore they are not backward in mentioning the facts as they see them.

Tribute to Beauty

The bold creatures will line up without anyone to mention "Attention!" as she passes, and comment in Spanish that God should bless her mother for having had such a beautiful daughter. Or that she is the light of Andalusia—which is some compliment, believe me! Or that she is delicious. It listens just a little rough. At any rate, the American lady will class it that way.

But let her respond to some choice term with so much as a sidewise glance, even just a teeny-weeny bit of a come-on, and a terrible thing occurs.

The man who has started it promptly faints. All is confusion. An ambulance must be sent for, and a doctor. Gradually he revives from the shock, if his heart is strong. Occasionally, I believe, he dies of it.

Because the poor bird who started it wasn't starting anything. He never dreamed she would let on she heard, but fully expected her to pass by with her chin in the air, apparently unhearing. All the wretched male victim was doing was to follow the native custom, a Spanish importation, of throwing verbal flowers—*Floridias*, as it is called. He does it to the Cuban girls all the time, and never gets or expects a rise out of them. They walk by, apparently stone-deaf. But believe me, they are not. A Cuban belle goes home and cries all her make-up off if nobody speaks to her on the street.

A few times American girls have called for the police, and the poor policeman didn't get it at all, even after the most elaborate explanations. And all the magistrate handed out was a big laugh and a dismissal.

There's no use—when you are in Cuba you had better do as the Cubans do even if it makes you feel like a cubist.

They are remarkably beautiful women, too, the Cubans, languorous, immobile, softly scented, careful of their persons, lazy, mentally indolent, ornamental and sentimental. Their willful wants make woeful waste, perhaps, yet the same can readily be said of the rich in any country.

The vast majority of the richest class of Cubans are strong rooters for America. They have eagerly seized upon the traditions left behind by the first American governor, who, being a good soldier, accomplished the astounding feat of keeping a clean camp there, an achievement which still endears him to the patriotic hearts of all to whom he handed at the same time the gilded old conservative ideals of his time.

There is no denying the fact that in common with a good many Americans a lot of Cuban people have grown rich under methods of special privilege which it would be hard to get away with anywhere to-day. Concessions granted by the government belong to a dead era—I hope. And it is up to Cuba to discard her pre-Roosevelt tradition of hidebound black republicanism if she wants to keep up with the procession. Already the high hand is producing results and Cuba's lower classes boast of a newly organized Socialist Party, which, no matter how it pronounces itself, is spelled S-o-v-i-e-t. And the obsolete system of special privilege, which I strongly suspect got some of its impetus from the States back in those early days, has called the new party into being.

However, there are a good many live wires in Cuba who care too much about sound business policies to allow the political machinery behind them to become obsolete. Fair play will be the fashion there as soon as we re-establish it as an ideal for ourselves.

Which brings us by a natural sequence to the favorite parlor subject of capital and labor. Also back to the cow. Because the cow is such a nice, obvious symbol for production, and it is presumable that production has of late years stood helplessly between these two well-organized minority factions.

Behold the cow, the principal factor in floating island, baked custard, nursing bottles and café au lait—anyone knows the lait is three-quarters of the cup.

She, speaking generically, has as much milk as ever. But in order to keep the price up "they" are making corned beef of her. And yet there the durn milk is, if only we common people could get at it. The actual source of production has remained unchanged. The willingness to produce has changed. The cow is but one of many industries which is getting its head chopped off because it's too much trouble to feed. And, poor thing, I'll bet she's just as willing to let you have your custard as she was twenty years ago.

This seems off the subject but it is merely a literary trick. An author needs something to hang a subject on, and the horns of my dilemma are cow horns this time. Because one of the things which hit the Cuban workingman hardest—also the Cuban bourgeois—is this very cow problem. For though Cuba may be a land flowing with honey, something has happened to the plumbing when you try to turn on the milk tap. And plumbing is right, because Cuba is so far in her modern civilization removed from the cow, that practically all her milk comes from the condensed can.

The Pleasures of Cigar Making

This is partially due to the fact that fresh milk is climatically out of the question. They put salt into it the minute it's tapped, to preserve it, with the result that the stranger in the island, realizing that he is on an island, at first believes it to be the milk of the sea cow. Consequently milk in cans has to be an accepted fact. But it's pretty hard to accept at thirty-five cents a can. If you are a cane cutter, doing seasonal work at an average of four dollars a day, you just naturally go without desserts, the same as the average five-thousand-dollar-a-year American family. I suppose that sucking a piece of cane instead is occasionally a mild consolation. Besides, they probably have other things, though I could not find out just what.

But in the big city of Habana—and with a population of half a million, it really is a big city—the workingman has risen to the same heights of dictatorship on which his American brothers teeter so uneasily. Indeed, he has outstripped the American in some respects, though a great deal of the work in the tobacco industry is piecework. However, that is a small matter. It's just as easy to walk out on piecework as it is on day's wages.

And so the greedy capitalist, with his usual brilliant intelligence, has hit upon a splendid idea to keep them quiet. He hires a professional entertainer to keep the cigar maker's mind off his wages if not off his work. Perched high upon a little platform at the end of the factory room like a schoolmaster, and faced by row upon row of benches at which the cigarmakers sit, is the reader. Dramatically, eloquently, he disperses the news of the day, and other interesting pieces of fiction. He reads them plays and poetry, and sometimes, without protest on the part of his audience, even goes so far as to recite. And the victims seem to enjoy it.

It's a truly remarkable idea. A human one too. Why not entertain the men and women on any monotonous job? The notion might well be carried into our American industries. I would suggest, for example, a Russian symphony orchestra for the coal miners, playing the fire music from Die Walküre; recitations, including Where is My Wandering Boy To-night? and Casey Jones for the railway brotherhoods; and a good jazz band playing There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night in the steel mills. The power of suggestion is a wonderful thing, or so we are told.

However, entertainment while on the job didn't seem to affect the waiters' union any. They had the cabarets, and still they struck. Perhaps that is why they struck!

And maybe, after all, a better solution for unrest would be to inculcate the notion that work is in itself entertainment. A good many pretty substantial people have found it so.

Stronger than the Cuban unions are their workingmen's clubs. One of the most amazing things about the whole island is the fact of its sharp contrasts between the primitive and what seems the ultimate. In the middle of the island I am told that one can still find devil worshipers, and, even very recently, signs of active voodooism; while in the city of Habana are several workingmen's clubs that are like the dream of a social idealist come true.

The most notable of these is the Galicia Club, formed not of men from a single trade-union or any group of trade-unions, but of workers who came originally from the province of Galicia in Spain. This organization is housed in a palatial building on the Prado, a structure far handsomer than any exclusive New York club and much larger. Its appointments are magnificent, and its membership dues, which include insurance, medical treatment and all club privileges, are one and a half dollars a month. It has its own hospital, situated just outside the city, and a magnificent ballroom. I don't just know whether the maintenance of the one has any connection with the maintenance of the other, but am inclined to believe not.

Ancient History

It is a truly wonderful organization and belongs to the year A. D. 2021 if we are to assume that the world intends progressing. There may be dissension within this building, but if there is, it doesn't show. And if it does exist, what of it? Have you ever served on the house committee of your local golf or pinochle organization? Well, then, you know how it generally is: and the workingmen, even organized workingmen, are not supermen any more than we are, no matter what they may think, and are doubtless just as liable to all the social amenities incident to club life as we bourgeois.

America's acquaintance with Cuba is an old one. I seem vaguely to recall catching a fly in school, and pressing him, like the dainty flower that he wasn't, between two pages of an otherwise useless history book, and that just under the place where said fly squashed so nicely it said something about American colonial troops being used by the British during the capture and occupation of Habana in 1762. And if I remember rightly, Gates, Green and Putnam got warmed up in this scrap for the big party in which they took so conspicuous a hand about twelve years later.

President Monroe had ideas about Cuba, too, but the Spaniards had spent fourteen million dollars on a discouraging-looking fortress called La Cabana, and so whatever ideas he had concerning Cuba simply got buried in the congressional records or the graveyard or some place.

Also, General Grant, while President, turned thoughtful eyes upon the island. A good deal of New England capital was going down there. But Grant's attitude favored a liberated Cuba, and it was really with him that this more commendable attitude upon the part of America began.

You know the rest. At least you'll claim you do and will get away with it unless somebody tries to check you up. As a matter of fact you probably remember no more about the history of our relationship with Cuba than you know who your assemblyman is, and believe me, it's little things like this that you really ought to know. So I'll slip you a few and you can spring them on somebody who hasn't happened to read this number of THE POST. I don't mean about your assemblyman. The only thing I can tell you about him is that you ought to know about him. I mean about Cuba.

How Cuba Grew Up

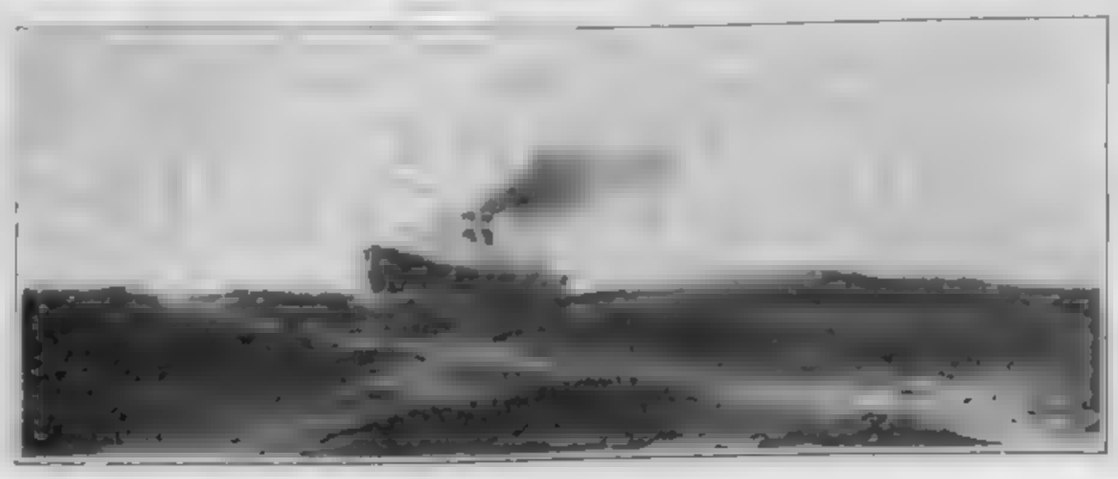
Well, anyway, the real honest-to-goodness Cuban struggle for independence began in 1896, and a lot of our boys went down and mixed in just for the hell of it. After two years of hot scrapping the island was pretty well in the hands of the revolutionists. However, the Spaniards defended Habana and her bars and cafés to the last pony, very successfully until the blowing up of the Maine.

The rest of the war ran as follows: Dewey sank the Velasco in Manila Bay; Hobson sank the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor and was kissed by the nation; Teddy led the Rough Riders up San Juan Hill and became President of the United States. And there you have the facts in a nutshell—meaning you.

Except, of course, that in 1902 the great experiment was tried. Baby Cuba was let go from Uncle Sam's sheltering arms and allowed to toddle across the nursery floor alone. It toddled pretty well for four years, with Nursy Estrada Palma watching its faltering steps. But when he gave notice, down tumbled baby, government and all, and Uncle Sam had to pick it up again. It got rather dirty in the process, and we need not be too proud of our blunders during the second intervention. But during that period baby Cuba grew up, in the amazing way that young things have. Before we knew it, it was wearing pants and asking permission to go out with the gang; a husky youngster whom any uncle might well be proud to have had a hand in the raising of.

It is hard to realize that this wonderful little country is so new an entity among the nations. Its importance has been hastened and emphasized by the sugar crisis and by, unfortunately, the advertising which prohibition has thrust upon it. Free advertising is generally unpleasant advertising. It usually smacks more of notoriety than of publicity. To obtain the latter a price must be paid, and no more substantial medium of exchange can be offered by any nation than political and economic integrity.

Cuba has been so close to us for so long that in the political and economic house cleaning which we are ourselves striving for this coming November, she must and undoubtedly will follow suit. Cuba's elections take place almost simultaneously with our own, and a reactionary result there will be of as much danger to her as to ourselves. Ninety per cent of Cuba's imports come from the United States. Her chief contact with the w. k. cow is from our shores. What affects us will affect her, and her interest in our political campaigns is not a passive thing. Too many Americans have interests in Cuba for that. Too many Cuban-born men are actually American citizens, holding naturalization papers and having fought in the American Army during the World War, for the island to be wholly detached from our problems of readjustment. And so I'll say, let's both work together this summer toward a practical demonstration of the fact that honor is not without profit, even in our own country.



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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Loafers

NECESSITY is the mother of industry. Few men would work if they could get a living without it. Poets endeavor to make romance of labor, but the pinch of hunger is a greater inspiration than poetry, and those who sweat are not conscious of romance. One who has known the ache of back muscles and the sting of broken blisters cannot be cajoled or flattered into the belief that work is either beautiful or pleasant. He realizes that work is necessary but holds that it is a necessary evil.

Whether an evil or no, work is in truth necessary. It is the price men pay for the right to live. If one does not pay the price and yet lives, some other must sweat beyond his need and receive less than he earns. One who consumes and does not produce eats another's bread.

The idler is either a menace or a nuisance. If he is without wealth he preys on society and lives by theft, trickery or threat. If he has wealth his idleness offers opportunity to flaunt it. He inspires the envy of those who must toil for bread and thus becomes one of the reasons for Bolshevism. The poor who toil respect rather than envy the rich who toil. The feeling that men call class hatred is not envy of wealth or place. Many who have wealth and place are loved and honored by the poor. Class hatred is resentment of the fact that many who do not earn bread are by some unjust prank of fate enabled to eat cake.

Workmen do not hate or envy the employer who toils with them; they resent the conduct of his son, who is a gentleman of leisure at the expense of the old man's purse. Class hatred may function in many ways, but at bottom it is a crying out against a system that permits one man to rest on his oars and make merry while another sweats to move the craft.

Society protects itself against others who would injure it; why not against loafers?

The loafer wearing rags and a week's beard who stands on the street and incites others to rebellious thoughts and disorderly conduct is arrested by a policeman Society protects itself. When one in fine raiment stands on the street and by his loafing and spending incites workers to rebellious thoughts and disorderly conduct, why is he not arrested? Why doesn't society protect itself against him?

The thief is not excused because his father earned and saved a great deal of money. Money does not excuse other threats against the peace and safety of the state. Why then should wealth excuse the loafer who eats bread he has not earned and tempts honest workers to foolish hopes and vain endeavors?

Is this a preaching of Bolshevism? Far from it. This is the preaching of a cure for the condition that makes Bolshevism possible. Society cannot wholly protect itself against the menace of class hatred while tolerating the unjust condition that prompts the menace.

Red radicalism is an ugly thing and has run blindly amuck. We should condemn it, but condemning it will avail nothing, and attempts to suppress it will avail little until we are honest enough to admit that it did not come into existence without a cause, and sensible enough to set about removing the cause.

It is neither possible nor just to hold all men down to a common level. The swift will outdistance the slow. The strong will surpass the weak. One will accomplish more than another, and should receive a reward in keeping with the measure of his service.

But no man sound in body and mind should be permitted the privilege of loafing. Possessions have nothing to do with the matter. Loafing is an affront to society. It is a taking without giving. One may earn millions, but he cannot earn the right to loaf. The world is entitled to the product of his energies regardless of his wealth.

Every man who is not regularly employed at some useful task is a leech, whether he be covered with talcum powder or cooties.

Theorists maintain that much of the world's woe is occasioned by underproduction. Underproduction is but another name for overconsumption. The world has too few producers and too many consumers—too few workers and too many loafers.

Society cannot force men to work while conceding that loafing is a gentleman's privilege. The striker cannot be driven back to his task while the son of a hard-working millionaire loafs and flaunts his protected leisure.

If we would cure an evil condition we must get at the root of it. We must concede that idleness is a crime against society and find means to make the crime unpopular. Let him who is not regularly employed be taken in custody by the state and assigned to duty on the public highways to earn his salt. Let him there serve mankind until he elects to find other employment.

There was once a time when a robber was a baron and ranked high in the social scale. There was once a time when a sea pirate was a hero. Society has found grace to condemn the thief and the professional murderer, regardless of their poverty or wealth. So in time, as man approaches nearer that exalted state called civilization, the loafer will receive the condemnation he earns and those who eat will pay the bill in service.

Doctors

MY FRIEND the corner grocer has opinions. While business was dull one morning last week he leaned across the counter and told me what he thought of physicians.

Said he: "Doctors are fakers. The state gives them license to practice medicine, and that is what they do. They practice. They don't know what is the matter with you. They guess. If they guess right and guess the right medicine for what ails you you get well. If they guess wrong the blow falls on the life-insurance company. In either case the bill is the same. You pay for a good guess and your widow pays for a bad one. The only reason they get by is because they write prescriptions in a dead language that makes spring water sound like something worth two dollars an ounce. Old Doc Snow gets a rake-off on every prescription the drug store fills, and as a result every back yard in this town is full of empty bottles. And we haven't sense enough to catch on. If one of his patients gets well we say he is a wonderful doctor, and if the patient dies we say that God took him in spite of all Snow could do. A license to practice medicine is about the same thing as a license to steal, only plain thieves don't encourage the manufacture of coffins."

That was last week. As I was walking home from the shop yesterday evening I met the grocer. He was greatly agitated.

"Listen!" said he. "I'd like to borrow your car. Can't get mine start . Batteries dead or something."

"All right," replied. "What's the trouble?"

"It's Billy," he explained. "Had a cold for a week. Got a high fev this afternoon and we're afraid of pneumonia. Doc Snow and that young fellow Woods are over home with him now and I'm going to the county seat for another doctor."

Autobiography

A FRANK record of any man's life would make interesting reading, but few such records exist. The biographer is handicapped by lack of intimate knowledge and the autobiographer is handicapped by modesty or shame. Cellini confessed a multitude of faults, but doubtless concealed as many more.

Autobiography is the most difficult of all writing. If one speaks of his successes and virtues he seems a braggart, and if he mentions only his faults he seems a rogue.

He may set out to write the whole truth and harness the record of his sins to draw a moral, but his pride will rebel. To confess a sin in the privacy of one's closet is one thing, and to confess it in writing quite another. Man ever endeavors to keep a better reputation with his fellows than with his God.

Men have publicly confessed great sins and the magnitude of their wrongdoing has lent a sort of dignity to the confession. One who steals a continent seems more respectable than one who steals a purse. To confess a great sin is not humiliating, but few men could hold up their heads while confessing the mean and contemptible things they have done. Shame expurgates autobiography and a sense of pride conceals half the truth.

There are many good men in the world. A record of their charities and conquered temptations would be an inspiration. Unfortunately genuine goodness is never conscious of itself. The good man minimizes his virtue, whether speaking to another or communing with his own soul. This is not a pose. It is a part of goodness. So clear and so general is the understanding of a good man's inability to boast of his virtue that the autobiographer who ventured to make much of his goodness would be ridiculed by all mankind as an ass and a hypocrite.

Every writer, whether of fiction or opinion, puts into his work fragments of his own life. His heroes speak his thoughts, feel the passions he has felt and suffer the wrongs he has suffered, so that every novel is in some degree an autobiography. One who writes opinions more frankly reveals his life. Opinions are not formed in a moment. They are the product of living. An opinion concerning silk hats may be the reaction of environment, suffering, financial loss, a personal hate, a love affair and race prejudice. Learn a man's opinions concerning a score of matters, and you may with some degree of exactitude trace his career back through the years to the environment of his boyhood. If he writes of Utopian theories and social revolutions you may know that he possesses money he did not earn or earns money and has not yet learned to save. If he writes of duty, thrift and order you may know that he has arrived or is on his way.

Unintentional autobiography is perhaps more trustworthy than any other. It is also more illuminating than any other when interpreted in the light of one's own experience of life.

Autobiography would be more popular than fiction if each man would tell his own story and reveal his thoughts and follies as frankly as authors reveal the thoughts and follies of dream characters. One would learn of great ambitions and noble purposes that burn in the hearts of obscure persons and discover the frailties of the great, and finding the high and the low so nearly alike would learn a new respect for himself and for mankind.

There would be more good autobiography if one resolved to bare his soul could feel assured of anonymity. There would perhaps be too much of it if all who live much could write well and modest persons could find a substitute for the pronoun I.

Peddling Pencils

ONCE upon a time, long before the era of self-determination and universal brotherhood, there was a certain man who was bond servant of a great merchant. He was a regular he man, with opinions of his own, and the collar of the great merchant chafed his neck. He served the great merchant as a matter of necessity and peddled pencils after hours to get spending money. After a time he grew exceedingly weary of bondage and started something. He finished the something he had started, and when the atmosphere cleared he was a free man, albeit a little bruised and sore in spots.

As a free man he set up a business of his own. The business prospered and he found it necessary to employ many servants. All the earnings went back into the business, and the former bond servant continued to peddle pencils after hours in order to get spending money.

He was a shrewd business man, but the shrewdest of men will blunder. This one became entirely absorbed in the business of peddling pencils, and left the care of the larger business entirely with those he had hired to conduct it. True, he glanced over the reports of department heads and gave casual approval to the appointment of district managers, but he knew little about the business and apparently cared less. It is only fair to concede, however, that he knew a great deal about pencils.

Years passed and the business grew and grew. The hired servants in charge of the business, left to their own devices, began to feel more important than the owner. They were ordinary mortals, full of human nature, and one need not be surprised when told that they learned to consider the business their own personal property. They flattered the boss on every occasion and assured him that he was their master, but this was merely one of their methods of keeping themselves on the pay roll. As a matter of fact they had a firm conviction that the head of the boss was solid bone from the ears up. One should not censure them. The boss acted that way.

A neighbor of the former bond servant, observing that the business was going to pot, took upon himself the task of reproaching the owner.

"Why," he asked, "do you tolerate the insolence, incompetence and wastefulness of these servants you have put in charge of your business? You have sound sense and business acumen, else you couldn't make a success of pencil peddling. Why don't you apply to your larger business the same horse sense that wins you a bank roll in the smaller one?"

The former bond servant shook his head.

"What's the use?" he asked. "I can peddle pencils and make all the money I need. All I ask is that these meddlesome servants of mine keep their hands off my pencil peddling. They have just about taken charge of the larger business. Well, let 'em have it. I have thought of taking a hand in the game and spoiling a few soft snaps, but those servants have become a sort of clan. They know more about the business than I do. If I could think of some way to straighten out things without losing my dignity or too much time I'd do it. But I can't afford to drop my pencil peddling, and one as prosperous as I am can't afford to lower himself by quarreling with servants."

Man is a very queer animal. He will buckle on his guns and go forth to wreck a king who tries to boss him, and then accept without protest the yoke of a politician. Man has the right to govern himself, but he seldom has time. He always has time to peddle pencils, however.

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Still another: "The Essex is the smallest, and in every way the best of 30 cars I have owned. Mine has been driven 12,000 miles, still has its original tires, and has been to the service station just once."

Satisfaction That Is Distinctive

And a Montana doctor writes: "I have run my Essex all winter, through snow, ice and mud, and have never yet failed to make a call. I am of the opinion that a car that will stand up in this mountain country and such roads—6,000 miles of it—without anything but oil and gas is the best in the world for doctors."

This friendliness for the Essex, which you observe everywhere, is the result of just such experiences and discoveries of its qualities—multiplied by 40,000 owners. They are the things that bind men's faith in a car.

And this is another thing to weigh. The Essex owner's satisfaction is not merely that he is content with the quality he gets for the price he paid. Other light cars have claims to appreciation by that measure too. But how many light car owners express pleasure and elation in the comparison of their cars with the fine, costly cars of noted performance ability?

It is not difficult to understand why the Essex is always ranked with the big, high-priced cars, in any discussion relative to performance ability, riding comfort or handsome appearance.

Official Proofs Rank It With Costly Cars

The facts compel its recognition.

For Essex has set the world's greatest official endurance record, by travelling 3037 miles in 50 hours. No car of any class ever equalled that. And for cars of its motor size, Essex holds every official speed and endurance record from 1 to 50 hours. Its world road record of 1061 miles in 24 hours has never been matched.

Small types of the past have set no such standard for ability in a light, moderate-priced car. Essex holds its position with its patented and exclusive motor. It is no larger than standard 18 H. P. types. Yet it obtains 55 H. P. So you can get the Essex qualities in no other car.

It Brings an Added Economy

Few owners ever require the full limit of speed or ability this trebly powerful motor gives Essex. But it is part of their contentment to know that they can have the lead when they desire. The ability is always within a touch of the foot.

And there is the knowledge of its economy, with all the light type saving in fuel, oil and tires. In addition, its endurance and reliability eliminate much repair expense that less durable cars incur.

More than 40,000 owners and a world's sales record prove the character of Essex appeal. And the way they speak of their satisfaction is doubling the number who want Essex.

(198)

ESSEX MOTORS
DETROIT

$18
$20.00 West of Rocky Mountains, $25 in Canada; complete with 200 needles. Dimensions over all: 15 in. long, 12 in. wide, 9 in. high made of steel and wood, beautifully finished in mahogany and nickel.
Have Music Anywhere
Add new enjoyment to your vacation trips and outings by taking this small compact Garford Model E Phonograph—easily carried in auto or luggage, strong enough to withstand rough handling.
It plays any make or size of disc record
with a wonderfully clear, strong, lifelike tone that makes it ideal for entertainment or dancing, either indoors or out in the open.
Garford Model E PHONOGRAPH
Made in one simple compact design, built in immense quantities and priced where every family should have one, whether they already have a phonograph or not.
It has a cast iron frame, spring motor, worm gear governor type, the same type as in the expensive machines, and the celebrated ARTOIS REPRODUCER that brings out the delicate tone shading and quality hitherto possible only with expensive machines.
ASK YOUR DEALER
If he hasn't them, send us his name and we will mail direct to you postpaid on receipt of price.
Dealers: Get our proposition.
THE GENERAL PHONOGRAPH MFG. CO.
(formerly named The Garford Mfg. Co.)
One of the world's largest makers of high grade spring motors and phonograph parts
ELYRIA, OHIO
Artistic and beautiful, it is an ornament to any home. Has a strong clear tone for outdoor dancing.
Strong and durable, handy size and shape for auto and outing parties.
FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY
Herewith $_____. Please send me postpaid your Model E Phonograph.
(Name)_____
(Address)_____
My dealer does not handle them.
His name and address are_____

A PERSONAL REPORT

(Concluded from Page 32)

a river or the capacity of the humblest of men. To conquer and to master—the same old task is ours; but not in the same old way. We have discovered this land and made it ours, but this is not the end of our journey, for now we are to give thought, the deepest thought, to the ways in which it may be made to yield most abundantly in the things which a complex society with a most imperious curiosity demands.

"Washington is a combination of political caucus, drawing-room and civil-service bureaus. It contains statesmen who are politicians and politicians who are not statesmen. It is rich in brains and in character. It is honest beyond any commercial standard. It wishes to do everything that will promote the public good. But it is poorly organized for the task that belongs to it. Fewer men of larger capacity would do the task better. Ability is not lacking, but it is pressed to the point of paralysis because of an infinitude of details and an unwillingness on the part of the great body of public servants to take responsibility. Everyone seems to be afraid of everyone. The self-protective sense is developed abnormally, the creative sense atrophies. Trust, confidence, enthusiasm—these simple virtues of all great business are the ones most lacking in government organization.

"We have so many checks and brakes upon our work that our progress does not keep pace with the nation's requirements. We could save money for the Government if we had more discretion as to how we should use that given us."

Preelection Inactivity

"For the body of the civil servants there should be quicker promotion or discharge and a sure insurance when disability comes. For the higher administrative officers there should be salaries twice as high as those now given, and they should be made to feel that they are the ones responsible for the work of the department, the head being merely an adviser and a constructor of policies.

"As matters are now devised there are too few in the Government whose business it is to plan. Every man is held to detail, to the narrower view, which comes too often to be the department view or some sort of parochial view. We need for the day that is here and upon us men who have little to do but study the problems of the time and test their capacity at meeting them. In a word, we need more opportunity for planning, engineering, statesmanship above, and more fixed authority and responsibility below."

Congress has been affected by the approaching elections very much as the executive departments have been affected by Mr. Wilson's breakdown. It has slowed down almost to the stopping point. It is really interested only in politics and the presidential election. Neither the House nor the Senate has a constructive idea to bless itself with. This condition it candidly avows. The Senate is a candidate for President. Some of the senators have declared and are running. Any of the others would start up and run at the drop of a hat. Nearly all are receptive to the *n*th power. The House is under the present leadership of a group of old-timers who were deposed from power ten years ago by their own party associates as being even at that time too reactionary, and dwellers in the political Dark Ages. It so happens that the House is Republican, the Senate about evenly divided and the executive departments in control of the Democrats.

But I am not concerned with Democrats and Republicans. I am concerned wholly in this report to you with the effectiveness of your agents at Washington, and not with their labels. The point to be stressed is that no one of them or any group of them is thinking constructively about domestic problems of reconstruction. If they are thinking they haven't produced any working plans. There is no action or any present prospect of action.

No duty is more imperative for the sake of all of us than a close study and revision by Congress of the revenue law so that it will produce the necessary money for the support of the Government with the minimum of inconvenience and injustice. Too many of us are paying more than our share of taxes; too many are paying less than their share. This is an established fact widely proclaimed by the Treasury. Taxation can't be reduced at this juncture, but it can be readjusted so that the burden—and it never was so much of a burden—will fall more fairly. Secretary Houston and Secretary Glass before him have tried to poke up Congress and get something done this year, but with no present indication of success. Secretary Houston says:

"In dealing with this subject I may as well go at once to what is in many respects its most vital aspect—the question of early action. Public opinion has not wakened to the gravity of the consequences which are likely to follow a failure to simplify the tax law at this legislative session. Unless the necessary amendments be passed now they will be delayed in all probability, I understand, until the autumn or winter of the year 1921, with the result, unless they are to disrupt the administrative procedure and confuse the necessary calculations of the taxpayer by being made retroactive, that income and profit taxes must continue to be collected on the basis of the present law until the close of the calendar year 1922, and in the case of some taxpayers on the so-called fiscal-year basis of the present law until the early months of the year 1923. I cannot contemplate such delay without the gravest apprehension.

"An imperfect and uncertain tax affects the future even more adversely than the present, and for similar reasons it is costly and unwise to make a beneficent modification of the tax law retroactive, or even to delay its adoption and announcement until the time at which it is to take effect. A tax system yielding or likely to yield in the future a surplus of revenue over expenditures is an open invitation to public extravagance, whereas an announced resolution to reduce taxes as the occasion which called them forth recedes into the past is one of the most potent means of insuring economy in public expenditures. Our people, therefore, consumers as well as producers, indirect as well as direct taxpayers, may fairly ask to be told now the earliest date at which the most obsolete features of the tax law are to be repealed."

Secretary Houston's Views

"Complexity in tax laws violates the most fundamental canon of taxation—that the liability shall be certain and definite. It is not merely a source of irritation, labor and expense to the taxpayer. But when conjoined—as it is in the present law—with the heavy rates of taxation which war exigency has forced upon us it becomes a major menace, threatening enterprise with heavy but indefinable future obligations, generating a cloud of old claims and potential back taxes which fill the taxpayer with dread; creating, to be sure, an attractive source of additional revenue, but clogging the administrative machinery and threatening indeed its possible breakdown.

"At present the taxpayer never knows when he is through. Every time an old ruling is changed by court decision, opinion of the Attorney General, or reconsideration by the department, the department feels bound to apply the new ruling to past transactions. The necessity of constantly correcting old returns and settlements is as distressing to the department as it is obnoxious to the taxpayer. But an even more serious situation rises in connection with the assessment of back taxes. The tax return of a large corporation is likely to be crowded with debatable points, which the corporation in the first instance usually decides in its own favor.

"The auditing of these returns has been necessarily delayed by the inability of the Bureau of Internal Revenue to engage and hold a sufficient force of experts to audit promptly the more complex and difficult returns.

"But when the audit comes to be made it ordinarily brings to light a large amount of back taxes. A prompt determination and collection of such back taxes would probably bring in additional revenue exceeding $1,000,000,000. On the other hand, this situation must fill the taxpayers concerned with the gravest apprehension. If present taxes be continued and a period of industrial depression ensues, during which the department finds the time and the men with which to clear up both current and back taxes within the same year, the result may be highly disastrous to business.

"Provision for the simplification and fundamental modification or repeal of the excess-profits tax at the earliest possible date should, in my opinion, be made now. In explaining this conclusion it is unnecessary to enter into a discussion of controversial details. Two facts impress me as indisputable and conclusive:

"First, the application or calculation of the excess-profits tax is so complex that it has proved impossible to keep up to date the administrative work of audit and assessment. New returns are being made faster than old returns can be audited, resulting in an accumulation of claims and potential back taxes, the dangers of which have already been described. Second, the profit tax is confined to a small fraction—in number—of the business concerns of the country. Personal-service corporations, partnerships, sole proprietors and most forms of trust organizations are exempt from the tax. If the principle be sound it should be extended to all forms of business organization, a proposal which administrative considerations alone stamp as impracticable either now or at any future period near enough to be worth consideration."

Irreconcilable Tax Systems

"The general course or principle which simplification of this part of the tax law should follow is, I believe, reasonably clear. The outstanding feature of the present system of income taxation in its most important application to business income is the fact that we employ for this purpose two systems of taxation which are incommensurate and irreconcilable. Corporations pay the profit tax and normal income tax, while their stockholders pay surtaxes on dividends or distributed profits, but nothing in respect of the undistributed corporate profits. On the other hand, sole proprietors and members of partnerships pay full income tax, normal tax and surtaxes upon the entire profits of their business, whether distributed or not, but are exempt from the profits tax.

"The profits tax on corporations is evidently meant to be a rough equivalent for the surtaxes levied upon the reinvested or undistributed profits of other forms of business. But no true equivalence is reached. In 1918 the members of a well-known partnership paid nearly $125,000 more taxes than they would have paid had their business been organized as a corporation, and the contrary is quite as frequently true.

"The suggestions made above do not comprehend all the changes in the present law which, in my opinion, could be advantageously adopted at the present session of Congress. I have confined my suggestions to an irreducible minimum of measures looking largely to the simplification of the income and profits taxes, for the consideration of which there still remains time and action upon which at this session of Congress may reasonably be asked by the taxpaying public."

I have, of course, only touched here lightly and in the sketchiest form on the high spots of this needed financial legislation. To work out the problem will need concentration, time, undivided effort and competent minds divorced from politics and political considerations. And above all, the job needs to be done now—not next year or the year after.

I don't mean to leave you with the impression that the country has gone to the dogs and that the Government is a total loss. I do wish you to know explicitly and in the clearest terms that your business at Washington is at the lowest ebb of efficiency, and that the morale of your hired men is equally low. There are some things that I have indicated that need to be done now. There is no prospect that they will be done. This failure to carry on your business competently will cost you money and otherwise add to your burdens. I report this advisedly, for you should know it. I have purposely supported my own report with the testimony of Mr. Lane, Mr. Houston and Mr. Leffingwell. They have not only seen what I have seen, but they have been a part of it.

You need a new organization here, and for the most part new agents to establish it and conduct it. What you need are builders, planners, constructors, organizers. You can get this year the type of men you need. Will you choose them?

What strikes me about Pebeco is the kind of people who use it

This man has perfect teeth, despite his advanced age. Why aren't there more men and women like him? Because, in the average case, the conditions which destroy teeth are not discovered early enough and checked by the proper means.

The way to keep normal teeth sound and white throughout life is, first, to have a good dentist go over them regularly twice a year; second, to use Pebeco Tooth Paste regularly twice a day, and keep up the habit.

PEBECO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TOOTH PASTE

Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Pebeco's scientifically blended ingredients help to whiten and polish the teeth; render the gums firm, pink, and healthy; sweeten the breath; and keep the whole interior of the mouth in a clean and wholesome condition.

Pebeco also stimulates the natural flow of saliva to such an extent that any tendency to unfavorable mouth acids is kept in check. Have you ever determined whether or not you have "Acid-Mouth"? It costs nothing for you to find out.

Send for Free Litmus Test Papers and 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste

Place one of the blue Litmus Test Papers on your tongue, and keep it there until thoroughly moistened. If it remains blue, you are at least temporarily free from unfavorable mouth acids. But if it turns pink, then you have "Acid-Mouth."

If the Litmus Paper does turn pink, try this second test: First brush your teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco from the trial tube. Then place another Litmus Paper on your tongue. This time it will remain blue, thus proving that Pebeco does tend to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

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For baby especially, there's nothing quite so good as Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal. Grown-ups, too, appreciate this wholesome food, made from the creamy-white, granulated hearts of wheat. It's delicious—and nourishing to the last granule.

Pancakes for Bobbie, every time! Pillsbury's pancakes are the kind that Bobbie likes—light tender and with a wonderful flavor—they just hit the spot, that's all! So easy to make, too—just add water to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour.

Mother insists on having *good* bread on her table, and she knows that the *best* bread is made with Pillsbury's Best Flour. Besides, this reliable flour is so convenient. It makes delicious cake and pastry as well as bread—and never fails!

Grand-dad likes bran muffins, when they're made from Pillsbury's Health Bran according to the special recipe on the box. Made the Pillsbury way, bran muffins are delicious, and they promote that normal digestive action so necessary to all ages.

Always buy Pillsbury's Family of Foods—different in kind, but alike in quality. At your grocer's.

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Pillsbury's Wheat Cereal
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Pillsbury's Pancake Flour
Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours

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Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's
FAMILY OF FOODS

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

dreamy conceptions of manifest destiny and vital interests had control of foreign policies. A solid and powerful federation of Balkan states would have stood in the way both of Russian ambitions in the direction of Constantinople and the Dardanelles and of Austro-Hungarian aims at reaching an outlet to the Ægean Sea at Saloniki. Therefore such a simple and indeed the only rational solution of the vexed problem, even if the four Balkan Powers concerned had been found willing to sink their growing differences and to maintain and consolidate their alliance, would not have been attainable.

Considered separately, and in view of the needless antagonism between the two empires unfortunately existing and on both sides cultivated by ambitious politicians, a too-powerful Bulgaria would have been contrary to Russian policy; and on the other hand a greatly strengthened Serbia with access to the Adriatic would have been considered as a Russian outpost constituting a most serious menace to the very existence of the Dual Monarchy.

This Austro-Russian antagonism and rivalry gave the tone to the discussions of the London Conference of the Great Powers which had assembled in order to adjudicate the division of the spoils among the victors of the First Balkan War, and necessarily influenced its ultimate decisions. The result was that this grave problem, on whose equitable solution depended the establishment in the Balkan Peninsula of conditions which would, at least to some extent, have been a guaranty of lasting peace between the Balkan nationalities, was handled by the conference not from the point of view of the vital interests of these nationalities but exclusively with a view to bring about some settlement that would in a measure conciliate the conflicting pretensions of Russian and Austro-Hungarian diplomacy. I advisedly use the expression "conflicting pretensions" and avoid speaking of "conflicting interests" of Russia and Austria-Hungary, since there was not, nor could there be, any conflict over the real vital interest of both, which could only be the maintenance of peace and which therefore demanded the sinking of all differences based on rivalry of imperialistic policies and pretensions to supremacy in Balkan affairs.

It must be admitted, however, that such a policy of renunciation was rendered somewhat more difficult to Austria-Hungary than to Russia by the apparent predominance in Russia of Pan-Slavistic tendencies which, indeed, presented a serious menace to an empire the majority of whose population belonged to the Slav race. On the other hand, the predominance of Pan-Slavism in Russia, in the sense of its suspected controlling influence over the policy of the government, was certainly more apparent than real, though it could not be denied that the activities of some of our diplomatic and consular agents were lending color to such suspicions.

The chief sinner in this respect was our minister at Belgrad, Mr. Hartwig, a most honorable, capable and hard-working functionary but the last man to be intrusted with such a post as that of representative of Russia in Serbia at a time when the world's peace was hanging by a very slender thread and depended on the avoidance of serious complications in the Balkans, which at any time were likely to apply a burning match to the explosive material in abundance accumulated in Europe. He had ever since the beginning of his career in our foreign service been in contact with Balkan policies and intrigues, and he had, like most ambitious diplomats, become an adept of Slavophilism as the surest way to earn early promotion, a reputation of live patriotism and the powerful support of the Nationalist and Slavophile press insuring considerable latitude and impunity in the pursuit of lines of policy rather independent of and even opposed to the policies of the central authority for the time being.

By his open encouragement of Pan-Serbian ambitions—that is to say of tendencies aiming at nothing less than the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy—he had become a most influential personage in Serbian political circles and had acquired the widest popularity; so much so that after his sudden death shortly before the outbreak of the World War it seems to have been intended to honor his memory as a friend of Serbia by the erection by public subscription of a monument in one of the squares of the capital—a project which probably will elicit less enthusiasm now that the Serbian people are in a position to count the cost at which their dreams of national aggrandizement have been realized.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Austro-Hungarian statesmen, however cognizant of the absence of political discipline so characteristic of Russian diplomatic circles, especially in the East, should have taken serious alarm at the numerous evidences of the attitude of Russia's representative at Belgrad, which they had every reason to consider as being, if not inspired, in any case tolerated by the Russian Government.

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Residence of a Wealthy Merchant in Moscow

Russia's case before the London Conference does not seem to have elicited sufficiently strong support from her friends and allies—maybe on account of their consciousness of its inherent weakness and of the not unreasonable nature of the Austro-Hungarian Government's apprehensions, maybe because they did not consider the time and occasion to be favorable for allowing the long-expected wind-up of the European drama to begin. Russian diplomacy had to submit with what good grace it could to letting her protégé, Serbia, be shorn of the principal fruit of her victories—access to the Adriatic; and Austria-Hungary was allowed to compel the evacuation by Serbia of Durazzo and the other ports conquered by her, as well as the abandonment by Montenegro of her conquest—Scutari.

Why the loss by the Mountain Kingdom of that latter point should have been particularly resented by our Slavophiles I have not been able to find out. But I remember, being at the time in St. Petersburg, having met on the Nevskii Prospekt a procession of Slavophile Intelligentzia—not very numerous and headed by a general whose name I forget—carrying national flags and placards, one with the inscription "Scutari to Montenegro," and another proclaiming "The Cross on St. Sophia"—amidst palpable indifference of the upper classes as well as of the people.

If this demonstration was intended as a means of intimidation it lamentably failed of its effect upon those against whom it seemed to have been aimed. At least Mr. Sazonoff, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, against whom the wrath of the Slavophiles and the abuse of the Nationalist press were mainly directed, treated these manifestations with indifference, to his credit be it said.

Not satisfied with having inflicted upon Serbia the humiliation of having to renounce the hard-earned access to the Adriatic, gallantly won by the victory of her arms, Austria-Hungary, with the support of her allies, obtained the conference's sanction for the creation of an independent principality or kingdom of Albania, with a scion of one of the minor German dynasties as sovereign under the fantastic title of "Mpret."

The creation of this new independent state was obviously directed against the interests and ambitions of Serbia as well as of Greece, the result being that both these Powers were eager to compensate themselves in Macedonia at Bulgaria's expense for what they had lost or missed in Albania.

This situation could not but lead to an armed conflict between the former allies. Serbia and Greece joined hands, and with the help of the intervention of Rumania succeeded in inflicting on Bulgaria a crushing defeat, reflected in the terms of the treaty of peace which terminated the war and was negotiated at Bukharest—this time by the belligerents alone without assistance or interference by the Great Powers. It was one of those transactions which bear in themselves the germs of conflicts to come.

By way of comment on this whole episode of the two Balkan wars I can do no better than quote the opinion of a distinguished American writer, expressed on Page 146 of his extremely interesting and valuable book, The Diplomacy of the Great War, which contains the most impartial survey I have come across so far of the political situation in Europe in the decade preceding and of the field of diplomacy during the war. This is what Mr. Arthur Bullard has to say:

"In no other department has European diplomacy shown itself more impotent than in dealing with the Near Eastern problem. Never has their impotence been more marked than when they permitted the signing of the Treaty of Bukharest. There were no statesmen in Europe who had the qualities necessary to deal with the situation, the imagination to see the danger, nor the moral authority to convince anyone that their advice was disinterested."

This rather severe though not unjust reflection on European statesmen and diplomats is somewhat mitigated by what the author says of them on another page of his book:

"They are supposed to be patriots, not citizens of the world. Their instinct is to strive for a greater Britain, a more glorious France, a mightier Russia, a prouder Austria, a more powerful Germany. They cannot become good Europeans faster than the nations they represent."

All of which amounts to saying that the real responsibility rests not with them but with those who mold the opinions and the psychology of the nations; their thinkers, their writers—in a word, their Intelligentzia.

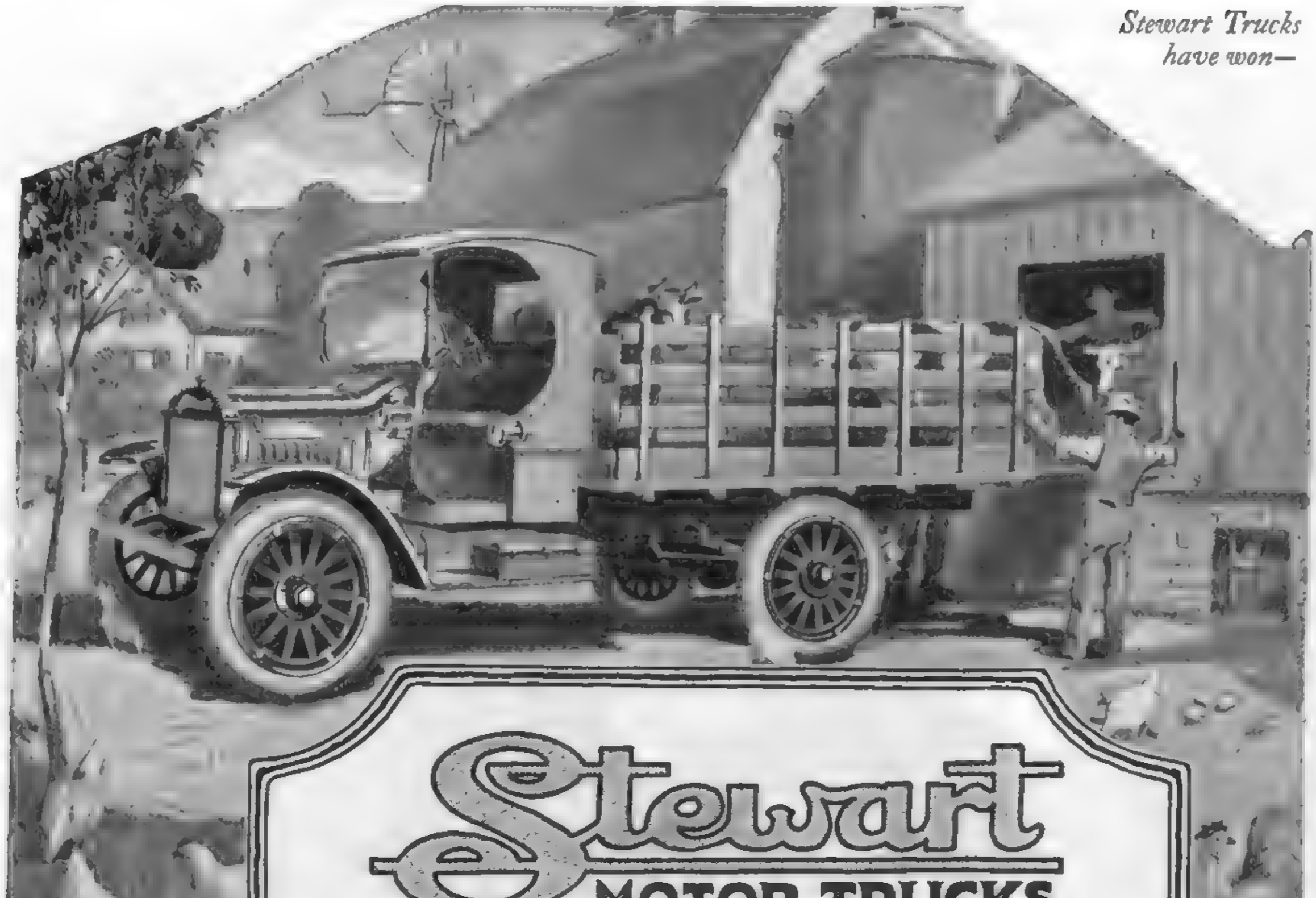
Whatever view one chose to take of the settlement of the Second Balkan War by the Treaty of Bukharest, it was plain that it had left affairs in the peninsula in a state of unstable equilibrium, which was bound to react on the general political situation in Europe. The greatly strengthened position of Serbia as a consequence of her victory in the war and the enhanced prestige she had thereby acquired in the eyes of Austria's Slav population, however gratifying to Russian diplomacy, could not but appear to the Vienna government, for this very reason, in the light of a serious and growing menace to the safety of the Dual Monarchy. The resulting tension in Austro-Russian relations but added a new element of danger to the all-pervading atmosphere of disquiet and unrest which could bode no good to the cause of European peace.

Profoundly convinced of the near approach of the dreaded crisis, I could not help feeling greatly alarmed in watching the course of the government's domestic policy. Apparently quite oblivious of the threatening danger of an armed conflict of unprecedented magnitude in which we were bound to become involved, and at a time when it was of the utmost importance to make sure of the loyalty and devotion to the empire of the populations of our borderlands and outlying dominions and of all the various non-Russian nationalities included in its confines, the government continued, as if on purpose, to irritate in many, sometimes even ludicrous, ways the populations whose disposition it was manifestly to its interest to conciliate by every means in its power.

To begin with the case of Finland: A glance at the map is sufficient to realize the importance for Russia to be able in case of war to rely on the loyalty of the population of the grand duchy from which the empire was divided by a border line distant barely some twenty miles from St. Petersburg. It was therefore the prime duty of Russian statesmanship to make sure of the loyalty of the Finnish population by a loyal and strict observance of their constitutional rights, secured to the country by the will of the Emperor Alexander I and subsequently solemnly guaranteed by every one of his successors at their accession to the throne of Russia.

Ever since its union with Russia in 1809 Finland had been governed by the Russian Emperors as Grand Dukes of Finland,

(Continued on Page 116)



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Farmers know the value of Stewart Trucks. They are business men, to whom time today is money. Prices are high; help is scarce; Stewarts fill in the gap.

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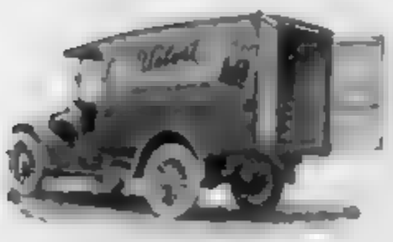
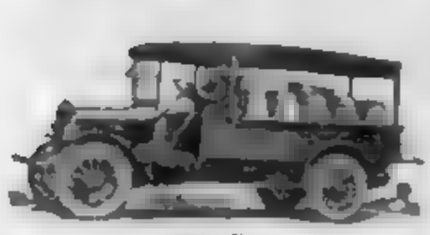


¾-Ton



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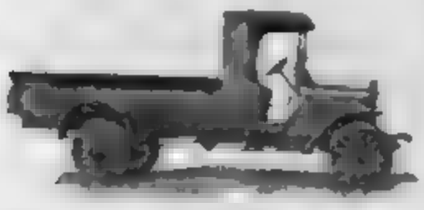

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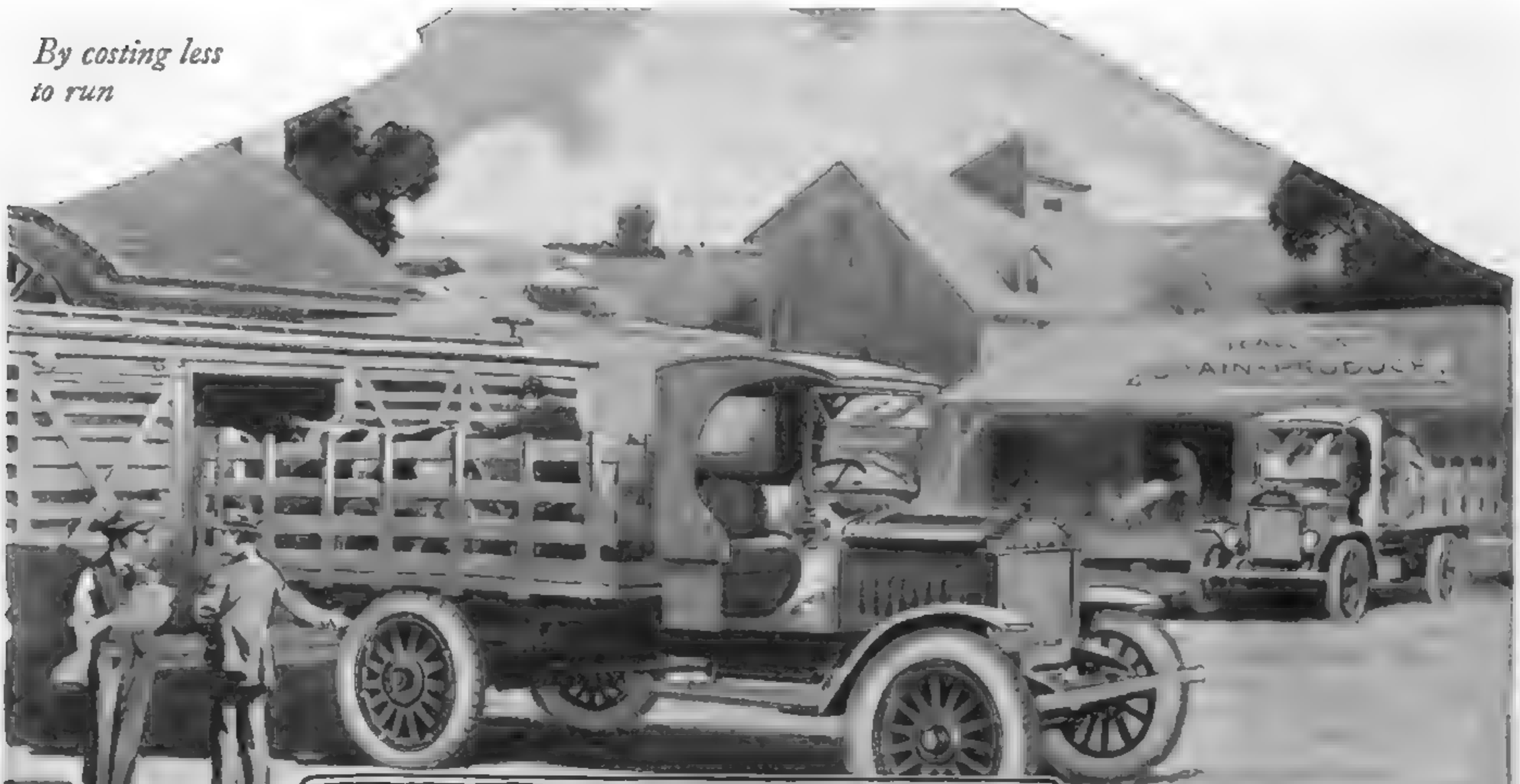

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PATTERN by the man who knows; the pioneer who paved the way. He's made it easy for you. One day he had to decide, and bought a Stewart.

And quickly this wonderful truck value proved out. In moderate first cost; in steady earning day-in-day-out; in low operating expense and repairs, the Stewart won its way. First one, then two, then four or more—the fleet is now all Stewarts.

Stewart has built high-grade trucks since 1912. Sales have grown in seven years from $58,000 to many millions. Today Stewart is one of the world's leaders in truck building. This worth-while time and money saver is winning friends and trade for America in 38 foreign lands. At home it does its daily duty well in 800 cities and on hundreds of farms.

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I am pleased to recommend "Stewart" trucks from my own experience with these machines.

In April, 1919, a two-ton "Stewart" was purchased and it performed so much better than the other trucks that I gradually replaced them with "Stewarts."

When replacements of minor parts or repairs are necessary their service station has always been found in readiness to give complete satisfaction, which is an essential element to truck owners.

I feel that I was fortunate in deciding on a "Stewart" and should further expansion of business demand more trucks, "Stewart's" will be my choice.

(Signed) L. WILLENBUECHER

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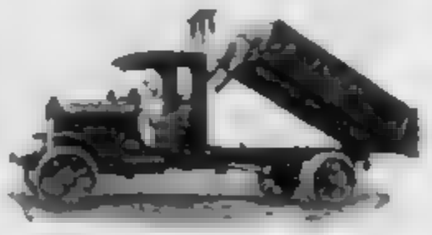
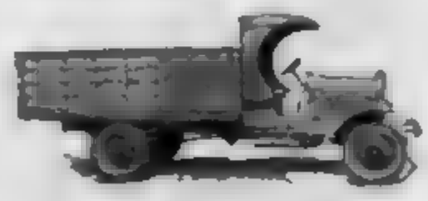
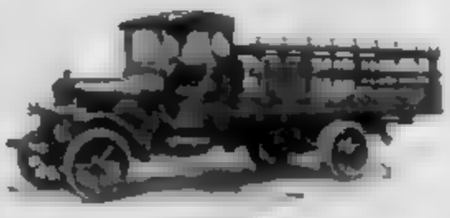


2-Ton



2½-Ton



3½-Ton

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 113)

practically as a separate state enjoying the fullest possible autonomy, war and foreign affairs alone being left in the hands of the imperial government. Under the shelter of the Russian crown, and thanks to its close connection with an enormous empire open to its commerce, industry and enterprise, Finland had prospered exceedingly and had reached an unquestionably higher plane of civilization and culture than the empire itself could boast of. Its population, the upper crust of which—some thirteen per cent—was of Swedish nationality, bred in an atmosphere of ingrained respect for law and order and of profound attachment to the country's free constitution, had never given any reason to question its loyalty to the empire.

Nothing more was required of sensible Russian policy than to adhere faithfully to the course followed by the first three sovereigns, Alexander I, Nicholas I and Alexander II, who as Grand Dukes of Finland had governed the country to the entire satisfaction of its population and to the best advantage of the empire, as well as of its most important dependency.

The wisdom of such a course failed, however, to commend itself to the reactionary, narrow-minded and militant nationalism which from the early days of the Emperor Alexander III's reign had begun to dominate the government's domestic policy. It is likely that Finland might have escaped for some time longer the effect of the new tendencies which had gained the upper hand in Russian government circles and were enthusiastically supported by the Nationalistic press, because the Emperor and the Empress, Marie Feodorovna, a Danish Sea King's daughter, both lovers of the sea, had taken to spending part of each summer among the picturesque islands of the Finnish archipelago, the so-called Skerries, had purchased a small island for use as a camping-out ground for picnics, fishing, and so on, had come in contact with the local population and were said to have acquired a strong liking for Finland and their Finnish subjects.

Unfortunately a most insignificant incident—so the story goes, and I repeat it as it has been told to me by several persons who were in a position to know more about it than had reached the public's ears—brought about not, perhaps, a change in the sovereign's sentiments, but a disposition to lend a more complaisant ear to insidious advices and insinuations regarding the desirability of curbing Finland's too markedly independent attitude and suspected separatistic tendencies. It happened in this way:

One morning the Emperor, on board his yacht anchored off a little village on one of the numerous islands, had written a letter, inclosed it in an envelope, had himself pasted on it a Russian postage stamp and had ordered it to be mailed at the local post office. The sailor sent to the post office with this letter brought it back and reported that the postmaster had refused to accept it, saying that no letters could be mailed in Finland bearing other than Finnish postage stamps, and had insisted on his refusal in spite of having been told that the sender of the letter was the sovereign himself. This report when it reached the Emperor, perhaps not without some added coloring of patriotic indignation, may have ruffled his temper and have caused him to attach to this small matter more importance than it evidently deserved. At any rate His Majesty was said to have ordered that steps be taken to remedy the incongruity rising from a state of affairs which presumed to prevent the use of Russian postage stamps anywhere within the confines of the empire.

Though the constitutional right of the grand duchy to have its own postal organization and its own postage stamps had never been questioned before, nor, indeed, could be questioned any more than its constitutional right to its own coinage and to its tariff economy, the Finnish Senate or Diet or both were found willing, presumably from a sincere desire to avoid friction, to waive the question of principle, to withdraw Finnish and to introduce Russian postage stamps for exclusive use in Finland.

This was in itself a matter of small importance, but it proved the entering wedge which in the course of time led to further encroachments by the imperial bureaucracy on the constitutional rights of Finland, until the beginning of a prolonged constitutional conflict in 1899, when under Governor General Bobrikoff's administration the country had to submit to a dictatorial régime which culminated in General Bobrikoff's assassination and the outbreak of something like a revolution in 1905.

In the following year the *status quo ante annum* 1899 was reëstablished, a new Diet was convoked, which adopted an extremely radical system of representation on the basis of universal and direct suffrage, the franchise being extended to all men and women of twenty-four years of age and over. The parliamentary régime introduced at the same time in Russia proved, however, very hostile to Finland's autonomy. Russia's only really powerful and efficient Prime Minister—whether from a mistaken belief in the necessity in the empire's interest of such a measure or from subserviency to the influential Nationalist group in the Duma, whose support he may have thought it necessary to secure to the government—caused the Duma to pass the notorious law of June 17/30, 1910, stipulating that the Russian Duma and Council of the Empire have sole legislative power in matters affecting Russia and Finland jointly, a law which was resented by the whole population of Finland as a most serious encroachment on Finland's constitution and an attempt at depriving the grand duchy of its autonomy.

On the basis of this law another one was passed by the Russian legislative assemblies in the following year placing Russians on an equality with Finlanders in the grand duchy. This law in itself was perfectly just. It did away, indeed, with an anomaly which though it had always existed had never before attracted any particular attention, presumably because it had never caused any great practical inconvenience. One of the most important points, or perhaps the most important point in this question of the equality of rights between Russians and Finlanders, concerned evidently the right to enter the government service, a point of very much greater importance to natives of Finland than to natives of Russia, considering that there always have been great numbers of Finlanders in the service of the imperial government—some of them having occupied ministerial posts, such as Admirals Possiette and Avelan, or General Riediger and other high military commands such as General Gripenberg in the war with Japan and General Baron Mannerheim in the late World War, all of them having served our common fatherland with never-questioned loyalty and great distinction—whereas there could hardly have been any apprehension of Finland being overrun with Russian candidates for admission to the Finnish government service. There could anyway be no practical any more than theoretical objection on the part of Finland to the setting aside of the existing anomaly. Nor was there any. It was simply a question of how to do it. And that is where the difference in the mentality of the two sides came into play and caused a needless conflict, which embittered the relations between them to a considerable and particularly regrettable extent at a time when it was most important to avoid any such undesirable friction.

The Finnish Diet obviously would have been willing to pass the required legislation. This, however, would not have satisfied our reactionary Nationalists. Finland was to be taught that its autonomy had been granted it as an act of grace by the Emperor Alexander I, revokable at any time, and that Finland had really no constitutional rights that Russia was bound to respect. It was considered necessary to impose the law of equality on Finland by an act passed by the Russian legislative assemblies based on the law of June 17/30, 1910, which the population of Finland considered to be a violation of the Finnish constitution.

The result was the flat refusal of the Finnish courts to apply the law held to be unconstitutional. This led to quite unjustifiable measures of coercion openly violating the rights guaranteed to Finland and confirmed by a succession of Russian monarchs. Judges of the Finnish courts were arrested *manu militari*, carried off to St. Petersburg, sentenced to terms of imprisonment by a Russian court; the president of the refractory Diet, Mr. Svenhufvud, was exiled to Siberia, and so on.

The effect these arbitrary proceedings were bound to produce on a peaceable, law-abiding people, bred in reverence for the country's constitution and determined to stand up for what they held to be their rights under it, may be imagined. The failure to foresee and realize this effect can only be explained by the prevalence of a mentality laboring under the atavistic influence of centuries of slavery under the Mongolian yoke and inaccessible to a conception of the supremacy of right over might.

If now we turn to Poland we shall find that ever since the Polish insurrection of 1863 our government had been pursuing a policy inspired by tendencies no less destructive of any hope of bridging the gulf of mutual antagonism created by a centuries-old feud between the two branches of the Slav race, and no less unreasonable from the point of view of the rightly understood interest of the empire than had been of recent years our policy in regard to Finland. The pursuit of such a policy in respect to Poland was rendered easier by the fact that there even constitutional scruples could not stand in the way of our bureaucracy's arbitrary proceedings, little as such scruples would have carried weight, as we have seen in the case of Finland.

The Polish constitution had been abolished after the insurrection of 1830 and the last vestige of Polish autonomy had disappeared after the insurrection of 1863. Though the Emperor retained the title of King Czar of Poland, even the name "Kingdom of Poland" disappeared from the official language and was replaced by the absurd appellation "Pri-Vislinsky Kray"—which means "region situated on the Vistula"—a designation particularly offensive to Polish national feeling.

The system of forcible Russification inaugurated after the first insurrection had acquired a particularly harsh complexion after that of 1863. So, for instance, the compulsory exclusive use of the Russian language in all government and public institutions of every kind, in the University of Warsaw, in all not only public but even private schools, was insisted upon apparently in the belief that it would prove an efficacious means of Russification, though it was plainly bound to be resented as a most odious measure of oppression.

But then the very idea of attempting to denationalize an intensely patriotic, chivalrous people, proud of its historic past, its language, its literature and its Western culture, assimilated long before Russia had emerged from barbarism, could only have germinated in a mentality such as, in the beginning of the World War, bethought itself of the advisability of changing the name of the empire's capital by giving it a Slavic sound presumably for the purpose of stimulating the people's patriotism or of demonstrating its own.

It appears, however, that the danger of persisting in the pursuit of a policy so evidently exasperating to the Polish people, at a time when all the world was living in the apprehension of a general European war, had at last dawned on our ruling bureaucracy. A bill was introduced and duly passed by the Duma authorizing the use of the Polish language in their deliberations by the municipal councils in all towns in Poland. This measure—in the light of recent events simply ludicrous in its hesitating and timid liberalism—was nevertheless not destined to become a law. Rejected by the Council of the Empire by a small majority, the bill was, by the Emperor's command, reintroduced in the Duma, was duly passed again, only to be rejected a second time by the Upper House, and this time even by a slightly larger majority, in spite of the fact that all the ministers entitled to sit in the house came to vote for it, and in spite of its being known that the Emperor desired its passage.

In this affair the ruling bureaucracy had certainly shown some good will and a modicum of statesmanship, but had been unable to overcome the obscurantist opposition of reactionary nationalism which dominated to some extent the Upper House of our Parliament. The Emperor did not conceal his annoyance, and in the course of a farewell audience I had requested, as usual, and been honored with after the close of the session before going abroad, His Majesty expressed himself very freely on the subject and asked me whether I could explain the reason why a measure, in the passage of which he was known to take a personal interest, could have been twice rejected by the Council of the Empire and apparently by the votes of the right side of the house, composed mostly of life members appointed by the crown. I could only assure the Emperor that no opposition to his personal wishes could possibly have been intended, and that the votes of the majority could have been inspired only by motives of mistaken patriotism and apprehensions of the possible consequences of any departure from the traditional policy that had been pursued by the government in regard to Poland ever since the insurrection of 1863, and in some cases, perhaps, by subserviency to prevailing currents of opinion favoring a policy of militant nationalism.

I availed myself of the occasion to remind His Majesty of the fact that the wise policy of his great ancestor, the Emperor Alexander I—the only policy that could really serve the best interests of Russia as well as of Poland—had been similarly opposed by Karamzin, Russia's greatest historian, in a celebrated memorandum, which also could have been inspired only by the purest patriotic, albeit palpably mistaken, motives.

If in the case of Poland the traditions of Alexander I's truly statesmanlike policy had been discarded, it might be claimed that two formidable insurrections had furnished a colorable pretext if not a compelling reason therefor. No such reason, or even pretext, however, could have been invoked to explain a departure from the traditions of the policy which Peter the Great and all his successors until the reign of Alexander III had been following in regard to the so-called Baltic Provinces—Esthonia, Livonia and, since 1795, Courland. The land-owning nobility and the bulk of the bourgeoisie of the towns, forming about seven or eight per cent of the population of these provinces, were of German descent. Their loyalty to the empire of which these provinces formed an integral part had never been questioned. All their interests, no less than those of the native populations, were identical with those of the Russian nation. No separatistic tendencies had ever existed before, either among the German minority or among the Esthonian and Lettish majority; nor was there any conceivable reason why such tendencies should have existed.

Geographically these provinces are a part of the great Russian plain forming its natural outlet to the Baltic Sea; economically they are dependent on this immense hinterland with its unbounded resources; their connection with Russia has built up their prosperity, considerably outdistancing the economic development of the neighboring Russian provinces; and, last but not least, strategically and politically—as a glance at the map will show—the only political entity in which they could possibly be included with regard for their own safety and advantage was bound to be the Russian state.

As far as the other alternative is concerned, the creation of independent republics of Esthonia and "Latvia," as favored by those who appear to see their interest in the dismemberment of Russia, I make bold to say that no such eventuality could ever have been dreamed of by even the most disgruntled and most irreconcilable opponent of Russian rule in these parts. That there should be no lack of such would almost seem to have been the aim, and had certainly been the result, of the policy of forcible Russification inaugurated by the Russian bureaucracy under the impulse of that militant nationalism the beginning of whose sway dates back to the first years of the reign of Alexander III. It took the form of proselytism of the Greek Orthodox Church among the peasantry, with the powerful aid and encouragement of the state; of the introduction of the compulsory exclusive use of the Russian language in the courts, the University of Dorpat, nationalized under the name of Yurief; in the public and private schools, municipalities, and so on; in a word, of using the language as a means of oppression, a form of oppression which, as experience has amply demonstrated, wherever it has been attempted, has always been particularly resented by those upon whom such linguistic tyranny has been practiced, and has always failed to accomplish the political ends at which it was aimed.

(Concluded on Page 119)

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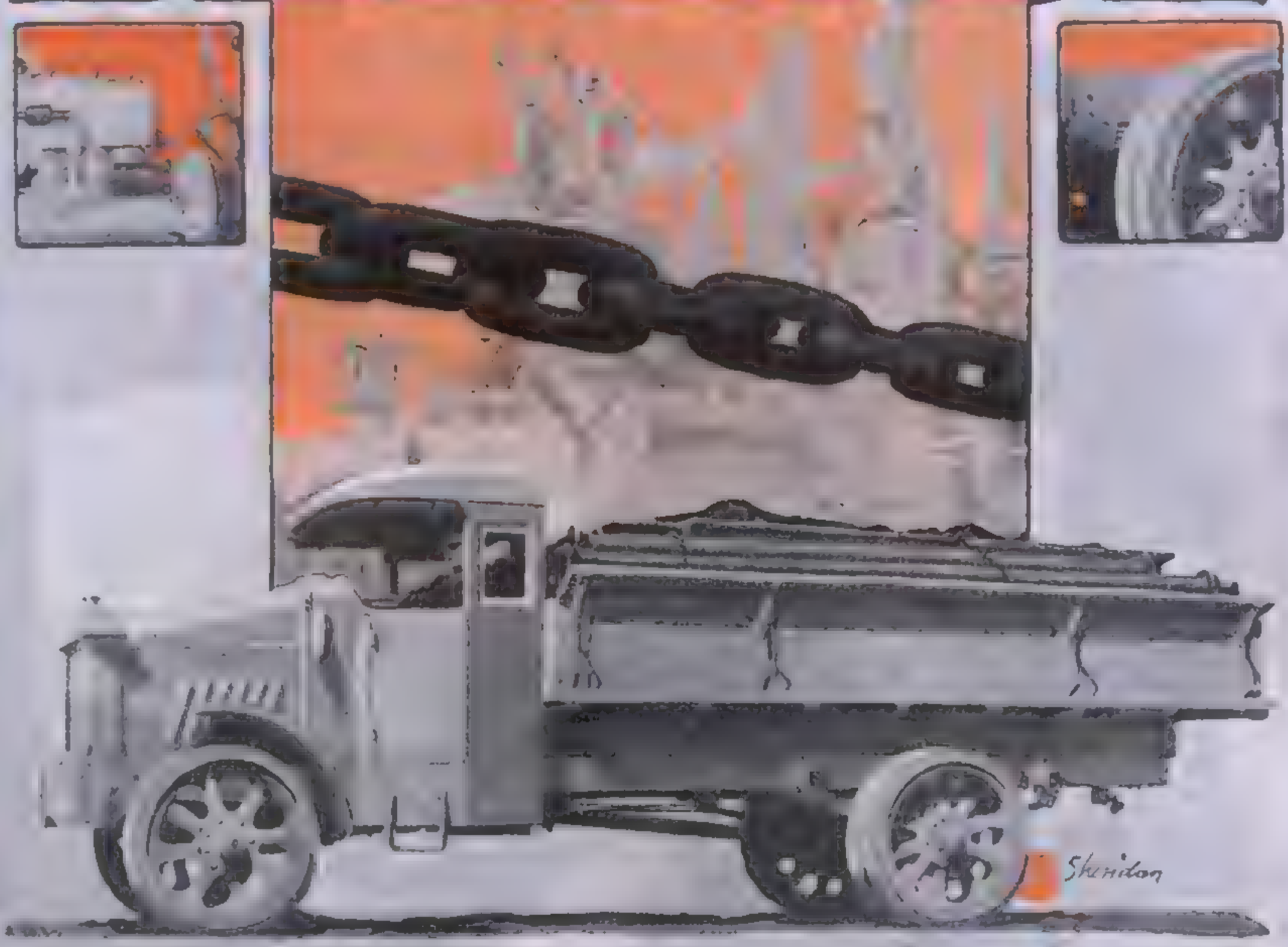

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The BIG NEW BETHLEHEM

(Concluded from Page 116)

In addition some Machiavellian policies appear to have been practiced in fostering racial animosity between the majority of Letts and Esthonians and the German minority of the population, by seemingly favoring the former, with the result that at the time of the revolutionary outbreak of 1905 the "Jacqueries" in the Baltic Provinces assumed a particularly violent and dangerous character, such as to necessitate their repression with a ruthlessness which rendered Russian rule the more odious in the eyes of the native population, as it showed itself in the rôle of protector of the rights of property of the land-owning German minority.

To sum up, our ruling bureaucracy had succeeded, under the inspiration of narrow-minded militant nationalism, in turning what had been perhaps the most prosperous and unquestionably the most cultured part of the empire and the staunchest support of the throne into a seething caldron of race hatred and social unrest, at the same time uniting the warring elements of the population in the common resentment of its own arbitrary rule.

Since this had been the outcome of the government's policy in our most important and most exposed border provinces with a population of alien races, one would have thought that narrow-minded nationalism, taking to heart this object lesson, would have refrained from giving free rein to its militant ardor in another part of the empire, Little Russia—Malorossiya—comprising the governments or provinces of Kharkoff, Tchernigoff, Pultowa, Ekaterinoslav, Kieff, Podolia, and part of Kursk to which it has now become fashionable to apply the old term "Ukraina," which means simply "borderland," with a population of pure Russian stock, being one of the three branches of the Russian family—Great, Little and White Russians—and using a dialect no farther removed from the Russian language than the Provençal dialect is from French.

The ruling bureaucracy, however, in its nationalistic zeal for Russification and unification took to systematic persecution of the Little Russian dialect, thereby simply promoting the growth among the Little Russian Intelligentzia of an incipient seditious movement which it was intended to prevent. The acme of senseless arbitrariness was reached when the government prohibited the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Shevchenko, Little Russia's greatest poet—a measure the provocative and aggravating absurdity of which could only have been equaled if, for instance, the French Government had chosen to forbid a similar celebration in honor of the great Provençal poet, Mistral.

Incidentally I would observe that the word "Ukraina"—not Ukrainia, as one sometimes sees it misspelt—has never served to designate a political entity; it has always been applied colloquially to a certain not quite well-defined region embracing the governments or provinces enumerated above. It has been popularized of late, first by German and then by Entente war propaganda since the dismemberment of Russia became the object of the policy first of our former enemies and then of our former allies. It cannot be denied, however, that the creation of the possibility of the Little Russian Intelligentzia being found willing to coöperate in the dismemberment of our common fatherland by the creation of an "independent Ukraina" is mainly due to the unwisdom of the Russian bureaucracy's nationalistic policy.

Nor has our government displayed less unwisdom in dealing with the Jewish question. It is not my purpose here to enter into an exhaustive examination of this momentous and thorny question, to the only rational solution of which even a statesman of the late Counte Witte's caliber could not see his way clear. I merely wish to reiterate the expression of the conviction I always entertained, that the denial to the Jewish population of equality of rights was as unjustifiable in principle as it was bound to be an unmitigated evil in practice, and that it was utterly indefensible as a matter of policy.

In one of the earlier chapters of these reminiscences I had occasion to record the impression I had carried away from some months' sojourn in Transcaucasia half a century ago. I refer to it now only to mention that since then the intolerant, narrow-minded nationalistic policy pursued by the government had succeeded in fomenting bitter racial animosities between the three nationalities—Georgians, Armenians and Tartars—composing the bulk of the population, and in uniting them all in common hatred of Russian rule. It had played havoc with the beneficent results of the wise rule of such viceroys as Prince Worontzoff, Prince Bariatinski and the Grand Duke Michael Nicolawitch, brother of Alexander II, and would have done worse had not the powerful influence which the last viceroy, Count Worontzoff-Dashkoff, a liberal-minded and enlightened statesman, possessed at court, rendered him sufficiently independent of the central government to enable him to undo some of the mischief which had resulted from the activities of his predecessors in office.

In surveying the political situation as a whole I could not fail to realize that the government's foreign as well as domestic policy pursued during the last two decades had resulted in placing the country in a position of extreme danger—the imminent danger of being involved in a general European war and of being found at the critical moment in a state of total unpreparedness to meet such an emergency, complicated by our having systematically created in the whole chain of dominions and border provinces surrounding the empire in the west and south an atmosphere of discontent and hostility to Russian rule which eventually could only benefit the interests of our potential enemies.

My profound conviction of the alarming character of the situation prompted me to conceive the plan of availing myself of the opportunity offered by my position as member of the Council of the Empire for the purpose of once more sounding a note of warning, this time from a tribune which would secure to it the widest publicity. The difficulty, however, which stood in the way of the realization of my intention consisted not only in the rules of the house, which excluded the discussion of questions connected with foreign policy, but also in the rigor with which the president of the council, Mr. Akimoff, a very able man but an extreme reactionary, was wont to apply these rules, especially to members whose political views he did not share.

It became necessary therefore to take steps to guard against the danger of being called to order before having had a chance to utter all I would have to say. With this end in view, having prepared with the greatest care the text of the speech I intended to deliver, by confining myself to generalities and avoiding as far as possible reference to anything that could lay me open to unexpected interruptions from the chair, I called upon the president of the council in the morning of the day when I had made up my mind to address the house, read to him the full text of my speech and requested him not to interrupt me before I had concluded what I had to say.

Mr. Akimoff listened attentively to the reading of my speech and said that personally he had no formal objection to offer, the more so as on that day he was not going to preside, having requested the vice president to take his place; but he asked me why I insisted on uttering views the expression of which could do no possible good and would make me hosts of enemies. To this I could only reply that I was not inexperienced enough to imagine that my saying what I intended to say would do much good, or indeed any good, but that my silence would do still less.

The following is a translation of part of this speech, delivered on April 3/16, 1913, in the Council of the Empire in connection with a debate that was taking place on the subject of the bill regarding the use of the Polish language by the municipalities in Poland which had come up from the Duma. After a brief apology for presuming to take part in a discussion concerning a matter of domestic policy with which—having spent the greater part of my life in the country's service abroad—I was not competent to deal, I went on to say:

"It might not be uninteresting to you, gentlemen, to become acquainted with the point of view from which the tasks of our policy in regard to the outlying dominions of the empire are regarded by one who has never lived in the atmosphere of strife and polemics effected by the discussion of questions concerning that policy, and who has had ample opportunities to watch and study the way in which similar questions were being solved in other parts of the world. If such questions could be solved simply by the application of force or of the immutable norms of abstract right, the conduct of policies would not be, what it should be, that is to say, an art.

"A skillful policy, gentlemen, must needs include in its calculations certain imponderable elements, among which the first place pertains to national psychology. We are now witnessing the undesirable consequences to which has led in one of our dependencies" ["Finland, of course, is meant." Remark by the translator.] "the failure, on one side, to treat with due respect the ideals of right and justice of the population, and, on the other, to take into account the natural susceptibilities of a dominant race.

"We should never forget that only such union with the empire of our outlying dominions can ever be really solid which is based not on reluctant submission to superior might but on the population's belief and conviction that under the shelter of Russia's scepter it finds the best security of its material well-being and of its most highly prized moral good. Such a disposition of the heterogeneous populations of our outlying dominions and dependencies is of the utmost importance not only for the peace and prosperity of the empire but also for the state of our international relations. However great and powerful, our fatherland is but a member of the family of cultured nations of the white race, with whose fate ours is indissolubly linked.

"We must not deceive ourselves with the illusion that the now established equilibrium, based on the approximate equality of the forces of the two hostile—whatever may be affirmed to the contrary—alliances which face each other, can be a real guaranty of peace. This illusion is invalidated by the fact of the constant growth of rival armaments, which would be void of sense if they were not intended as preparations for the impending and generally expected war. If mankind were but guided by reason and not by passions we should not be witnesses of the sorry spectacle of a Europe divided into two hostile camps and exhausting her productive forces in armaments whose ever-growing, colossal dimensions correspondingly increase the more and more intolerable burden of taxation which has to be borne by the nations concerned in this political system, and which in its turn furnishes abundant food to the dull and ill-omened discontent of the popular masses everywhere.

"It is in this favorable soil that was born and has with remarkable rapidity grown in importance the most sinister phenomenon of modern times—revolutionary socialism, that formidable menace to all civilized states and to modern civilization itself.

"It is given to no one to predict the future. Whether the wisdom of rulers and leading statesmen will succeed in reconciling or removing the antagonisms—alien to Russia's real interests—which have turned Europe into an armed camp, or whether the simmering passions will suddenly burst into flame and bring about that sanguinary dénouement, a participation in which it will be impossible for us to avoid—what is all important for us is that when that fatal hour strikes all the heterogeneous populations of our dependencies and borderlands should meet the crisis in complete and sincere union with the Russian people under the standard of the sovereign leader of the nation, the impersonator of the unity, the power, the grandeur and the glory of our fatherland.

"Whatever trials the future, perhaps not so remote as it may seem to us now, may have in store for us, there is this to cheer us: The history of a thousand years of Russia's existence warrants our conviction that it will never be given to external nor to the internal enemies of Russia to impair the strength and solidity of the majestic edifice erected in the course of centuries by the constructive genius of an imperial race."

When I had resumed my seat a celebrated jurist and popular orator, member of the extreme liberal group of the council, whose acquaintance I had not had occasion to make before, came up to me, introduced himself and said: "I congratulate you on your speech and I share your views. But—they are the views of an Athenian expressed before an audience of Scythians."

We both felt that the darkening shadow of fate was already upon us. But neither of us could foresee that we were fated to witness the suicide of an empire in the summer of the following year, and three years later the suicide of a nation.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-first of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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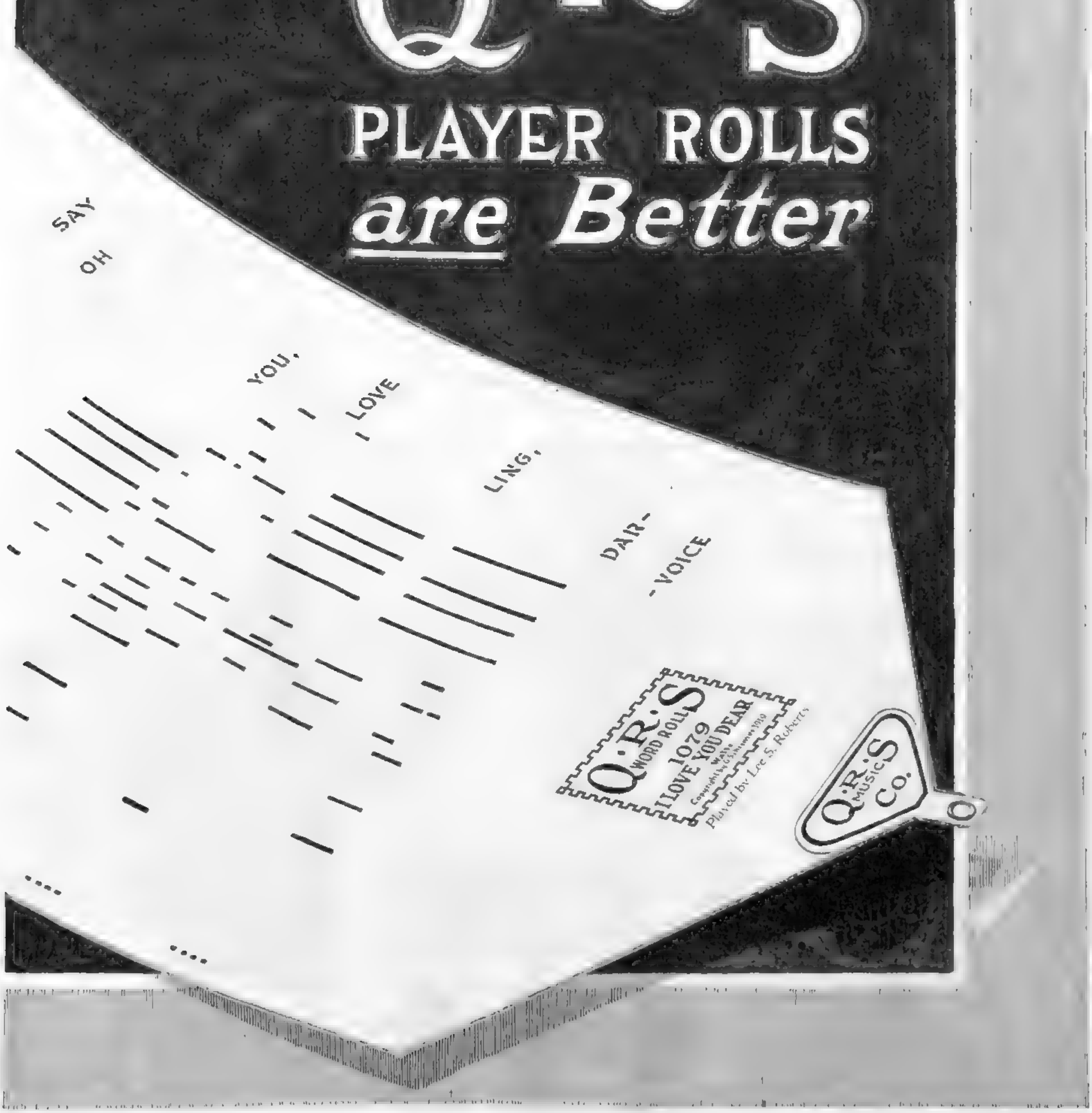


MATTERS OF OPINION

Doing Without

GRATUITOUS advice is always impertinent, but impertinence may be forgiven if it keeps one out of a ditch.

Have you a wealthy uncle? Let us suppose that you have. Let us suppose further that he reaches the end of his journey and leaves a will directing that you shall be given three dollars for each one you now possess, provided you will deny yourself all luxuries and make no unnecessary expenditures during a period of six months. Stranger wills have been made.

Would you, after hearing the will read, snap your fingers under the lawyer's nose and go your merry and prodigal way?

You would not. You would say to that lawyer: "One can stand anything for six months. I do not quite grasp the significance of the dear departed's wish that I should get acquainted with husks, but the three-for-one trade appeals to me. You may appoint an official observer to attend me while I show the world a few new wrinkles in the art of doing without."

Thus you would speak, and your speech would be no idle boast. Thereafter, during the period of six months you would make a science of miserliness. You would wear the clothes you now possess, and neither darns nor patches would humiliate you. The pursuit of an honest profit is never humiliating. Your old shoes would be half-soled and you would do your own polishing. You would find it possible to get another season's wear from shirts and undergarments now set aside for the ragman. You would walk instead of calling a taxi or burning gasoline in a machine of your own. You would shave yourself and manicure your own nails. You would carry a lunch basket. The florist and the haberdasher would miss your smiling face and gaping purse; and the grocer and the butcher, finding your orders cut in half, would reduce their cordiality in like proportion. You would buy no jewelry, no furniture, no theater tickets.

The end of six months would find you a little frayed on the edges, but sound and whole. You would claim your inheritance and live happily ever afterward.

In the beginning we supposed a wealthy uncle for you. As a matter of fact you are your own wealthy uncle and may inherit when you please. All that is required of you is six months of self-denial.

We talk much of the American standard of living. There is no American standard of living. Each of us lives up to his income. Those who earn little spend it, and those who earn much spend it. Prosperity intoxicates us and we set forth to paint the town red and show the folks how a regular guy separates himself from money.

Six more months of reckless spending will boost prices far above their present level. Six months of doing without will put the profiteer out of the game and give a dollar its prewar value.

This is not an exaggeration to carry a point. It is a simple statement of fact. The buyer makes the price. The spender is the father of the profiteer. And the spender may at any time, by mere exercise of will, become absolute master of the situation.

If you would deny yourself to qualify for an inheritance, why not deny yourself in fact and become heir to your own common sense?

It is not often that one has an opportunity to treble his money in six months.

The oil-well promoter promises riches—if. Doing without is a sure-thing investment. The reward is certain and there is no risk of one's original capital.

The ultimate consumer, much pitied, suffers no ill that he has not brought upon himself. If he will use his head more he will use his purse less.

The Young Men's Innings

INDUSTRIAL investigators have lately unearthed some facts that are not only of striking significance to corporation managers but should be of the liveliest interest literally to millions of young men who have their futures before them and who have not yet reached the parting of the ways that respectively lead to failure or success.

It is not too much to say that if these findings are thoughtfully considered and consistently acted upon they may have the effect of setting hundreds of thousands of young men upon the straight highway that leads to bettered position and permanent prosperity.

Starting at the top of the pyramid and working down to its broad base, personal studies of several hundred representative corporations revealed the fact that an amazingly large number of big executives have either broken down under the strain of overwork or are just staggering along on the ragged edge of complete exhaustion.

Men who used to treat themselves well in the matter of holidays have found themselves compelled to cancel vacation after vacation. There are thousands of such executives who in other times religiously spent certain weeks on golf courses or trout streams, who have had their noses so long on the grindstone that they could scarcely tell a mashie from a stymie, or a Brown Hackle from a Silver Doctor.

This condition exists despite general recognition of the fact that an imperative duty of every man in high executive position is to surround himself with understudies and assistants who can relieve him of his lesser responsibilities and who, under his unobtrusive but skillful fostering, can gradually fit themselves to assume weightier duties and direct the minor tactics of the business. During the past five or six years it has often been impossible to pursue this wise plan. Ever since the war began business has been carried on under abnormal and incredibly trying conditions. Corporation men have been compelled to dissipate their energies along a dozen vexatious and unprofitable lines. Raw materials that were once as easily obtained as water from a spigot have been so scarce and dear as to constitute problems of major importance. Transportation has been disorganized and uncertain. Governmental restrictions, rulings, regulations, redtapeworms, questionnaires, and what not, have sapped sufficient executive energy to have run the entire business in normal times. Unreasonable, unreliable and inefficient labor has added its dead weight to the almost intolerable sum of other burdens.

In circumstances such as these it has not been humanly possible for executives to find time in which to plan out and operate kindergartens for the nurture of budding managers. Each day's necessities have compelled them to confine their energies to doing that day's work. There has been little or no leisure for organization building for future needs. Where there has been no sowing there can be no reaping, and the intake of fresh executive material has been a vanishing quantity. In default of trained assistants, men who would have retired years ago, could they have done so with justice to their stockholders, find themselves still in harness and working as they never worked before.

These unusual conditions present unusual chances to young men of initiative who have it in them to make good. Never before were their opportunities so numerous. Never has swift and liberal recognition of good work been more certain.

Conditions that exist near the peak of the pyramid have their counterparts in the lower and middle layers. Statisticians estimate that there are between three and four million more jobs than there are men to fill them. The demand for unskilled and semiskilled labor appears to be insatiable, but it is not nearly so acute as the need of management, of executives, superintendents, foremen, subforemen and inspectors. In these ranks as in the higher ones men of experience have had to concentrate their energies upon production. Vocational grooming has gone by the board.

This is one reason for the acute shortage of supervisory labor. Other causes arise from the facts that labor which is only sixty per cent efficient, judged by prewar standards, working upon material and with machinery that cost twice as much as they would have cost in 1913, requires far more skilled oversight in order to maintain even a sixty per cent standard of efficiency and to prevent ruinous spoilage of high-priced material and injury to costly equipment. Otherwise stated, labor needs twice as many bosses as formerly. Working units have been halved. Supervisory costs have more than doubled.

It is no exaggeration to declare that there are millions of men working with their hands to-day who would be instantly advanced at least one grade if they could, and would, demonstrate their fitness for promotion. The chase for men to put into better jobs is a still hunt. Managers do not announce their intentions through megaphones or employ barkers to precede them; but their hunting is not the less active on that account. To these millions of workers to whom the better jobs call and beckon, advancement would mean not only more pay but a higher place in the world, more respect from friends and neighbors, more permanent employment and cordial welcome into the circles of management.

The effects of fairly won promotion are not to be fully measured in dollars, in physical ease or even in improved social status. The private who has just sewed a corporal's chevrons on his sleeve is a new man, and he sees his job from a new angle. Before he had much to win but nothing to lose. Now he has not only plenty more to gain but something that he cannot lose without going down in his own esteem and in that of his squad. The effort to hold what one has keeps a man on his toes as effectively as the higher honors that beckon to him to come and take them.

Opportunities for advancement may not always be so abundant as they are to-day. There are plans on foot to provide a tremendous increase in high-grade executive and supervising material. Six hundred and twenty colleges have lately agreed to cooperate with the industries to supply young executives trained to order. Each year big business raises its bids for college-bred men. The program adopted by the colleges is slow, but very sure. No large results will be apparent for two or three years; but in 1923 and thereafter great numbers of alert, ambitious and specially trained youngsters will be competing for most of the better jobs in sight. Men who to-day can secure promotion by outdistancing fellow workers who have had no broader opportunities than their own will soon find themselves competing with boys whose mental equipment and determination to succeed will set a much swifter pace than the one they are now asked to beat. Good work or bad work during the next two or three years will shape the whole future of several million young Americans. Those who are trained down for the race and enter now will have a flying start.

Conditions in business and mercantile houses are not very different from those in industry. The white-collar jobs offer possibilities as exceptional as those in machine shops, shipyards and manufacturing concerns. Unprecedented competition, reckless and burdensome taxation, declining margins of profit and the uncertainties of the future—all cry out for sound, long-headed, resourceful management. The meanest corporation can better afford to pay stiff salaries to men in key positions than to allow the courts to name the compensation of a receiver in bankruptcy. Live concerns are willing to do so.

It is no longer thought good business to muzzle the ox that treads out the corn, lest he depart and do his treading elsewhere.

These are clanking days for the younger men; and if they make the most of them the results will be quite as beneficial to American industry and business as to the individuals who take the limit off production, clamp down the safety valve and order full steam ahead!

A Compulsory Course

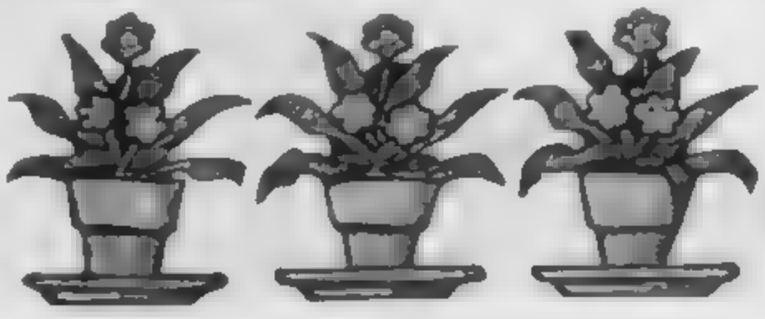
UNLESS all signs fail, many millions of us who have no special love for study may rather soon and rather suddenly find ourselves taking a compulsory course in primary-school economics.

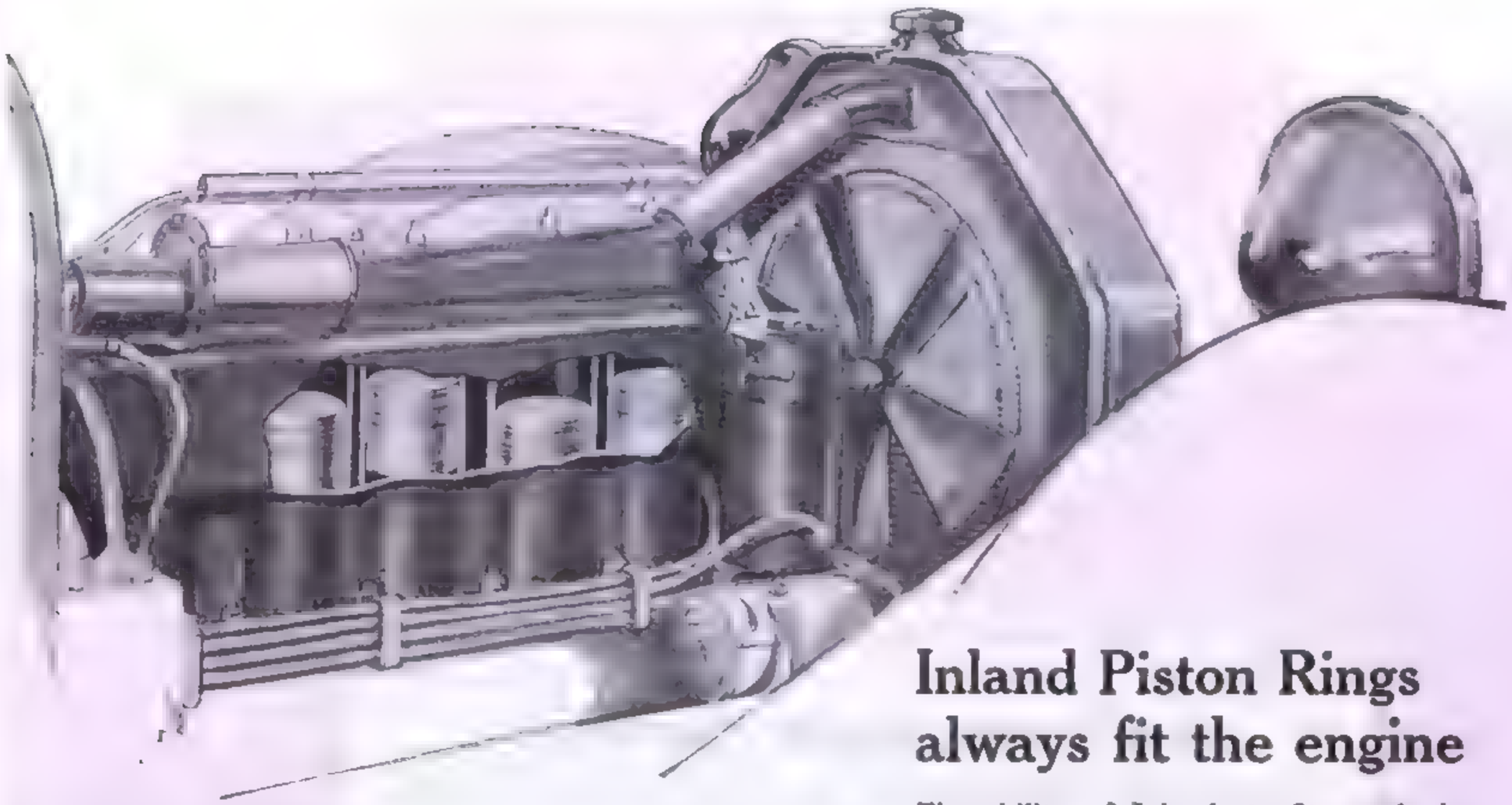
Like the rain from heaven, the coming downpour of education will fall upon the just and upon the unjust. It will fall upon the underpaid clerk and upon the greedy profiteer; upon the frugal widow who is trying to live on a little nest egg of insurance money and upon the overpaid machine worker who is soldiering on the job to the exact extent that the traffic will bear. It will descend upon the big capitalist whose capital is a coal mine or a steel mill, and upon the little capitalist whose capital is a chest of tools or a dory and a few lobster pots.

This compulsory course in basic economics will be strictly practical. There will be no place for the theoretical. Long words will not be used. No books or blackboards will be required. No college professors will be needed to direct the learners' studies. The course will teach how topheavy prices, inflated wages, shameless profiteering, wild extravagance, short hours and scamped production all joined hands in a mad game of ring-around-the-rosy, whirling faster and ever faster till the vicious circle was shattered by its own momentum.

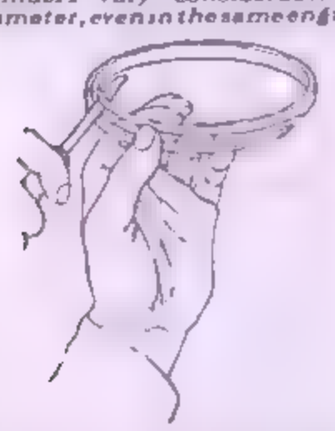
The mopping-up period, which will afford leisure for post mortems and inquests, need not be dreaded as if it were to be a repetition of the months that followed the panic of 1893. If the expected happens vast arrears of public and private work, new building, replacement of outworn equipment and the replenishment of exhausted reserve stocks will serve as buffers to break the fall. Shrinking prices and the steadily growing purchasing power of money will materially soften the rigors of the readjustment.

There will be a certain amount of unemployment; but most of it will be due to unwillingness to accept the going wage, because it does not go high enough; or to disinclination to return to a fair production standard. The thrifty, the prudent and the habitually industrious have little to fear. Their very mode of life will be their mightiest protection from the evils that lean years bring to the wasters, to the happy-go-lucky and to the bone-lazy.





Piston Rings must be capable of expansion in order to fit snugly against the cylinder walls. For, cylinders vary considerably in diameter, even in the same engine.



This expansion is provided for in the Inland Piston Ring by the spiral cut. It always fits tightly because it uncoils like a spring

Inland Piston Rings always fit the engine

The ability of Inlands to fit snugly in cylinders that are "out of round" is one of the many reasons why car owners appreciate Inland Piston Rings.

For, it is by overcoming such variations that Inlands maintain the gas-tight and oil-tight connection between the piston and the cylinder.

The Inland is a ring with a powerful tension—a tension resulting from the Inland spiral cut.

This tension enables Inlands to expand according to the needs of the particular engine of which they form a part.

And, Inlands are made in one piece, without loophole or gap. They form a stout, solid barrier against the leakage of either oil or fuel through the ring itself.

This one-piece construction also makes for ease of installation and freedom from dangers of breakage, assuring unusually long service without care or attention.

If your engine is old and is operating poorly, have it equipped with Inland Piston Rings.

Inland Machine Works

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INLAND
ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

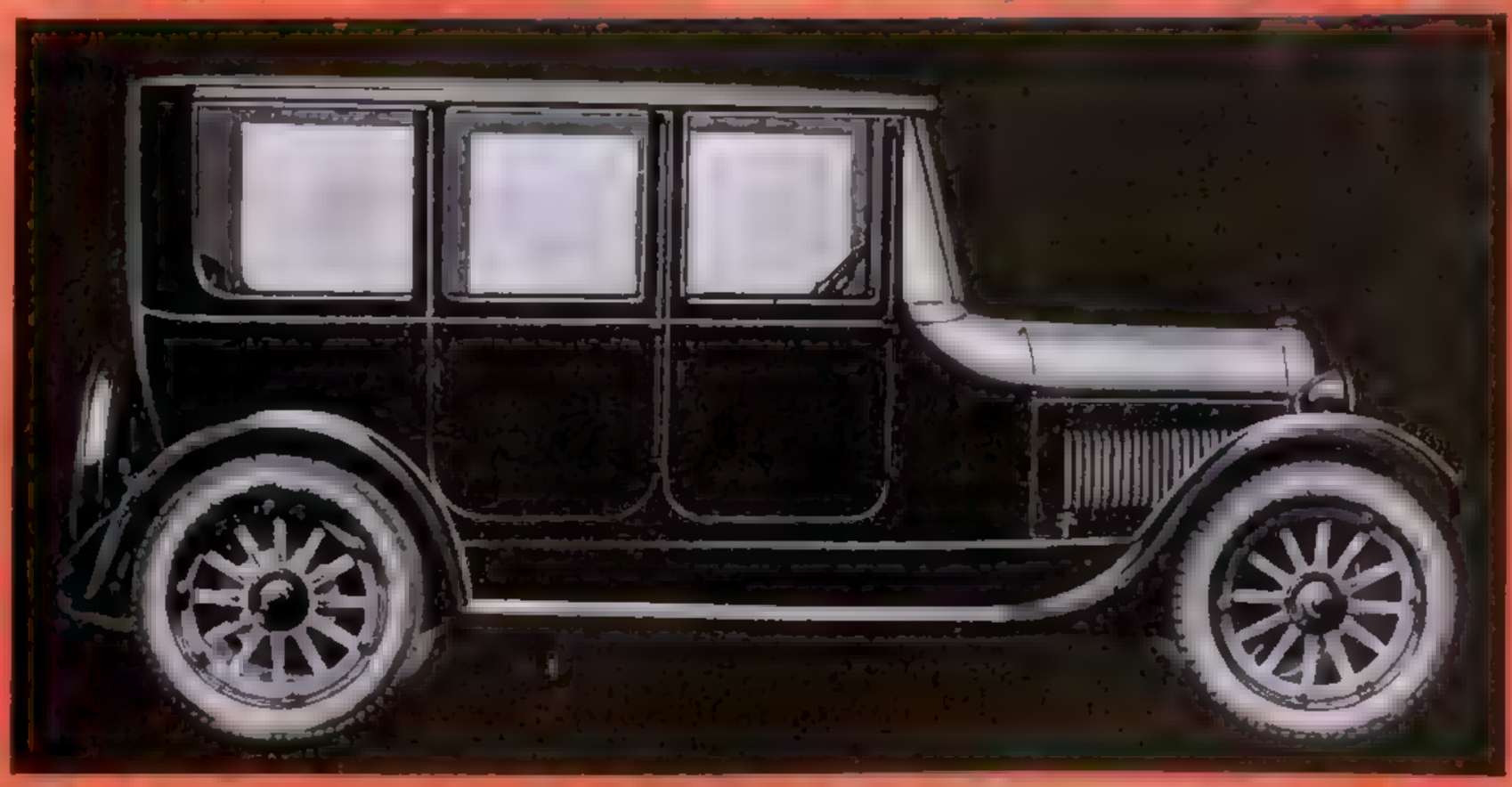
REO

5-Passenger Sedan

Possession of a Reo Sedan is not only a mark of distinction but may be classed as a privilege. ¶ The selection of a car of this make and model is an evidence of knowledge and discrimination in motor cars. ¶ The acquisition of one indicates alertness—for only the Alert can hope to be of the Elect who will drive Reos. ¶ An added touch of quality and of beauty is the hand-wrought aluminum body. ¶ This is a feature you will find in cars of the highest class only. ¶ Aluminum takes a higher finish, will not rust, so paint adheres permanently and—lighter, of course. ¶ All enclosed Reos now have aluminum bodies. ¶ Never has the output of Sedans gotten within speaking distance of the demand—always there has been a hiatus between output and orders the extent of which was not to be determined. ¶ Those who are motorwise know—from long years of experience—that if one would possess a Reo he may not wait until the last minute to order. ¶ There's always a waiting line. So only way is to order early—that means now—at once—and secure a definite delivery date. ¶ Your Reo distributor will tell you just what you may expect. Better see him—today won't be a minute too soon.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

Reo Motor Car Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.



"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

EARLY GEORGIAN

(Continued from Page 15)

"There were only four Georges in all," said Mr. Marx with a pained expression. "I do not count the present George or Lloyd George or George Washington."

"That explains things to me a good deal," said Willy Lou. "I have always wondered how one man called George could have made so many things. I suppose, of course, they were sons of each other or something."

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Marx. "As you go deeper into the history of English silver you will find out many things."

In the language of the street, I am disposed to believe that Mr. Marx said something when he gave utterance to the last sentence of his conversation. We have indeed found out a great many things in our investigation of this fascinating subject—for instance, on the test that should be applied to an article in order to tell whether it is solid silver or copper or something else varnished with silver. A friend of ours who has a great many things on his sideboard one day casually explained something to us about the way to tell Sheffield from silver. He did this after breathing gently on the face of a tea urn which he said was early Georgian and worth at least fifteen dollars an ounce.

"You can see the little circle of the inset in this way perfectly plainly," said he.

"What do you mean, inset?" I asked him.

"Why, of course you know that all genuine early English Sheffield had a circle of solid silver let into it for the purpose of the engraving of the crest or coat of arms of the owner of the piece. Such engraving, if inscribed upon the shell of silver plating, would go through to the copper. The plate was let in so smoothly that you cannot see the line unless you look very closely. You have to breathe on the piece in order to develop the difference in the patina."

Sheffield While You Wait

We never did see what they meant by that word patina, but we went home and nearly breathed ourselves out breathing on our silver, and for the life of us we could not find any of those circles. Sometimes I wonder if they did not hold out the patina on us when they sent our things home.

We brought up this question of the circular inset not long afterward when we were negotiating with Mr. Carolus Marx for an early Georgian soup tureen. We utterly disregarded the expert counsel of Mr. Robert Hazelton to the effect that soup tureens had entirely gone out, and that at best they were early Victorian rather than early Georgian. I detected Willy Lou casually breathing on the surface of this soup tureen, and being a man of open mind myself, I explained to Mr. Marx that we were looking for the line of division between the solid silver and the thin silver.

"Of course you know," I said to him, "that all genuine Sheffield plate has an inset of solid silver so that they can put on family crests, coats of arms and that sort of thing, to match what you have on your car. Sometimes it is hard to see that line, but in a real piece it is always there."

It is my experience that it is very difficult to jolt, jar, or otherwise discompose Mr. Carolus Marx. He showed no signs of ruffled equanimity now.

"To be sure and quite right," he said casually as he touched the little bell at the side of his desk. "I will have my expert workman burnish up this piece, and then perhaps the dividing line will be more easily discoverable."

He picked up the soup tureen and, stepping rapidly toward the rear of the shop, engaged in low conversation with the workman aforesaid, a piratical-looking personage who, I am sure, must have been an I. W. W. or something.

"He says he will bring it in a few minutes," said Mr. Marx. "I might also say that we are equipped for executing family crests in a most elegant detail. Perhaps after you have purchased this piece you will desire to have this done for you. You can obtain books at the public library which will show some of the handsomest crests that ever have been devised."

We talked over this matter of the marks of the family silver until after a while the workman brought out the soup tureen. Mr. Marx gave it a glance and then passed it to Willy Lou.

"You can see the dividing line now with perfect ease," said he.

That was quite true. You could even feel it with your thumbnail.

"What is this little round point in the middle?" asked Willy Lou curiously. "I didn't notice that before."

"That," said Mr. Marx, "is where the engraver begins when he is putting in the coat of arms."

And—as the beginning novelist says—right here we would pause to remark that after this perfectly lucid explanation of the inset it was nothing less than vulgar of our friend Mr. Robert Hazelton to point out that that little point probably was made by one leg of the workman's compasses while he was scratching in the circle with the other point. There are men who would destroy our faith in human nature. As for me, I would not care to live in a world where there was no faith in human nature; and in these days especially one needs a great deal of faith.

One of the best things we did in early Georgian was when we were in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love. The dealer in this case treated me as a brother. I had confidence in him almost from the first, and from the first he acted as if he had confidence in me. I am inclined to think that the latter confidence was justified.

We had seen in the window a large object of art which in general contour resembled an inverted wash boiler of the period when wash boilers were used. Projecting handles at either end and a series of feet underneath proved to us that this could not be in good sooth a wash boiler, so we wandered in to find out what it really or possibly was.

"My dear sir," said this dealer, who assured me that he was a Swiss, "that splendid piece is the finest example of early Georgian we have ever had in our possession. It dates back to George I, as you will see by an examination of the coat of arms engraved upon the side. You will observe the nonconducting handles—wood between silver supports. The feet also are made nonconducting for the same reason.

"Observe the great height and dignity of this piece, the apparent thickness of the lower section. That is the hot-water receptacle. In those Georgian times, as you will recall, steam heat was not in vogue. In order to serve the roast joint hot, without the unpleasant look of solidified fat upon the bottom of the platter, it was the custom of George always to pour hot water into this receptacle and then to screw down this little cap. See what a large joint this ancient service could have accommodated! And always the joint would be hot and savory! Such a piece as this in solid silver would be worth twenty dollars an ounce. In this ancient Sheffield, which is quite as valuable as solid silver, I could let you have this joint service at ten dollars an ounce."

Buying Water by the Ounce

"How many ounces are there in a pound?" asked Willy Lou, lifting one end of the wash boiler. "I think this thing must weigh about twenty pounds."

"There are sixteen ounces in the pound, madam," said the dealer kindly. "And you are quite right—I will weigh this in your presence, and you will observe that it weighs twenty-two pounds eleven ounces."

Willy Lou and I hurriedly withdrew for a consultation.

"That would put an awful crimp in our roll," said Willy Lou. "But I'll tell it to the world that that is the stunningest chop tray I ever put my eyes on. We could put the laundry in it between parties. Besides Mr. Hazelton told me that ten dollars an ounce was not an unusual price for good Georgian pieces. It's all right about Aunt Lucretia buying those things for a dollar or so apiece, but we have got to remember that Aunt Lucretia is dead, and that she belonged to an earlier day in our history."

I spare the reader details. I have not bought any clothing for four years anyhow, and shall not for several years to come. But that is not the real milk in this coconut, as it were. When we got this piece home we placed it on the center table for better examination. Our housemaid, who is of an inquisitive turn of mind, had said she heard a sort of sloshing sound in the interior of this joint service. It was but too true. When we unscrewed the cap at one end of the hot-water receptacle we found that the latter did not leak in the least. Indeed it was full of water, or practically full, and as we knew that we had not put any water in it it was obvious that our friend in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, himself had done the filling.

It is not commonly understood that water is quite heavy when you come to weigh it. By bitter experience I have gained too much wisdom to contest this bill, which carries the fatal words "as is." Without any doubt or question we had bought this wash boiler as is, which in one fashion of construction no doubt legally means that we bought the filling also.

I never had the heart to weigh all the water which we purchased at ten dollars an ounce, but am ready to swear on my sacred honor that there was a bucketful of it. You can weigh a bucket of water to satisfy your own mind about such matters, and perhaps it will be of use to you in your own Georgian purchases. Almost everything has water in it, but I see nothing in my antique book which specifies its desirability in connection with hall-marked English silver. However, we profit by adversity. At first disgusted with our joint service, I cut a hole in it and arranged an adjustable door so that when not otherwise employed it can be used as a dog house. Willy Lou says she will tell it to the world that we have the stunningest dog house that anybody ever put eyes on. Our dog, Jeannette, has always been very comfortable in it when it was not otherwise employed.

Early Georgian Buckhorn

There is something reassuring in the method of an antique dealer who sells you his Georgian silver by the ounce. It makes you think that you are being treated in a perfectly honorable, fair and square way. If he just lumps off a price to you—say, two or three hundred dollars—your first impulse is to think that very likely he bought the thing for six dollars, and that the rest is velvet. On the other hand, if the dealer weighs the article right before your eyes you get so busy thinking of how much it weighs that you forget all about how much it cost in the first place. Before you get round to that you have bought it, and then it is too late.

Once I bought a sterling-silver ladle, or dipper, with a buckhorn handle about a foot and a half long, at the moderate price of twelve dollars an ounce. The dealer weighed it before our eyes, and it never occurred to either of us until after we got home that we also had bought the buckhorn handle at twelve dollars an ounce. It always has been my impression that antique dealers have some sort of connection with the black-magic art. You cannot faze them.

I asked this man if twelve dollars an ounce was not a lot to pay for buckhorn and he answered, "Oh, not at all—not for early Georgian buckhorn."

A close study of those who purvey old silver to the public also will reveal the fact that they are of an astonishing mental alertness, combined with poise and calm, as well as a certain sadness and gravity of mien.

I have mentioned the time when Willy Lou and I bought a pailful of water at ten dollars an ounce in our joint service. This piece had as distinguishing marks nonconducting handles and feet. One day in San Francisco, while Willy Lou and I were passing down a thoroughfare, we saw in the window of a silversmith two certain objects which caused Willy Lou to gasp and to exclaim, "Lookit!"

I turned, got one glance, and then hastened away with her. Drawn a little apart, we looked at one another with horror in our eyes. It is so far to walk from San Francisco to the middle portion of the continent.

"But what are you going to do about it?" I argued at once with Willy Lou, overleaping other speech. "There are the feet and there are the handles. Those two vegetable dishes would match our joint service absolutely, perfectly and completely!"

Willy Lou dabbed at the corner of her eye with her handkerchief.

"Well, if we must we must," said she.

So knowing the worst in advance, we turned and went into the silver shop. Of course we looked at everything else in the shop first. There is nothing in that. Any dealer in early Georgian worth the name knows just where he has you stung before you say a word. After giving us a proper amount of time, this one turned and extracting infallibly those two vegetable dishes from the window placed them on the counter before us without a word at first.

"Early Georgian," said he after a while—"about 1763. Perhaps the very best year of the period."

I felt Willy Lou's elbow beat me in the side. She had discovered that there were hot-water receptacles under these precisely as under our dog-house service, and that there was a little water-tight cap which unscrewed where you pour in the hot water if the janitor has got any that day. Ah ha! Obviously it was the intention of this dealer also to sell us water by the ounce in these dishes, if not also the box in which they came. Willy Lou, as though casually, dipped her finger into the little water hole at the end of the dish, and held it up, moist, accusingly, without saying a word.

"Oh, yes," said the dealer quietly, "we always keep them full of water. That is to increase the humidity of the air."

He said this just like that, and never changed a muscle of his face. True, we poured the water out before we weighed the dishes in this instance, but as the dealer charged us fifteen dollars an ounce instead of ten we have never been able to discover just how we came out ahead in the game. Indeed no one ever does come out ahead in the early Georgian game.

Not long ago a friend of ours made us very happy by telling us one of his own experiences with antique dealers in which he had been stung. He had bought a stunning side dish of solid Georgian silver on the strength of the fine hall-marks which it carried. After he got it home he chanced to show it to Prof. Robert Hazelton, who in my belief is the worst kill-joy on the North American continent. Under the microscope it became obvious that what the dealer had done was to cut off the handle of a hall-marked tablespoon, trim it up a little bit and inset it into the surface of the dish. After it was polished off the inset mark was not readily observable to the casual eye. Professor Hazelton also showed them with much triumph a certain trivial mark under one handle.

"Of course it is perfectly obvious to anyone," said he, "that this piece was made by Dobbins of Boston in the year 1858. It's nice silver, but it isn't English silver and it isn't hall-marked. In England a man who would do that sort of thing would be hanged, drawn, quartered and then deported."

Isn't that just like Hazelton? Why could he not allow the man to be content with his spoon handle in disguise? So many of us do not get even the handles.

The Lugubrious Scot

Having thus had the seeds of distrust sown in our souls, Willy Lou and I concluded to buy some real English silver when we were next abroad. Indeed we wandered up and down Oxford Street in London for some time, and saw some lovely things, but we never dared go in at all, because we never could figure out how much a thing really is in English money. But one day in Edinburgh, Scotland, we saw a window in Princes Street, where one or two articles were marked in dollars and cents—as I later was disposed to think, possibly for the American trade.

As I have said, it must have been noteworthy in your own case that all master salesmen in the silver line are very sad men. They rarely smile, and if so it is with deep-seated melancholy. When we entered this Scotch emporium we were attended by one of the proprietors himself, a man in frock coat and gray trousers, with short side whiskers and a pink face. I cannot by any possibility make plain how very respectable this gentleman was, or how very pink he was—or how very sad. He seemed to exude early Georgian feeling at every pore, and he certainly was the saddest, pinkest, side-whiskeredest, respectabiest man I ever did see in my born days.

"I see you are Americans," he remarked sadly, though I could not see how he saw it, or why it should make him sad. But he added that it would give him much pleasure to show Americans some of the museum

(Concluded on Page 129)

What Most Miles *per* Dollar *means to the* 4,000,000

IN the motor-car world there is a well-defined field in which certain small cars have leadership. They have won this leadership on distinguished service *to the majority*—to the four million light-car owners, who represent sixty per cent of the motoring public.

To give these four million owners the right tire service was a task for which the Firestone Organization was especially fitted. It had pioneered before—it could do it again.

The result is the Firestone 3½—the destined measure of service in the small tire field.

What the bulk of the people accept as the standard of value is right. And the popular voice is calling for this Firestone 3½.

The method of building this tire is as unique as the service it renders. A $7,000,000 factory in which *only* the 3-inch and 3½-inch sizes are made. Plant capacity of 16,000 tires a day. Men devoted to its making as single-mindedly as if there were no other tire in the world.

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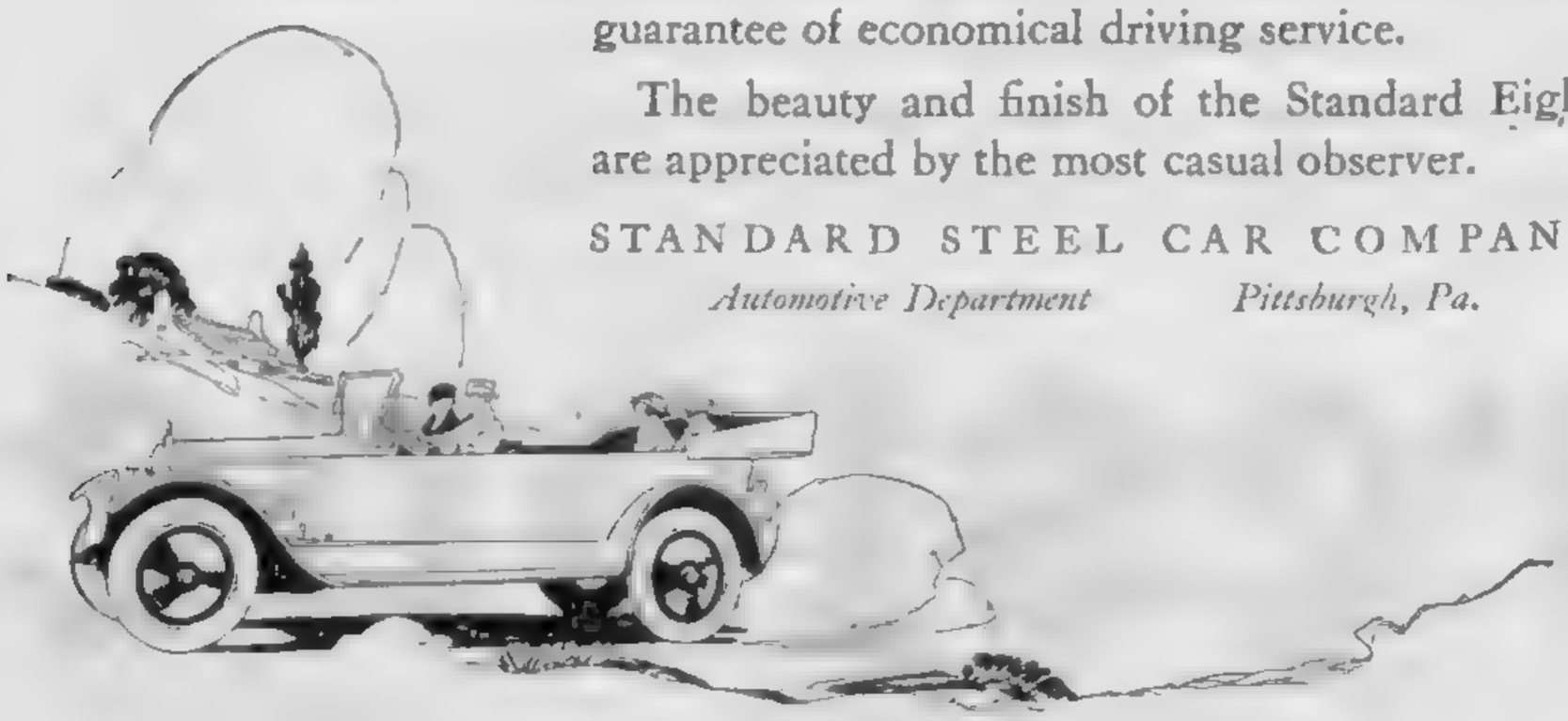
STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY

Automotive Department *Pittsburgh, Pa.*



(Concluded from Page 125)

pieces which he had. He gave his own name as Mr. McLean of the firm of McLean, McLeish & McPherson. He first placed before us a highly embossed tankard, which he said was of early Irish manufacture, made in Dublin about the year 1763. Everybody, including Mr. McLean, knew all the time that we had our eyes set on four long-handled tablespoons and twelve forks and two fat little sauce boats, all of which were at the other end of the counter. In due time Mr. McLean drifted round to these things. I cannot tell you how sad and respectable he was as he told us that these early Georgian pieces would be cheap at $16.50 an ounce. He explained that the hall-marks would prove them to be works of art and more than 100 years old, so that they would go into America duty free if madam's trunks should happen to be already too full of other articles which might be concealed. Oh, well, you can cable home for money almost as easily as you can telegraph for it. We added these to our collection.

We also purchased of Mr. McLean six curious objects whose like I never had seen before. They were called marrow spoons, and they all were hall-marked within an inch of their lives, as the handles were very thin. A marrow spoon is built like a submarine cheese scoop with a fluted handle. It is, as it were, a sort of double-barreled spoon, and its purpose, in the days before butter was discovered, was to reach into the interior of a bone and fish out the marrow. A gentleman or lady finding need for lubrication of a scone, bit of crust or shortbread, took the ham bone, joint bone or other hollow and cavitarily constructed osseous structure of any edible quadruped creature firmly between the knees so that it would not slip, and then inserting the large or the small end of the spoon, as the case required, fished out the marrow with a circular motion of the wrist. Mr. McLean demonstrated how this was done.

We were sure that we had found a great prize in these marrow spoons, but when we introduced them into our table service they did not make any palpable sort of hit. We were credibly informed by Professor Hazelton that marrow spoons are not used nowadays, and are found only in museums. I therefore sold some of my marrow spoons, retaining only a museum amount, in spite of the fact that we had discovered a means of eating a nut sundae and for coring apples with the large end of a marrow spoon.

The Egg Guillotine

I am unable to determine just why Willy Lou wished to buy some early Georgian patch boxes with hall-marks on the lid. No one wears patches now, and these receptacles are not large enough to hold sufficient other coloring matter for active social life to-day. In the same way I can see no special reason why we should have bought twelve early Georgian snuff boxes, all hall-marked, because neither of us uses snuff. Neither do I now realize why we should have secured four early Georgian tape measures, all hall-marked and all working with a little spring which my lady knew how to handle, according to Mr. McLean—I did not myself know that they had tape measures at the time of George I. As for the pair of wine coasters which we discovered that we owned one day, I still recall the raucous laughter of Professor Hazelton when he inquired what we intended to do with wine coasters since the first of last July.

Continually little contretemps come up to make you feel that life is not worth the living. For instance, in our rambles we found some early Georgian sugar tongs built like scissors, with a cup on the end of the blades. In the trade these are always sold as mitered sugar tongs, as mitered sounds much more dignified than jointed. Very well; we had five pairs, all hall-marked. It is our way when we have guests in our home never to be obvious about such matters. If we place a marrow spoon, mitered sugar tongs, and a long-handled tablespoon, with hall-marks, at the plate of each guest, we never comment on these matters or urge the affair at all. We always wait until someone asks what the devil all those things are for.

In this way one time Professor Hazelton picked up one of the mitered sugar tongs which had been placed casually near his plate and looked at it with a bitter smile. We explained that it was an early Georgian sugar tong, demonstrating its use by application to the sugar bowl.

"But they didn't have lump sugar in those days at all!" said he scoffingly. "What you've got are candle snuffers."

I felt a cold streak run down my spine, as though someone had poured water there, but retained my dignity. I cannot explain to you how glad I was when later on in my historical readings I discovered that though they really had no sugar lozenges such as we have known at thirty-five cents a pound since sugar-refining days, they did have a big hunk or loaf of sugar, from which our term loaf sugar is derived. Mother would take a hatchet and a nail and detach pieces from this family loaf, and the mitered sugar tongs did the rest. We have been much happier since learning this.

It would seem that customs change very largely among our best people. Did you, for instance, ever see an early Georgian egg cutter? This is a contrivance that stands on three legs, with a little thumbscrew at the bottom. At the top there is a ring about as big as the upper third of the circumference of an egg. Playing in this ring there is a little circular knife, which guillotines the top off your egg. You put the condemned egg inside the upper ring, tighten the contrivance with the thumbscrew below, give a quick flirt with the end of your thumb—and there you are. I use the last three words advisedly. You can learn to use one of these things in a few weeks, but they are never safe. It all depends on how much the cook has cooked the egg. Perhaps in the past you have snicked the top off with your knife blade, as the Saracen emperor Saladin used to snick off the heads of his captives, but the egg guillotine is far simpler. At least so the sad man assured me who sold me this contrivance for fifteen dollars. When I found the name of the American firm of Symphony & Co. embroidered on one leg he was not in the least disconcerted.

"Of course," said he, "this handsome little piece was made by George Symphony himself. You know he was the founder of the firm. About 1863. One of the best years."

Buying Cleoscopic Lights

Anyone who collects early Georgian is sure to find himself owning a great many sorts of candlesticks—one probably should say candelabra, as they usually come in pairs or multiples. Sometimes they have green baize soldered on the bottom, so that you cannot see the hall-marks, but the dealer will assure you they are there. Sometimes they are candlesticks which are built like a trombone or a telescope. The first pair of these I bought were sold to me by a sad man as cleoscopic lights. That sounds a great deal more respectable than to call them telescopic candlesticks. I cheerfully paid forty dollars apiece for these, though they were only Sheffield. When I buy Sheffield they say it is worth as much as solid, and when I am arguing over solid they say that Sheffield is no good on earth. You have a great range of choice in this pastime.

The rummage sale is a favorite resort among collectors. To mention the very name causes the collector's eye to light up. Usually you get cake baskets or fire screens in rummage sales, but sometimes you get fish sets or cheese sets or carving sets with most extraordinary-looking handles. In a rummage sale, which always is operated strictly by Christian ladies who are trying to raise funds for the Rumanians or Turks, no one can tell you anything about hall-marks, and everything is sold as is, so that you have to trust your own judgment. In this way, trusting to my own judgment, I once bought a heavily silver-mounted carving set, which I was sure was none other than early Georgian. Later on I discovered it to be late Victorian—Hazelton, of course, told me that pityingly. I turned the carving knife into a screw driver, and if I do say it, I think I have the classiest screw driver in our block. Willy Lou uses the fork to stir up the soil round a fern which she is cultivating.

There are many ways in which you can use Georgian silver—all except tea sets and cheese sets. They are incapable of use in the American system of living. The homeliest examples go in little boxes and are lined with pale-yellow Victorian velvet. Always you hear the phrase "good" as applied to Queen Victoria. What do they mean, good? In moral character she may have been all right, but when it came to designing things she has cast a permanent gloom all over the world, including the loyal British Colonies. Oh, Victoria, Victoria, what crimes have been committed in thy name! I have some of the crimes, and they all cry to heaven for avengement.

Of late years, the supply of early Georgian having been somewhat diminished by government shipyard workers, bricklayers, stone masons and carpenters, we collectors have been turning to some of the best examples of the earlier American silversmiths. Indeed, dealers are spreading abroad the suggestion that it is quite the correct thing to have some pieces of early American Georgian things—meaning, I presume, George Washington. You nearly always will find that these things go in sets of four, and that the dealer has only three of them and that the lid is broken off one of these. They come short and squatty, with bulging sides in what they call melon panels. I don't think that the early American dealers could have had much imagination, because you will see the same sort of thing made by a dozen different makers all the way from Baltimore to Boston. Most of the things are, however, so homely as to be deemed desirable, resembling, as they do, nothing which you will find in our modern Georgian works.

A sad friend of mine who sells me silver against my will almost every time we meet gave me a list of about 800 American silversmiths, some of whom did and others of whom did not put their names on almost all the things they possibly did not do. If you know the names of all those makers, and if you can carry in your mind all the 5000 hall-marks of England, and the like number of examples of the French *poinçon*, you are fairly equipped to go out and do battle with the man who sells silver.

There was, as I have learned, Chippendale silver and Chinese Chippendale silver. I make no doubt I shall yet discover Heppelwhite silver. Even Benjamin Franklin is under suspicion; and it may not be generally known to the American public that Paul Revere, the early patriot, when not busily engaged in riding down the pike to carry the Liberty Bond news, spent his business hours in making teapots which were round and squatty and had lids that fitted down flush on top. Quite often I have had examples of these offered to me as early Georgian. So long as you remember that the real name was Paul you are partially safe, but I am expecting at any time to learn that Paul Revere had a brother George.

There are a few simple things which you ought to remember when you go in for early Georgian. For instance, German silver is not regarded as so valuable as English, and copper inside a silver dish is more valuable than white metal. When buying sugar bowls three feet are of more value than four. If you see a butter dish which looks like a hair locket done in basket-work pattern, that is Victorian, and you don't want it.

The Pride of Possession

Willy Lou and I have learned to invite to dinner only those of our friends who are certified never to have gone in for early Georgian. We prefer people whose eyes bulge out when we casually remark, while pouring cream from a three-legged Georgian jug with a curly handle: "We picked this one up at Warwick Castle one time when we were abroad"; or, "Excuse me, my dear, but wasn't this the one we found in Stratford—Shakspere's home, you know?" We never let the impression get out—Hazelton not being there now any more—that we have only two cream jugs, one from Warwick and one from Stratford. This establishes a more opulent atmosphere.

It is quite easy and natural, after you have practiced for a time, to call attention with entire delicacy to the fact that the two fat little bow-legged sauce boats with incomplete Etruscan handles both came from Edinburgh and were both made in 1763. I even at times have been able to gloss over the fact that two pieces of our prize Georgian coffee set were made in 1824 and the other two in 1842. And if any guest ever pipes up and says, "Why, we used to have one like that back home," I have discovered that it is best to remain calm and just to say: "Yes? Do you remember the hall-marks?" When you project that hall-marks proposition into the conversation you have got the average grandmother-citer faded.

It is much comfort to feel, in these days when your laundress comes down in a limousine, that in all likelihood she has little early Georgian which really would pass the inspection of Professor Hazelton. And if all the woman across the street can do is to show a plated candle tray with snuffers in good repair and two sawed-off candlesticks which came from Longfellow's home she may be treated only as a climber. I have six pairs of candlesticks from Longfellow's home. To read his stuff you would not think that Longfellow was ever that well lit up. You can go to bed with a clean heart when you know that you have six Longfellow candlesticks, two marrow spoons and a thing with a screw on the end of it to hold a ham bone when you carve. Not all your neighbors and guests are apt to be so blest.

But really the best thing is not to have any guests at all, especially one like Prof. Robert Hazelton. The animus of early Georgian is the personal gloating that you do. Though our $16,752.80 only lasted a few months, we were enabled to purchase ahead of the carpenter-and-bricklayer boom quite a number of pieces of early Georgian. If your silver was American, and inherited, it is made up of things; but if early Georgian, and purchased, you should bear in mind that it is always composed of pieces. A thing is bought by lump price; a piece is bought by the ounce. When Willy Lou and I have an anniversary party we do not invite anybody at all. We put out our two Georgian cream jugs and our Dutch Georgian tea set and our Scotch sauce boats—which we now almost never call gravy dishes any more—and at each cover we have a line of Georgian spoons and cheese scoops and nutmeg graters. Of course you know that every Georgian gentleman carried a nutmeg grater in his waistcoat pocket so he could mull his wine at his inn. We fix every imaginary guest so he could mull things if he were there. We also put out the long-handled tablespoons with crests on them, and the short-handled ones with hammered bowls, and our series of hall-marked forks and green-ivory-handled Georgian knives from which the green hardly ever washes off any more now; and the corrugated salt shakers, and everything.

George Was a Hard Worker

Of course we ought not to expect that there is enough early Georgian really to go round forever; but on the whole, since I always find some of it left every time I go near the avenue, I do not feel the country should feel discouraged. Indeed I never knew until recently how busy George, all or several of him, really had been making these early pieces. It couldn't possibly all of it have been brought over to Boston or Philadelphia or Baltimore, though a great deal of it must have come over as ballast in pre-Revolutionary times.

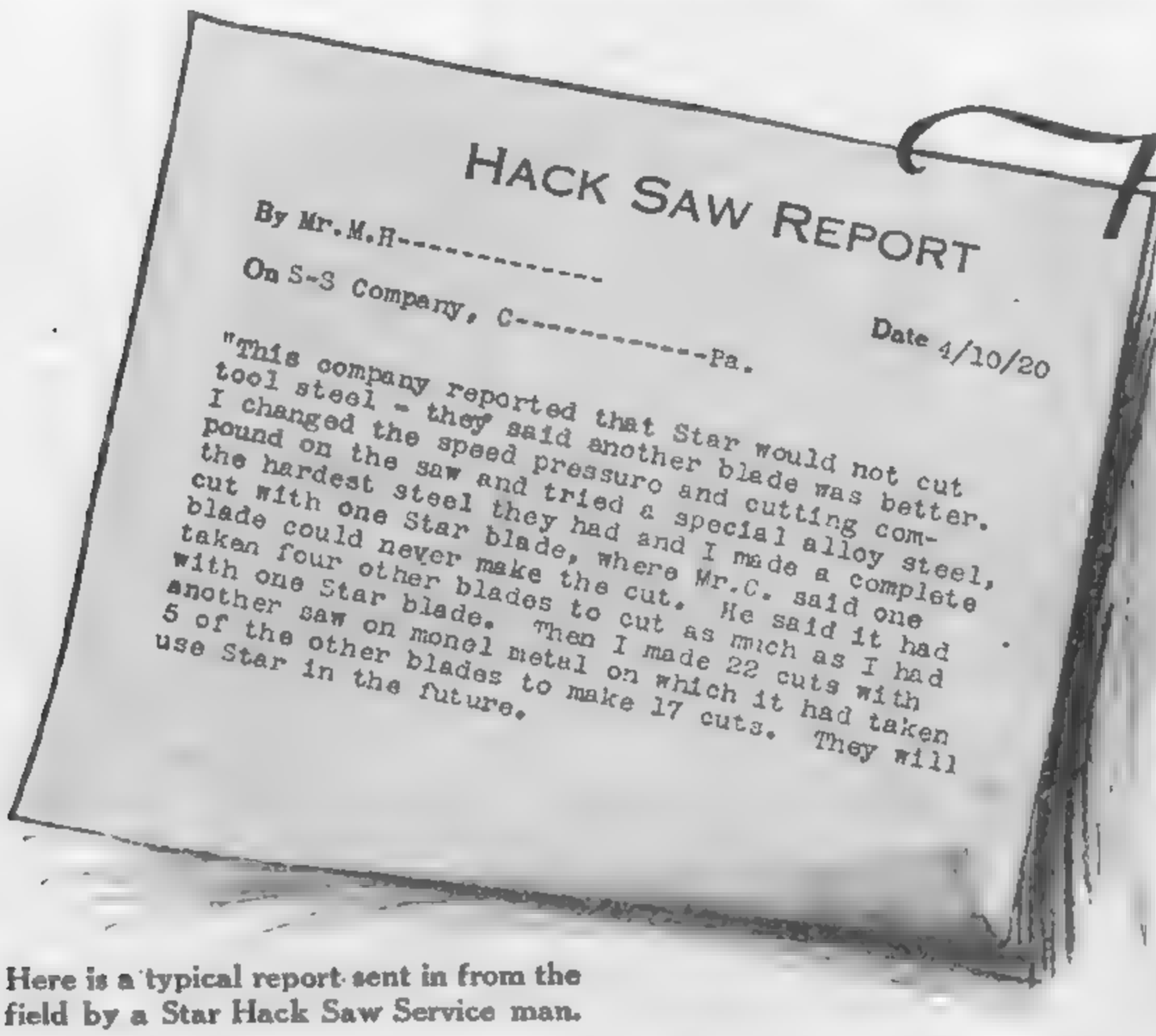
Early Georgians had a great deal to do with our history, and it is too bad the Revolutionary War put a crimp in George, or one of him, not long after 1763, right when he was just getting good. A certain uncertainty, so to speak, exists as to the numerical extent of the founder of the early Georgian school, or has done so up to recent date. There would seem, however, to be incontrovertible evidence at which, as I fancy, not even Prof. Robert Hazelton could undertake to scoff. We all remember the famous speech of Patrick Henry, the grandfather of O. Henry, in the house of the Burgess family in Virginia:

"George I did his share, George II raised the ante, but George III made the most of it. If this be treason, let it go as it lays."

I quote from memory.

As to what George V may do, or even Lloyd George, only the future can tell. One thing alone may be regarded as sure—George V can do no worse than his grandmother. What Victoria really needed was an Aunt Lucretia. In that case, to continue the quotation from Mr. Henry, she might have "profited by the example" of earlier monarchs, especially those who reigned in 1763—which, I take it, was the banner year of the British Empire.

Willy Lou and I have found that it has become necessary to dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the early Georgian empire; but, as Mr. Jefferson remarked, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that we should declare the causes which impelled us to this separation. I am obliged to say that it is because our patriotic landlord doubled the rent, whereas the broker never has doubled in his capacity as an accidental angel.


HACK SAW REPORT

By Mr. M. H----------

On S-S Company, C----------Pa. Date 4/10/20

"This company reported that Star would not cut tool steel - they said another blade was better. I changed the speed pressuro and cutting compound on the saw and tried a special alloy steel, the hardest steel they had and I made a complete cut with one Star blade, where Mr.C. said one blade could never make the cut. He said it had taken four other blades to cut as much as I had with one Star blade. Then I made 22 cuts with another saw on monel metal on which it had taken 5 of the other blades to make 17 cuts. They will use Star in the future.

Here is a typical report sent in from the field by a Star Hack Saw Service man.

He said One Blade could never make the cut —

It pays us to have a staff of expert men in the field to place their knowledge freely at the disposal of any manufacturer who has metal sawing problems. Even the best blade must be used rightly to get the best results, and with our 35 years of experience, we are in a position to show any user of hack saw blades how to make the most of his sawing methods. Here is a typical instance of how we opened the eyes of one manufacturer:

Report on S-S Company, C——Pa.

"This company reported that Star would not cut tool steel—they said another blade was better. I changed the speed pressure and cutting compound on the saw and tried a special alloy steel, the hardest steel they had and I made a complete cut with one Star blade, where Mr. C. said one blade could never make the cut. He said it had taken four other blades to cut as much as I had with one Star blade. Then I made 22 cuts with another saw on monel metal on which it had taken 5 of the other blades to make 17 cuts. They will use Star in the future. (Signed) M. H."

How to Save Money on Your Hack Sawing

Most manufacturers have gotten into the habit of thinking all hack saws are alike, or if there is any difference, it is so little that it doesn't amount to enough to bother about. If you have been thinking this way, you have a surprise coming to you.

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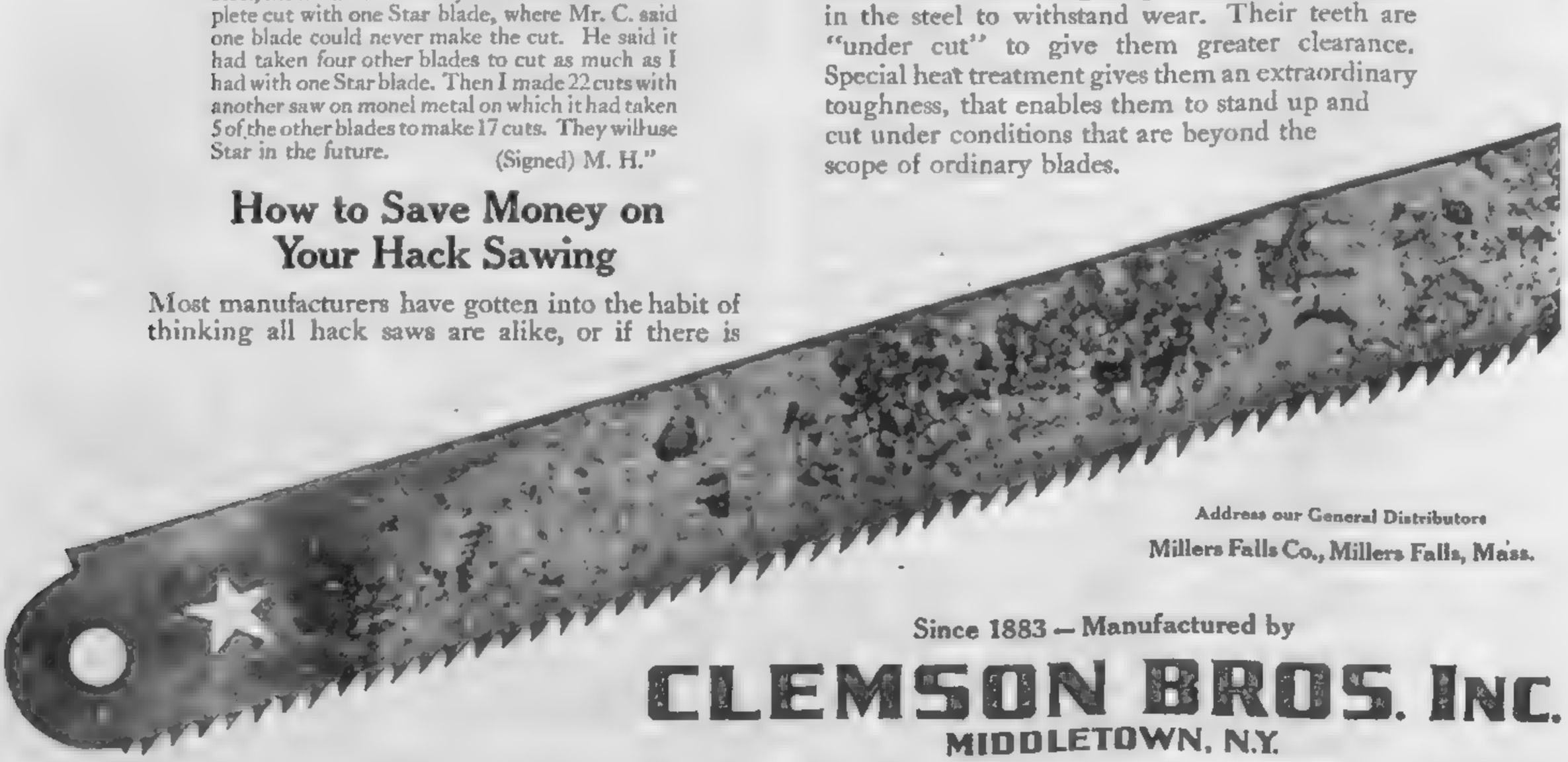
Star blades have a higher percentage of tungsten in the steel to withstand wear. Their teeth are "under cut" to give them greater clearance. Special heat treatment gives them an extraordinary toughness, that enables them to stand up and cut under conditions that are beyond the scope of ordinary blades.



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STAR HACK SAW BLADES

THE LITTLE GIRL EVE

(Continued from Page 17)

well enough that bucking Homer Dodds wasn't my kind of job. An outdoor man all my life, my instinct in any sort of controversy is to hit from the shoulder; and the more Bruce told me, the more I recalled of the boy Homer and observed of the present Homer's methods, the better I understood that trapping him was about the same thing as catching a snake: a cleft stick was the thing needed. With all this Bruce was astonishingly mild; when I cut loose about Homer his voice was raised for moderation.

"Kind of funny how a thing like this slips up on you," he meditated, feeling round on the top of the tool bench for a sliver to whittle. "But do you see the decayed skeleton of a rocking-horse about here anywhere? Used to be. Homer gave me that—when I was five years old. Before father died. Wasn't in the firm then. He was clerking for dad and your Uncle Henry, I guess."

There it was behind some boxes, the remains of a noble steed.

"Must have set Homer back a week's pay," I speculated. "But he figured it would be a good investment in the long run."

"Lay off the cynicism, J. L.," the boy smiled. "It's the wrong dope for a good scout like you. Homer was really fond of me, back in those days, when I was a little kid. But from the time I grew up, it's been an off-and-on scrapping match between us about the business—with him scoring most of the points. While mother lived she hampered me; never let me press any question with Homer. When you inherited the Henry Lamborn third, and I wanted to write to you to join us in asking for a complete accounting, she cried; said you and she and father and Homer were children in school together. Poor mother!"

"So we were," I grunted. "And Homer was just the kind of play-it-safe small boy that you'd suppose. Cheated in school; hogged up more than his share at picnics and parties; was a tattletale; but always stood in with the teacher and the old ladies, and got by with it."

"That'll be what we've got to look for." Bruce spoke quietly, but I saw that the knife had stopped its work. "Homer gets by. He's never gone in so deep without leaving himself a way to crawl out. Far as I'm concerned, he's had a pretty free hand. Mother died before I was twenty-one; she left him executor without bond, and my guardian. After that I was away—getting a technical training that'll be of no use to me now I've lost my sight." Again that lapsing of the voice; once more the breaking into speech. "Then the war. I was going to move in the matter, if I hadn't gone to France instead. You see I—I thought I'd either come back home and settle my affairs—or I wouldn't come back at all; in which case these things wouldn't really matter. Somehow—God knows why—I never thought of coming back—like this—sort of half a man—dependent."

There was no complaint; mere statement; yet every word went through my heart. I straightened up hastily from the work with "Lizzie's all right now, Bruce. Any place I could wash?"

He eased himself down from the tool bench and laid hold of me.

"Sure. We can get to that basin in the woodshed." And while I washed there he stood in the doorway, still evidently turning the thing over in his mind. As I pulled off a length of paper towel he said mildly: "Still and all, I'd rather—if we can—save Homer's face."

"Don't worry." I knew this for a sort of big tolerance, not timidity, on the boy's part. "There's no choice in the matter. Homer's a small-town financier, but he's as cute as they come. Save his face? We'll have to kick and bite and gouge to separate him from one ill-gotten cent he thinks he can hang onto."

"Looks to you like some battle ahead, does it?" he grinned a little. "Then for heaven's sake let's get out of the man's house."

"Rather not alarm him by making a move," I objected, sliding my arm through his. "Give me to-morrow. Don't say anything to the little girl even. I'm not sure that I'm the best hand in the world, but I'll take a day to it, and if I can't pull on my sort of fight with him we'll think up something else."

"Still," Bruce persisted, "if you're right, and a row's inevitable, we ought to have some place to land. What say we provision this house—on the quiet?"

"Good idea!" I agreed. "If as administrator and guardian Homer's been trying to draw this property into the mess, to be actually living in it would give you the traditional nine points."

"Yeah. And it makes me feel good"—his deep voice lingered on the words—"just to walk round the outside here; fool with things in the woodshed and garage."

We walked some distance in the direction of the Dodds place before he spoke again, turning toward me with a sort of doubtful smile, squaring his shoulders.

"Plenty of nice folks, J. L. I've got friends.

The Eyes of That Girl Downstairs, Surely No Doe With the Hounds in Full Cry After It Ever Carried a More Hunted Look Than Lay in Their Depths

I can make a good live of it, all right—if we succeed in pulling off this Homer thing."

"We'll pull it off—don't you fret," I said with a good deal more confidence than I felt.

Our man came downstairs next morning, looking, I thought, in spite of some effort to conceal it, as though he'd had a bad night. He was irritable and nervous. Beulah finally told him he was drinking too much strong coffee, whereupon he broke out suddenly and astonishingly with "Oh, hell!" He apologized for that, and said perhaps she was right; but the breakfast table was almost as disrupted as though Beulah herself had cursed.

He showed no surprise at my proposing to go down to the store with him, and, arrived there, forestalled any explanation of my purpose, nodding: "Sure. Go to it. You're a partner. Everything's open to you. We could have in an expert accountant to help you if you like."

I declined; any man brought in that way would be his man. It was while I was stalling round for a start of some sort that Linda Broughton, the head cashier, suggested to me in a perfectly colorless tone that the old books of the firm, running back for eight or ten years, were kept in a little strong room in the basement; the janitor could give me the key; there was an old desk there if I wanted a quiet place for my figuring. She went right back to her work after she said it, and I didn't embarrass her with any comments or questions. A large-framed, capable woman, with honest freckles and a steady eye, she was the daughter of Amelia Broughton, who used to be Amelia Price. When 'Mele and I were twelve apiece we had divided honors in the mental arithmetic class. Coming back to Elkington I found her a Buddha-faced woman in black and a widow's veil.

Amelia and her daughter had been great friends of Bruce's mother; the very tones of their voices as they spoke to me of the boy would have been enough to endear them to me. So now with a sheaf of notes in one hand and the key of the strong room in the other, I got myself inconspicuously down to the basement.

Two hours later I was humped over a seven-year-old ledger, digging into it for all I was worth, when the door swung silently open—and there stood Homer Dodds. The spot of color on his smooth cheek was distinctly deeper; when he spoke his voice got away from him.

"Whaddye think you're doing—heh?"

"What would you say?"

He glanced from the vacant space on the shelf to the book in front of me.

"Goes back before you had any interest in the store, Lamborn. You've no authority ——"

"Damn well dare you to stop me!"

Homer had come slowly in. He sat down with some suddenness in a little old chair that creaked piteously under his weight.

"Your interest—sit down yourself, Johnny—we got to talk this thing out, I see—your interest hasn't paid you much yet? Huh? That it? You got some right to feel like it ought to pay more. But you see the old man left it burdened with a lot of charges, and all. You know he was paralytic—in a wheel chair for years and years before he died. We're just beginning to get those things straightened up, cleared off." He watched my face. "From this on, you're going to be mighty well pleased with the returns."

"Hang it all, Homer, it's not my money I'm worrying about. It's Bruce's. You'll either do the fair thing by that boy or I'll make your name stink from one end of Elkington to the other."

"You will? I'd like to know how." He had got lightly to his feet. "Don't believe you know what you're up against when you talk to me like that, John Lamborn."

"We'll try to find out." I jumped up and reached for my hat. "If you've got a decent proposition to make to Bruce you can bring it to his house this afternoon. Needn't expect either of us at lunch—dinner—whatever you call it. We'll be at Bruce's to meet you, about five."

"Just the three of us?" Homer gave me a sidelong glance as we were getting up the basement stairs, and added hastily: "Why I ask, my lawyers are Britten & McKee. I'd like mighty well to bring Dave Britten with me if—if you're going to have legal counsel. Made use of his advice at every turn on the management of the McClellan interests. He might be helpful to us."

"No lawyers—as yet," I said dryly.

We walked the length of the store together. Darn the fellow! No merely decent man could be so chestily impressive in the eyes of his neighbors! Talking about his high-priced legal adviser, who'd kept his dishonesty within the law for him! When he ushered me out on the front sidewalk I admit I was pretty well stumped.

Homer'd robbed us; but in meeting the man who has stolen from you you don't just encounter "thief"; you've got to grapple with the individual all the way round. And you may find your chance to trap him, after all, somewhere else than in his dishonesty. What we needed here was a cleft stick. To my eye there was none in sight.

I never hated anything more in my life than I did having to take the thing at this point to Bruce. But the way he shouldered it was a delight, throwing back his head in a deep-chested laugh, checking for fear he'd hurt my feelings, saying, "Poor old J. L.; it's a filthy job; and, at that, you couldn't be allowed to handle it your own way. But if I'd let you punch his head we wouldn't have got the fight pulled on in such a way that I could be in it. Let's go now and get the things in down at my house."

At five o'clock, sitting before a good grate fire in the living room at the McClellan house, Bruce and I heard Homer's roadster drive up and stop, its door slam, then a foot mounted the porch steps.

Bruce murmured, "Just before the battle, mother."

His blind face wore that deathless small-boy grin, but I could see his knuckles white with the tense unconscious grip he put on his chair arms.

And after all when Homer came breezing in, throwing off his overcoat and hat on the couch, looking about him, crossing to the hearth to warm his hands, he was just Homer Dodds, an old schoolmate of mine, a friend of Bruce's childhood.

And he was quick to cinch that phase of the situation with "Hope you've both got it through your heads that I haven't come here to quarrel. I'm a man that can say what I've got to say without a fuss—that is, if I'm let to."

Bruce suffered this to get past with a mere "Shoot, Homer. You'll be let."

"All right." Homer turned and sat down. "Then we go to it as friends and business partners. John sort of stretched his rights diving into the old ledgers. But I overlook that. And I'm willing to explain every transaction in those books to you, Bruce. Would have gone over any of 'em, any time, with you—while you had your sight. I—er—it seemed to me that you lacked money sense, same as your mother. Never could get you to see a business point. But I'd always have been willing to try."

This evidently was Homer's version of what Bruce had alluded to as an off-and-on scrapping match over finances. He sat silent, his beautiful sightless face turned expectantly. I kept still, perforce, while Homer went on:

"Got to remember, when you're going over these transactions, that I was administrator of the McClellan estate, as

(Continued on Page 134)

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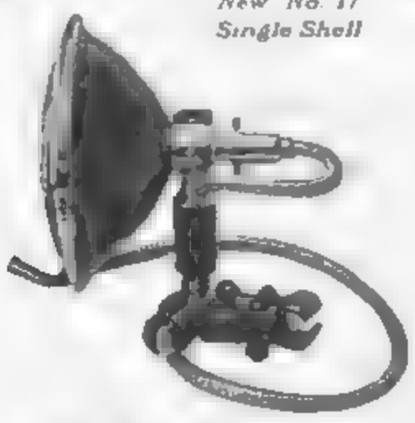

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(Continued from Page 132)

well as manager of Lamborn, McClellan & Dodds. The year that book that John mulled round over was being written, people were failing all up and down the streets of Elkington; firms going to the wall in every direction. I pulled the business through. And that was the year your mother picked out to start you in an expensive school. Nothing here in Elkington would do. You know, boy, she was the kind that want what they want when they want it. And she'd sign anything to get it. A dishonest man in my place could have robbed her. As it was, she ran the McClellan interest down to mighty near nothing, let me tell you. Wouldn't have had anything if I hadn't always tried to hold her within bounds."

It sounded damnably plausible, almost convincing; but Homer couldn't let well-enough alone. He was ill-inspired to go on:

"I supplied your mother with enough to live on—plenty—while you were growing up. And I stand ready to do the same by her son. She was satisfied—glad for me to manage things my own way and let her have what she needed. She couldn't run a store. Blind man can't run a store. I've used my best judgment and got things fixed for you the very easiest and cheapest way. You can live snug at my house. With your insurance I guarantee that the little you have left in the business—nursed along—will bring enough in to take care of what you'll eat, and dress you."

I jumped to my feet and started for him. Bruce grabbed me from the side—I knew then why he had kept me close at hand. Homer watched me, ready to take backwater, I thought; but the boy intervened.

"Sit tight, J. L. We've let him make his spiel; now it's our turn. Homer"—the young voice was all at once stern, cutting—"there are several courses to pursue when the members of a business firm are dissatisfied. The majority can join, I should say, and buy out the minority. What'll you sell for?"

"Majority? Minority? Me sell out? Me?" Homer spluttered. "Why, you poor fish, you've not got to exceed three thousand dollars' interest in the firm; and I wouldn't take thirty—I wouldn't take a cent less than fifty—for mine."

"All right. That's what I wanted to know. You've set the price on a third interest in the store. What my father left was a third interest. You were administrator of his estate, and of my mother's estate afterward. We didn't live extravagantly."

"Yes, but ——" Homer broke in.

Bruce stopped him.

"We'll not argue details. If you refuse to sell, my counter proposition is that you buy from me a third interest in the store. You've set the price yourself. Like you, I wouldn't take thirty. I'm standing out for fifty thousand."

"Nothing doing!" Homer hopped up as if his chair had thrown him out, grabbed for his overcoat and began to shrug himself into it. "I'll say you've got the gall, young man. After all I've done for you ——"

"Thought you were the kind that didn't quarrel," Bruce jabbed him quietly.

"I'm not quarreling." Homer pulled himself up short. "I'm—hurt." He faced round in the doorway and spoke out of the dusk. "If there's one thing gets to me more than another it's ingratitude. When you two are over this mad spell you've cooked up between you you'll see some things different. Anyhow, there's one person to be considered that you owe all respect to. She's up at the house, expecting you to come home to supper right now."

"Oh, we were going anyhow," Bruce interrupted. "Don't know about the supper, but we'd have to take the flivver up and get our junk. Go ahead, Homer. We'll be right after you." And as soon as he heard the front door shut behind our visitor he added: "Well, Homer can roar, but this interview gave me the chance to offer, in your presence, to sell to him at a figure which he himself set. That's some progress. Might keep on making him the offer. Let him get used to the idea. Lord, I had hoped ——" His voice lapsed, and he sat a moment brooding, then threw it off with: "Now for Evie. Got nothing much encouraging to tell the child—myself. But that won't keep me any longer from speaking out to her about her staying at Beulah's. Let's be off. Too late now to get a word with her before supper; just have to accept Homer's invitation, I guess, and see her after."

When we reached the house they were about to walk into the dining room. Beulah looked a good deal worked up, but kind of gloaty. Evidently husband and wife had agreed before we arrived that during the meal there should be no direct reference to the coming change. Yet the woman could not forbear continual oblique references to it, Homer looking at her with a curious mixture of admiration and uneasiness as she did so. We had eaten and the cloth was brushed for dessert, when Beulah was called to the telephone. She came back complaining about a committee meeting someone proposed to hold in the parlor that evening.

"What committee?" Homer barked nervously.

"I don't know. I couldn't make out. Somewhat irregular, it seems. Amelia said—it was Amelia Broughton who phoned me—that she wished you to be present, Homer. And she'd like to have John."

"I suppose you declined for me?" I put in hastily.

"Why should I?" Beulah grabbed the opening I'd given her. "There is no quarrel—no reason, so far as we are concerned—why you shouldn't be present at one of our committee meetings. I will say again, John"—her voice became sonorous—"that Homer and I refuse to be angry with you, though you have influenced Bruce McClellan to make ridiculous claims and demands." So Homer had told her of Bruce's offer. "You may even tempt him to withdraw what little he has from a business in which it is safe, and leave the place where he is at least sure of roof and sustenance—I know now that this is what you came into my home to do. Bruce may be beggared. I think it likely he will be ——"

Crash!

We all jumped. Beulah squawked as unaffectedly as a startled hen: "E-vah! One of my Royal Worcester plates!"

"I don't want anything more." Bruce shoved his chair round and reached for my arm. "Let's go." He allowed me to guide him as far as the door. When I stopped to open it he wheeled with "Evie!"

No reply from the little girl, on her knees gathering up a wreckage of cake and splintered china. I saw her shoulders heave. Then my attention focused on Homer Dodds. I could not look away. For once he'd forgotten himself, and Bruce of course couldn't see what his words did to the man as he finished: "Evie, listen. I'm going now; but I'll not leave you here in this house. Beulah says I'm a beggar. I'm a blind beggar, at that. But I'll not leave you here."

"Well, of all the impudence!" Beulah's voice followed us.

As I shut the door I heard her yapping over and over: "What did he mean by that? What did he mean?"

Homer had never spoken once—in words. For those who had eyes to see, words were not needed; even stupid Beulah, had she looked, could scarcely have missed the meaning of his face in that first unguarded moment.

Having left our things practically ready to move, I was just glancing round to see that nothing was out, when Bruce asked: "Was Evie in the room, down there, when I spoke to her?"

"Oh, yes, she was there—scraping up Beulah's damned plate!"

"She didn't answer."

"Just startled and upset," I said. "We'll see her as we go out."

"No. Go and find her now, J. L., will you, please? I'll wait here."

His last word was almost drowned by the terrific jar of a slammed door somewhere in the house.

"What the devil's that?" he asked uneasily, and then: "What keeps you, J. L.?"

"Nothing. I'll get right down there."

I hastily closed up bag and suitcase, an ear cocked for sounds from below. But after that first smash there came nothing worse than a ring at the doorbell, sounds of voices in the front hall, people going into the parlor. Apparently Beulah's committee was gathering. That would leave a clear coast for me, I thought. Yet when I finally did get downstairs, there was Homer over at his wife's desk writing something. He was standing, as children say, scrooched, scribbling away on a sheet of Beulah's pale-blue stationery.

"Hello!" I hailed. "Did someone down here drop a piano a minute ago?"

He jumped round and faced me with the queerest, furtive air, the written sheet half crumpled in his hand.

"No. That is—yes. Door blew shut. Made a big noise. Did you hear it upstairs?"

"Did we hear it? Sounded like the celebrated crack of doom. I thought the house was coming down."

Homer grinned a sort of sickly grin. And he wanted to get rid of me. I just stood there.

At last he said civilly, "Looking for Beulah?" And when I didn't say I wasn't he added: "She's in the parlor—that committee meeting, you know. Nobody come yet but Jenny Stetson and Elbridge. You tell 'em I'll be in in a minute."

But when I had stopped by the parlor door long enough to see Homer, his folded paper in hand, start down the rear hall, I hurried out through the dining room, searching for Eve.

I didn't find her in the dining room; she wasn't in the kitchen; I looked in the pantries and outer regions, even as far as the trim back yard, where I'd seen her hanging out things on the lines, and ventured to call her name softly once or twice. I was crossing the back porch on my way in, when I heard a blundering step on the second floor somewhere. Bruce might have got impatient and set out to look for her on his own account—poor boy. Instantly it occurred to me that the child was in her room. Why hadn't I thought of that before?

The back stairs in the Dodds house is a steep twisty thing like a spiral of cracker boxes piled up; my feet are neither tiny nor tripping; I kicked the treads till they thundered. My knock at first got no response.

Then there was a low "Go away. Let me alone."

"Evie." I shook the door in my hurry. "Listen."

"I won't!" Her voice was choked and furious. "And you needn't poke any more notes under my door either!"

I got the meaning of what she said later; at the moment I was rattling the knob and demanding "What's the matter? This is J. L. talking to you. For heaven's sake, was that your door that slammed a while ago?"

"Oh, Mr. Lamborn! Yes—yes—I'm all right—now. Go on, please. I'll—I'll be downstairs in a minute or two."

There were hasty, continuous movements inside there; the child was busy at something; I got the impression that she didn't intermit even as she spoke.

"Bruce wants to see you before he leaves."

"Yes—oh—of course. Tell him I'll ——"

"John! Jack Lamborn, are you up there?"

The call came from the foot of the stairs. When I looked down into the well of shadow, there in the Dodds back entry stood Amelia Broughton, raising to mine a face made more Buddhalike than ever by the rusty widow's veil she wrapped and unwrapped nervously about her head as she waited.

"John," she repeated, "we want you in the parlor."

"Why, Amelia"—I began to descend slowly—"I'm sorry, but Beulah ought to have declined for me. I've got no business in your meeting. I ——"

"Yes, you have. This is a man's-size job we've undertaken, John. We need ——"

"You got him?" Linda Broughton's honest freckles stood out on the paleness of a very resolute face that looked over her mother's shoulder. "Seemed as though we just had to have a man. We've nobody but Mr. Stetson."

The two of them hurried me through that kitchen, whose sink was piled with dishes just as they had come to it from the courses of the meal, through the dining room, its table still white spread, cake crumbs and bits of china where the plate had gone down. It looked as though someone had been suddenly stricken.

The meeting in the parlor, too, reminded me of a small select funeral, with Jenny Stetson—I remembered Jenny as a high-strung child who always cried violently when the teacher whipped someone else—beside the window, shaking like a leaf, looking reproachfully across at her brother Elbridge. In third-reader days I had respected El Stetson vastly because he could move his scalp and waggle his ears. He stood now, not doing either, backed up against the wall, an undersized, elderly, nervous man with an anxious eye that looked past you and begged to be excused from all human responsibility.

(Concluded on Page 137)

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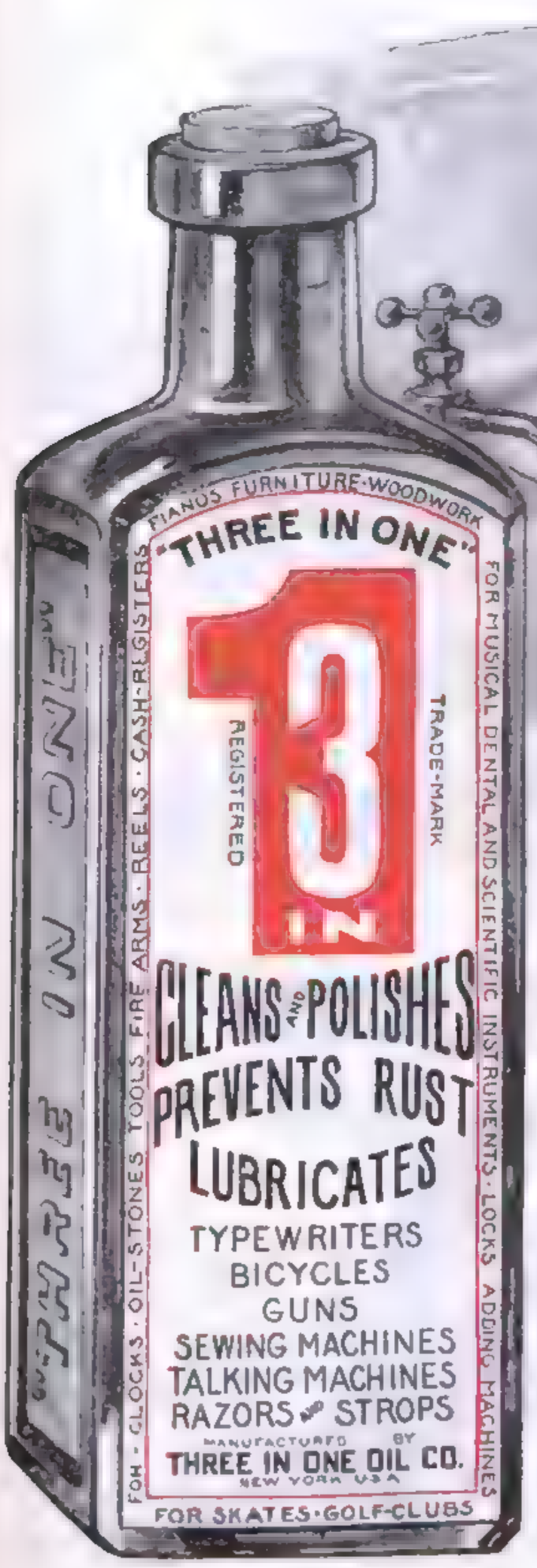

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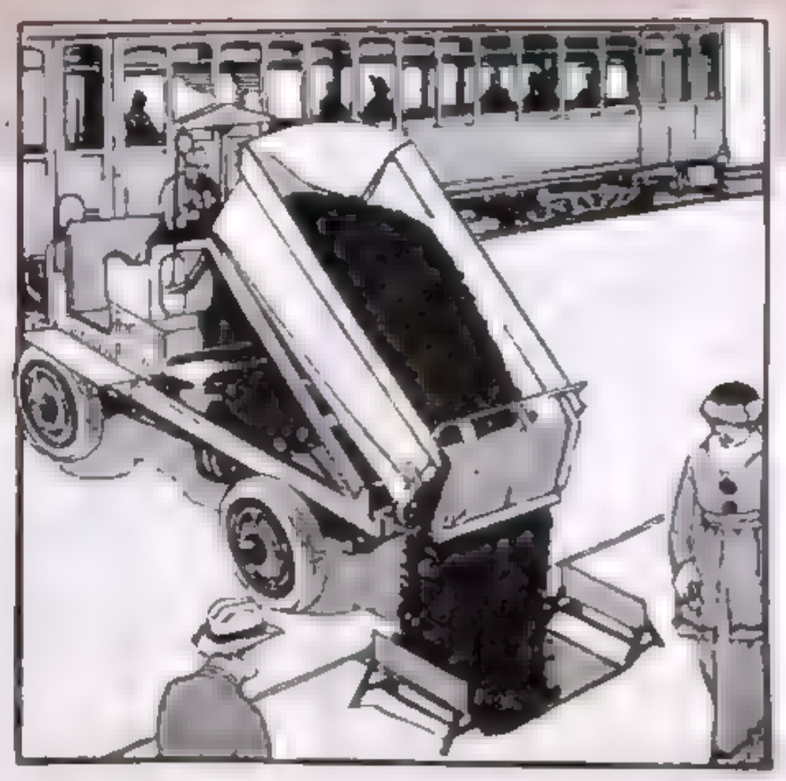

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(Concluded from Page 134)

And here was Homer! He had gotten himself into the parlor; he stood beside Beulah; I might say he stood supporting her; that was his air. She had on her schoolmistress manner—a bearing of general but lofty hostility. I knew instantly that neither of them wanted me in that room.

Jenny was protesting: "No. I can't. Not till they come." She caught sight of us. "Oh, you found John! I'm so glad. Now, Amelia—now!"

Amelia marched heavily to the farther end of the room, Linda and I following, faced round and made what looked like an almost truculent stand. I offered our cashier a chair, and took one myself. Amelia stood wrapping and unwrapping the veil about her bonnet with that characteristic motion till finally she got under way, not looking at anybody in particular, laboring along in broken phrases.

She was an officer of the Orphans' Home Association. . . . When they put a child out there were papers signed. . . . But the visitor was expected to see that those papers were lived up to.

The sensation this opening made with Homer and Beulah was profound. She seemed to gather fury with each word; he laid a gently restraining, protective hand on her arm.

Amelia went on.

For years she'd been official visitor. . . . It didn't make a bit of difference to the association when one of its charges was over eighteen. . . . It—they felt just as responsible. . . . More so, where it was a girl like Eve Denning.

"So"—Beulah closed her lips and breathed through her nose between words—"you neglect your duty, and then get a committee to come with you, and drag in a man that's been a guest in my house, to hear me abused. Your place, if anything wasn't satisfactory, was to come to me privately."

"I did that, you know, Beulah." Amelia was mild, but doggedly resolute. "And I didn't succeed very well either. You were furious at Linda and me for wanting to have Eve go to work for the Hamilton-Foster Company, and that was a good chance."

"Did I ever say I objected?"

"No. You didn't need to. You showed it. Back when she first came to you there were plenty of other families that wanted Eve Denning; she was the kind of child the association could have placed a dozen times over. They put her with you because—because it was considered an exceptional home. Now she's grown up to be the kind of girl that might make most anything of herself. And Linda and I both got the feeling that you tried to cut us off from her. And here lately Evie herself seemed to avoid us. . . . And staying here after she's eighteen and could better herself. . . . We thought—we felt ——"

"Well, she's stayed, hasn't she?" The taunting voice of the woman who has kept her servant while others lost theirs.

"That's just it. Don't look right. I kind of hoped you wouldn't flare up this way. Linda took a half day off yesterday to get hold of the child and talk to her. We both thought maybe she'd speak out more freely to someone nearer her own age. She wouldn't. She just cried. I tell you, that girl's in distress." Amelia gripped the veil with both hands. "Take it as you please. Make of it what you can. This house is no safe place for her."

At these last words of Amelia's, Jenny's nervousness culminated in the cry: "Something's got to be done!"

"Something got to be done to get my cook away from me—hah?" Beulah fairly trumpeted. "Well, I'd like to know what it will be, or how you'll do it, till a definite accusation's been made, and by the only party who has any right to accuse me. We'll call E-vah in."

"D'ye think that's best, my dear?" Homer's low-toned, anxious voice was heard to inquire. "Don't you think you better not?"

And Linda Broughton's indignant "Oh, no, that's a shame!" was unexpectedly seconded by Elbridge Stetson, who yapped: "Darn it, Dodds! We didn't come here to see the poor child cat-hauled. Our business is with you."

At that, sight of Homer's face gave me joy. I got the impression that El had meant nothing more than to accuse our old schoolmate of oppressing the orphan. Any other suspicion, I thought, would be only with the women; and certainly Beulah had none. Yet his face was sickly with fear as she walked to the door, turned and gave us all a raking glance, and addressing him in what I am sure was meant to be a very reassuring tone said: "This is strictly my affair, Homer. I will attend to it." She opened the door and called loudly, "E-vah, come here! You're wanted—in the parlor." Then after a moment she paced back and drew up at Homer's side.

Evie came, appearing in the doorway dressed for the street, a very shabby suitcase in her hand. The message of it reached husband and wife at the same instant.

The red in Beulah's heavy face deepened toward purple; those yellow eyes of hers flamed as she hooted: "Just going to walk out of my house without a word—hah? After all these years! That's the way with a girl; let a man crook his finger, and ——"

I lost the run of what she was saying, looking at Homer. Scared? Venomous? He gave me the creeps—set me thinking of men who'd take an ax to a girl and toss her body in the creek. All that hot hunger I had surprised in his glance, all the fury of balked desire I read there when he heard beautiful blind young Bruce speak out his heart a bit, seeming about to take the girl away from his vicinity—all this gone suddenly and awfully cold in a gripping chill of fear that what he had ventured might cost him his place with Beulah and her group of twopenny moral uplifters, whose flattery he so much relished.

"No"—Evie's gentle little voice might just as well have been a yell for the effect it had—"I was going to say—good-by. But—if there's a meeting—I can wait."

"Oh, I guess"—Jenny Stetson's tone was relieved; she looked at Amelia, already on her feet—"if the child's going—of herself—there's no need of a meeting, is there?"

The only answer was a general movement to go, the Broughtons, mother and daughter, starting toward Evie.

But Beulah stopped everything with "You'll continue your meeting here, now! I demand it. Come in, E-vah. I called you."

"Oh, my soul!" Amelia dropped back in her chair and fanned herself with her gloves; Linda—this younger generation's got sand—Linda beckoned Evie, who set down her suitcase, came over uncertainly and stood beside them.

"My dear—my dear—why didn't you tell us yesterday that you were leaving?" Amelia murmured.

"I wasn't—then. That is, I didn't know I would be," the girl faltered half audibly.

Beulah's voice rasped startlingly: "No caucusing. I'll trouble you, miss, to say out loud anything you've got to say."

"I'm not making any complaints, Mrs. Dodds," Evie said. "I stayed here in your house, after I was eighteen, of my own free will. I have nothing to say against you, Mrs. Dodds."

There was no missing the neat explicitness with which Evie left Homer out of her assurance. It brought him across the room, on the run almost.

He put a hand on the shoulder I shoved in his way, with "Move a little, Johnny. Let me speak to Evie."

I didn't stir. The others were scrapping away at a great rate, three of them talking at once; so he had finally to thrust his face round me, and I got the full benefit of his hoarse whisper:

"What—have you—done with—it?"

Not a word from Eve; only her hand dropped half unconsciously to the mouth of the little silk wrist bag which hung on her other arm. Homer's desperate eyes followed. I was glad that my whole two hundred and ten pounds stood between them; whatever she had in the bag there he'd willingly have strangled her to get. Her hand closed over the little ruffle that the cord made. She was paying attention only to Beulah.

"Oh," that lady said across at her, with a sneering circumflex—"oh, you've nothing to say against me? That's kind of you. Is there anyone else in the house you'd like to complain of? Here's an entire committee, collected for the purpose of listening to your woes. Now's the time to speak out."

Eve stood there, her face scarlet, tears slowly welling in her eyes. I could hear Homer's breath whistle as we waited in dead silence for her answer.

It was no answer from Eve that broke this silence, but a harmless little sound that seemed to throw the entire room into panic—the tap-tap of Bruce's stick, his slow foot descending the stair.

"Don't let him come in! Oh, don't let him hear!" Evie appealed desperately.

Elbridge Stetson came hustling at me with "Lamborn—Lamborn—you g'wan now, and take Bruce with you! Get him out of here—take him away! We can do without you."

"No, no!" Amelia pushed him off and fastened a clutch on my coat edge. "Take Bruce yourself, El. You stay, John. You're needed."

Above the clatter of contention Beulah's voice sounded loud: "Let young McClellan come. Let him come. You people may find that you've started something you will be loath to finish."

Bruce had reached the door, hesitated, turned, and was groping at the jamb. Now he spoke.

"What's up? Sounds like preaching. People in the next house could hear."

"Let them!" Beulah was dramatic. "There's nothing secret about this. This is a committee meeting, called at my house to consider the affairs of Eve Denning. I should say you were wanted in here too."

"I should say I was—if it's anything about Evie." Bruce extended his cane and began a groping progress forward. "Where is she? Here? J. L., are you in the room?"

It was cruel to leave him groping, blundering toward us, conjecturing, begging me or anyone who would to lead him in. But I had both hands full. With Amelia and Linda over near Beulah, Homer made a desperate snatch for Eve's bag. I barely rescued the thing from his very finger ends and spilled out a folded pale-blue paper. Eve caught it up, and I had to grapple him to keep him off it.

"John! Homer! Are you men scuffling?"

Beulah's astounded query was quite unnecessary; and it goaded Bruce.

"J. L."—he launched himself recklessly in our direction—"for heaven's sake, what's up? Get me over there!"

"Hold hard, Bruce. Stay where you are. I'm coming."

I got the note from Eve; I knew now it was what Homer had written at his wife's desk to poke under the child's door—our cleft stick, tossed into my hands by apparent chance.

"Johnny"—Homer spoke in a husky whisper—"Johnny, you're not going to—you wouldn't ——"

"John! Homer!" Beulah repeated. "We were holding a committee meeting, I believe. Are you two ready to return to the case in hand?"

Drowning Homer grasped at the straw.

"I am," he said numbly.

"Sorry, Beulah," I shrugged, "but there's another important bit of business to be closed up—right now—before we go any further." I glanced at the others, all friends of Bruce's. "You won't mind," I said, "interrupting the committee meeting for a financial matter. Homer's buying Bruce out. You'll be interested in this, El."

"Hah! Then I was right in what I said at the supper table," Beulah sniffed. "I hope you're satisfied with what you've done, John Lamborn."

"Pretty well," I grinned. "Fifty thousand's a fair price. Bruce thought so, anyhow, when Homer named it."

There wasn't a soul in the room who lacked knowledge of the situation. Linda Broughton looked straight ahead of her. Elbridge nodded across at me—the financial man indorsing the transaction.

But Beulah, the deepest depths of her nature struck through with anguish when the pocket nerve was touched, fairly screeched: "Fifty—thousand—dollars! If Homer Dodds attempts anything of the sort I'll not sign the papers!"

"Won't?" I took stock of the situation, particularly of Homer's face, while I tapped the finger ends of one hand with the little blue note held firmly in the other. "Well, Beulah, here's one paper you'll not have to sign."

I got myself over to Bruce at last, thrust the note into his questing fingers, which closed hard on it. Eve had followed me, scared.

The minute she touched him his arm closed round her, though he said nothing more romantic than "Oh, here you are—at last."

"What do you mean—I'd not have to sign?" Beulah demanded.

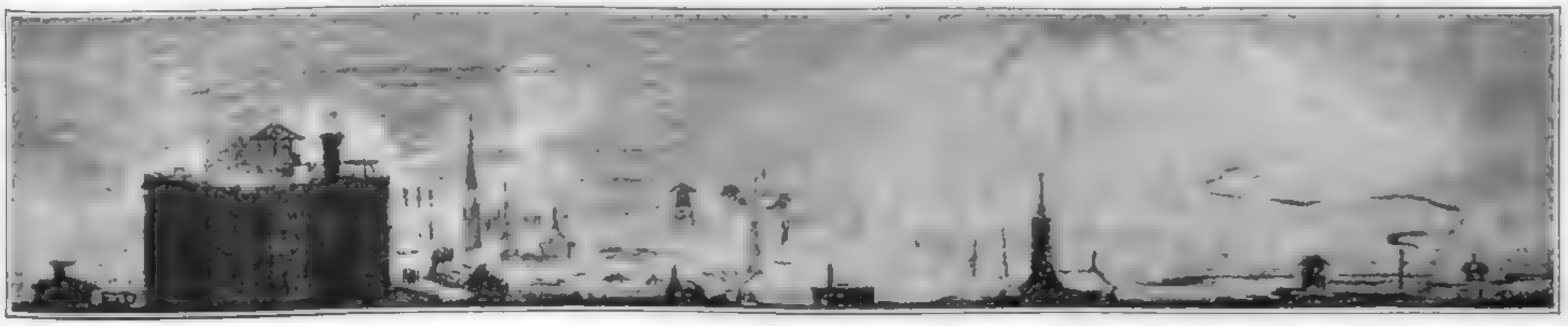
And though Homer tried to stall me off with a mutter of half-hearted assurances concerning an intention to do the right thing by everybody, if he was given time, not hustled, I informed his wife explicitly in the presence of four reliable witnesses: "The paper I just gave Bruce is a signed contract for purchase of the McClellan interest at fifty thousand dollars. Is that right, Homer?"

"Partly," he choked, and glanced from Bruce to the others.

"Partly?" Bruce echoed his word, throwing open the sheet, fluttering it, face on, in my direction. "Read it to me, will you, J. L.? Let's see just what he does promise."

"No, no!" Homer's writhings under his wife's suspicious eye were like those of a man on a gridiron. The last wiggle of fight went out of him. "No need to do that," he panted. "I only meant—the fact is"—he gave me a swift, entreating look—"I'm buying them both out. I'm buying out John too."

Bruce didn't hear this conclusion. When I told him later it came on him as a surprise. With the knowledge that he had a man's right to assume the future of the beloved he forgot us all. The arm round Eve tightened, pressed her to his side, unconsciously lifting her with his strength till she stood on tiptoe, her head thrown back, looking up at him. And as she clung so, some of the glory that had come into his blind countenance seemed to be reflected down upon her own—that light toward which the whole world's face is forever wistfully set.



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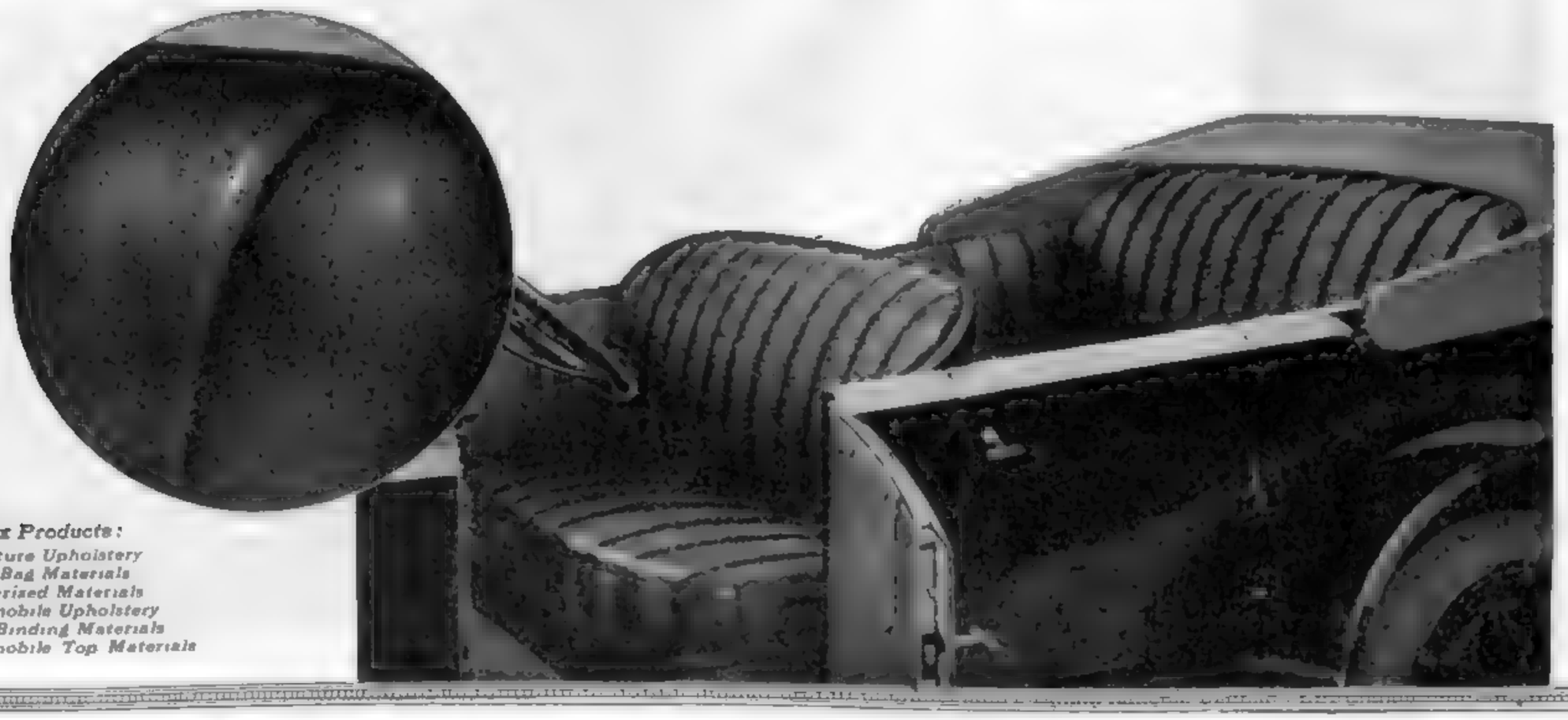

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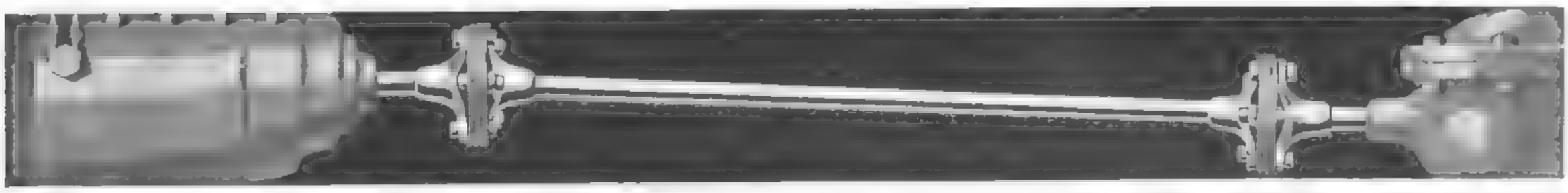

Transmits the power without the shock

The strain on the universal joint is intensified with every irregularity of the road

MUD holes—sharp turns—steep hills—worn-out roads—all test the universal joint. At every irregularity in the road the universal joint must adapt itself to abrupt changes in the angle of the drive shaft. Constantly twisted—constantly wrenched—the universal joint must still transmit a smooth, even flow of power to the rear axle.

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To save your car this severe wear and tear, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has been designed. Built of flexible fabric discs, it absorbs the blows that rack the gears and bearings. The Thermoid-Hardy Joint transmits the power without the shock.

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The patented fanwise construction of the flexible fabric discs gives the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint its extraordinary strength. By this unique construction, illustrated below, uniform strength and elasticity are obtained.

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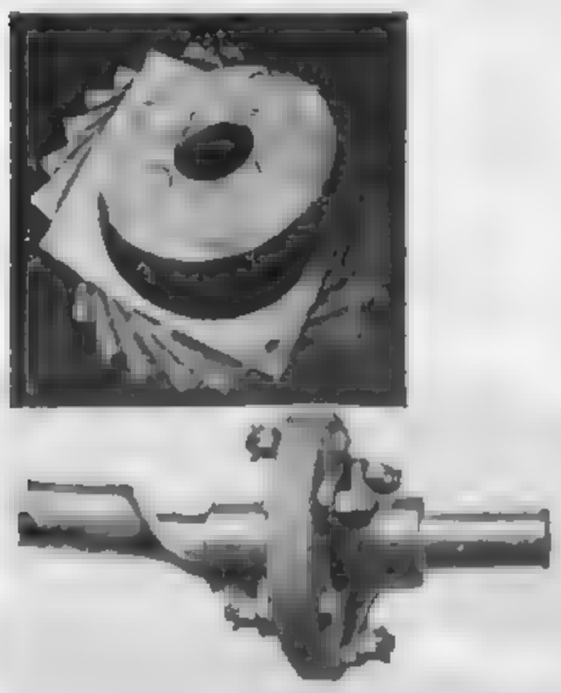

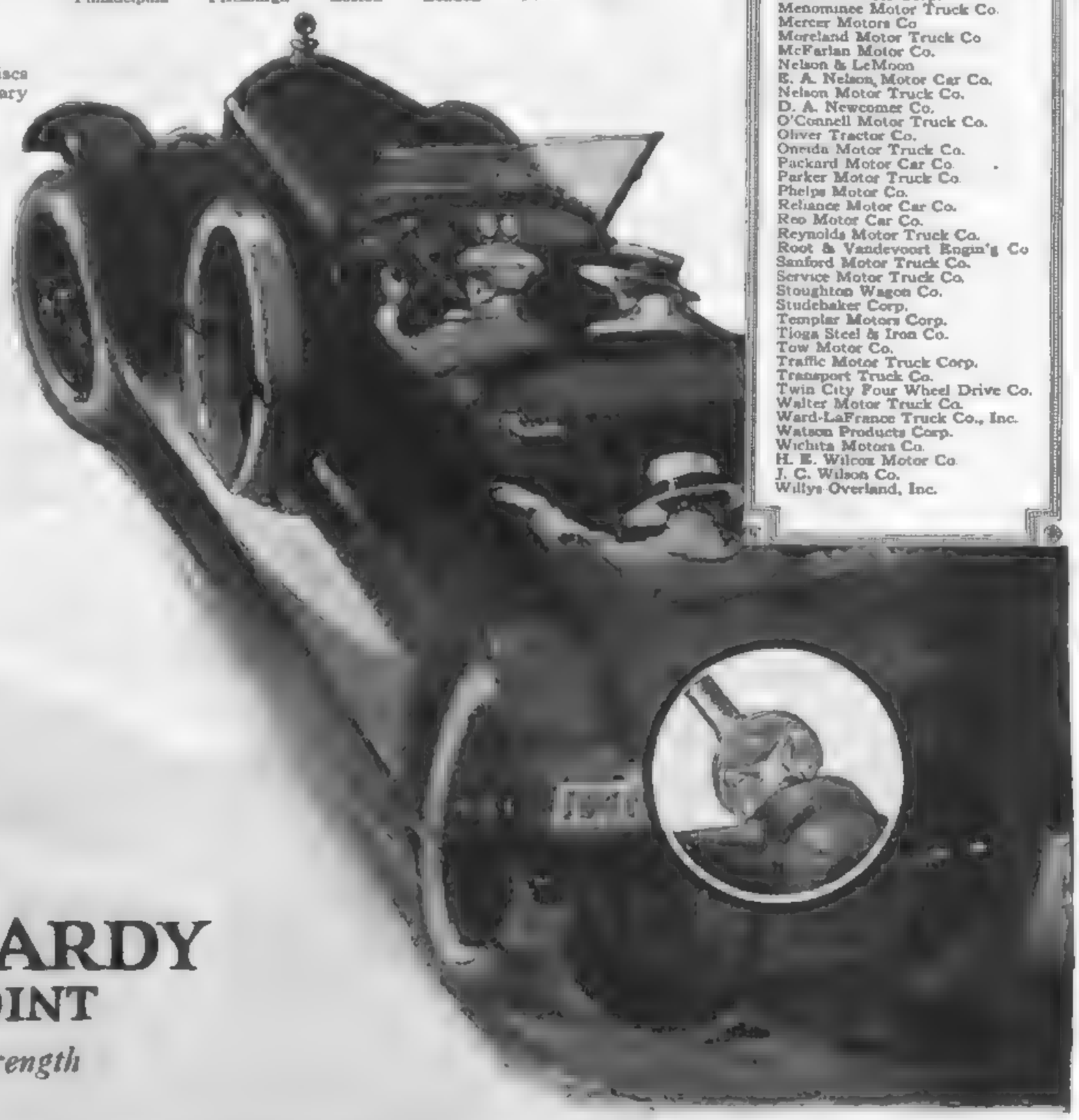

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UNIVERSAL JOINT

Fanwise construction for strength

Makers of "Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

PET FOR TEN DAYS

(Continued from Page 7)

are once started along the path of medical science.

"Well, what next? Have we forgotten anything?" I asked anxiously. "I heard there was a new geologist in town from Burkburnett, and maybe he ——"

"Have you had your teeth examined yet?"

I had not. The idea had never occurred to me. Why should it? My trouble was much lower.

"Have that done at once," he exclaimed in such lively horror that I knew mine must be an emergency case.

That day was a revelation: I learned that all human ills spring from tooth trouble. If you have rheumatism grab a taxi and hit for the nearest dentist. If you are troubled with dandruff and falling hair get your wisdom teeth yanked out. It's a caution. Should the cook strike for higher wages or quit her job in the middle of a meal the trouble lies in her gums; and if your husband's disposition is unsatisfactory or you don't like his relations persuade him to have eight or nine molars pulled which he may have been guarding jealously all his life. He will then become harmless and as sweet-natured as a dove.

Every decade a new fad bobs up. It used to be appendicitis, then serums, now it is the teeth. One of these fine days we'll wake up to discover that mankind has been suffering needlessly for centuries because he neglected ingrown hairs.

I strolled into a dentist's forge and remarked casually that I wished to have my teeth examined.

"What for?" he asked briskly.

"How do I know? Everybody's doing it. I want to find out what for."

"I do only extractions," he announced with an air of wounded dignity. So I saw he didn't want my business, and apologized and meandered out.

The next one I tackled must have regarded me as a bill collector or an oil-stock salesman, for he studiously avoided giving me a chance to state my mission, but after half an hour of waiting the blithesome young person in his outer office was seized with pity, and informed me that Doctor Jones took only pyorrhea cases.

"Then where the Sam Hill will I go to find out what's wrong?" I asked desperately.

"Well, what is wrong?"

"That's what I want to find out."

"Have you tried an X-ray examination?" she inquired soothingly. "Doctor Brown is very good."

"Never again!" I said firmly, and continued my quest.

A Tip From Mother Nature

For seven hours and twenty-nine minutes I wandered round and round that building, seeking a dental sharp who specialized in what ailed me, and the difficulty was, of course, that I didn't know. Some of them were sufficiently tolerant of my ignorance to recommend friends who recommended them in turn, but if a man was so stupid that he could not specify the job he wanted done, what could they do?

Some of them pulled teeth; some merely peered into your mouth and never uttered a word except "Three dollars;" some were impatient of any trouble but pyorrhea; others did fillings; others devoted their powers to bridge work; some wanted to X-ray three on the top left-hand side, but refused to have any dealings with the right lower jaw; others were for photographing two uppers and a lower on the right side, but studiously avoided a glance at the left. Finally it dawned on me that in the present-day development of the dental industry there is a special expert for each tooth in your head, and he is very apt to have trained helpers, such as blacksmiths, plumbers, and standard-rig drillers; so I turned over what ready money remained to me and departed.

Next morning all doubts were dissipated. Mother Nature took pity on my helplessness and fears. She said: "This poor boob will ruin himself with specialists sure enough. It's time I put the Dempsey on him." And she did.

I knew what the matter was the instant I got out of bed and tried to straighten up. During my sleep a pile driver had punched me just above the right groin. It was as tender there as Allied sensibilities, and after walking a few steps the conviction forced itself upon me that in some mysterious fashion a road roller had got inside and was trying to drag me down. If I breathed hard I had to grab my waistline with both hands to hold it up.

"This afternoon at two o'clock," said the medico, laying his fingers gently above the McBurney point. Had he pressed a fraction of an ounce I would have slain him in his tracks, trusting to the good sense of a Texas jury.

With the announcement a grateful peace fell upon me. Straightway all my worry and dread vanished. Instead of scaring me the prospect of an operation had the opposite effect, which is the way with humankind. Uncertainty and anticipation sap resolution; once faced with an unescapable situation the average person accepts it with fortitude.

And That Day Was Friday

Only one discordant note was struck in the chorus of approval which greeted my proclamation that I planned to have it out—for, of course, when you're going to take an operation you are entitled to get all you can out of it, and I went round town telling everybody I could find in the few hours that remained. That note came from my female relatives.

"What?" they cried with one voice. "On Friday? Don't dream of it!"

"But the dog-gone thing won't wait until Saturday," I protested.

"All the same, don't you do it. Something is bound to happen."

Wasn't that just like a woman? I wanted to laugh, but it hurt too much. Here they were, seriously proposing to take a risk by postponing the operation because of a silly superstition! Of course such superstitions are pretty general among women, and we should not expect too much of the weaker sex, but Friday meant nothing in my young life. Besides I had a luck piece. It was a coin I had carried in a special pocket throughout the war, and my intention was to smuggle it into the operating room.

Everybody else whooped it up for me. You would have thought I had struck an oil well or something the way they enthused. They clapped me on the back, crying jovially: "Go to it, ol'-timer!" They assured me that an operation was a joke—a mere nothing with a minus sign—and I would be out again playing golf in no time and better than ever before in my life, ha-ha! Pondering the matter now I know that ninety-nine per cent of a man's friends are ghouls.

"Religion?" demanded the lady who booked me at the sanitarium.

"Best put me down a neutral," I answered confidentially.

My wife protested with indignation, so she wrote "Presbyterian" instead, and everybody was satisfied. The formalities having been complied with, my sole anxiety now was directed to the safety of the surgeon's tools. I mean to say, I didn't want him to leave a saw or a pair of pliers inside. From time to time stories had reached my ears of gentlemen submitting to operations, only to discover later that they had got away with a spare tire, or the forceps, thereby putting the busy surgeon to the necessity of excavating again. I wanted nothing like that at my party.

However, this worry was temporarily put in the background when an orderly brought in my operating suit and requested me to don it. It seemed so darned incomplete. There was a short jacket lacing up the back, and then you were bounded on the south by nothing but a pair of linen foot covers which reached only to the knee and wouldn't stay up. How could they? Absolutely nothing to hold them! It's the silliest arrangement I ever saw. Those foot sups drop down round your ankles, and there you are, an open covenant openly arrived at. Well, anyhow, you feel exactly as you do in dreams wherein you are walking along a crowded thoroughfare clad in thirteen cents' worth of laundry. That suit will take a lot of explaining from the medical profession, adroit as they are.

Did you ever have to roll on top of an operating table? It's a solemn moment. Of course you try to carry it off lightly, and bandy merry quips with the white-suited surgeons and attendants, but your heart isn't in it, and your voice turns mighty thin and reedy. Aside altogether from the possibilities of an operation, one cannot pass into oblivion without a tremor. So many things can happen. So many persons have failed to come out.

"The operation was completely successful, but the patient croaked"—you know the sort of thing I mean.

"Doc," I remarked, as one of them prepared to clap the mask over my face, "a word with you before you get me down."

"Shoot!" said the doc.

"You make absolutely sure—absitively, understand—that your kit is complete before you sew me up again."

"Don't you worry, son," he rejoined kindly. "Think I'd leave any of my tools inside—the way they cost these days?"

I perceived that he was a humane man, and my mind was at rest. Besides, all further conversation was cut off by the mask. Somebody was rubbing my tummy and I was powerless to resist. A peculiar numbness held my limbs, a weight was pressing against my temples, there was a roar as of elevated trains in my brain, and the voices of the surgeons sounded very far away and growing fainter.

"He had an attack of flu in Germany last year, and another milder one in February," I heard, and then I remembered with horror that my luck piece was in my bath robe in the other room, tied carefully in a handkerchief.

Perhaps the anaesthetic was not powerful enough—anyway, I distinctly felt somebody hit me on the head with a club, and then oblivion. What happened after that I am in no position to say. It seems from the medicos' later conversation that they conducted an exploratory expedition in an effort to ascertain whether any other meanness lurked within besides my appendix and disposition. My mental picture of the scene is of one of them exploring, ever and anon exclaiming, "Oh, look what I've found!"—and holding up Exhibit A for the other's inspection.

For a patient, the real trouble starts when he is coming out of the anaesthetic. Ether has an odor all its own—and is welcome to keep it so far as I'm concerned. If any living thing smelled that way an outraged world would rise up—but, no, I am wrong. For my first hazy impression as I regained consciousness was that we were back in France on a hot day, with the Senegalese Division on our left and the wind in our direction.

Clear Up to the Eyebrows

Several nurses had mentioned casually that clergymen and other pious men are often given to cussing freely under the influence, and a doctor had corroborated this bit of information. So I was naturally anxious.

On the other hand, it occurred to me that if I could only get off something lofty and noble while coming to it would redound to my credit—it would be a knock-out. Great men are always doing that in their hours of trial, or on their deathbeds. History is full of such inspiring utterances as "Don't give up the ship, boys!" "Once aboard the lugger and the gurl is mine!" You have all read some of them.

A number of ideas had suggested themselves to me, chiefly along patriotic lines. In their letters home from the Bordeaux, Tours and Paris fronts many a gallant cognac hound had expressed bitter regret that he possessed only one life to sacrifice on the altar of his country. Why shouldn't I get off something like that? Of course "My only regret is that I have just one appendix to give to my country" would never do, because it lacked appropriateness in a sense—it didn't have the real heart throb to it. Yet why shouldn't I be able to whisper something from my bed of pain which would strike a responsive chord in the breasts of my countrymen?

Well, I did. My first words on getting a conscious whiff of the ether were "The bird who said an operation's a joke is a liar!"

I am here to affirm it again. No operation is a joke—except for the doctors. To assure a sick man that it is may be fine propaganda, but anaesthetics and the knife furnish a shock to the human system from which it takes many months to recover.

For twenty-four hours I went through the usual routine of nausea and gas pains. It didn't do for me to think of anything funny, for laughter brought exquisite agony. Why, for a week or more I dared not read the political news!

Then another worry seized me. It is a delicate matter to mention, but since we are all here in clubby spirit, the fact of the matter is—well, come closer and I'll whisper: The interne who prepared me for the operation had been too generous with iodine.

You see, it didn't belong to him, but to the hospital. Consequently he had mixed it strong, and instead of painting only the necessary portions of my anatomy he had smeared it over almost my entire front. Little Collett Munger blew in to see me one day, and after listening with undisguised horror to my comments to the nurse went home to report. "Oh, mother! They painted Uncle Pat's stomach with iodine clear up to his eyebrows."

If that is his childish idea of my figure, all right. I don't hold any grudge against the boy, but despite every assurance that the interne is one of the best chaps in the world and a competent physician and a good man to his family and they need him—in spite of all that, I am waiting, yes, waiting. It may take me years to get even, but my doctor has given his solemn promise that, no matter what corner of the world I might be in, he will wire me should that interne ever require an operation, in order that I might hurry back and prepare him. You cannot imagine the almost holy satisfaction I get out of the thought. In my leisure moments I dream sweet dreams of standing over that bird with a whitewash brush and a ninety-nine per cent solution.

A Challenge Declined

They tried to tell me, too, that the iodine had been the usual strength and the fault lay in my tender skin. Of course they would say that, for doctors always stick together. But the subtle compliment did not go down. It was gratifying to learn that I had a tummy surpassing the famous fifty-thousand-dollar one in the movies—was it her back?—anyhow, the news did not alleviate my sufferings.

"You aren't half so badly off as a nurse here in the hospital," they asserted. "She had a tender skin, too, and she is in far worse shape than you."

"Ho, indeed! Is she? Fetch her in!" I cried indignantly. "I don't believe it. Fetch her in!"

But they refused. They crawfished. They said: "Oh, she's better now." It was just like them to crawl out of it.

They would not accept my challenge, but my nurse wheeled into my room one day a patient whose coming cut short my roarings and complaints a little fellow about three years old, with laughing blue eyes and an adorable smile. His father and mother had been victims of the flu, and Edwin himself was afflicted with spinal trouble. For long weeks he had laid strapped to a board; for many weary, weary months he would continue to lie there; but never once since the doctor operated had they heard a whimper out of him. On the contrary, his passage through the halls and wards was always like a flash of sunshine.

When he entered my room and winked at me as he had been taught to do, and chirped "How do, Pat?" in his flutelike voice, I never felt so ashamed in my life. I wanted to turn my face to the wall. There he lay, a mere tot, cheerful in real suffering, while a hulking boob like myself had to groan and whine about an unimportant item like a burned tummy. I formed a vast respect for Edwin. My wife ought really to have brought me the toys instead of him—for he was the man of the pair.

The way we live nowadays a next-door neighbor could pass away alone and friendless without our knowing it, so one never realizes how much suffering there is round him until he spends a week or two in a hospital. You lie there in grateful languor; the door is open; suddenly you see a patient being wheeled along the hall from the operating room. She is still with the stillness of death; there is a white cloth over her face; and you wonder. Or in the dead of night, when the whole great institution is hushed, comes an abrupt, subdued commotion at the elevators, a scurrying of nurses and

(Continued on Page 144)

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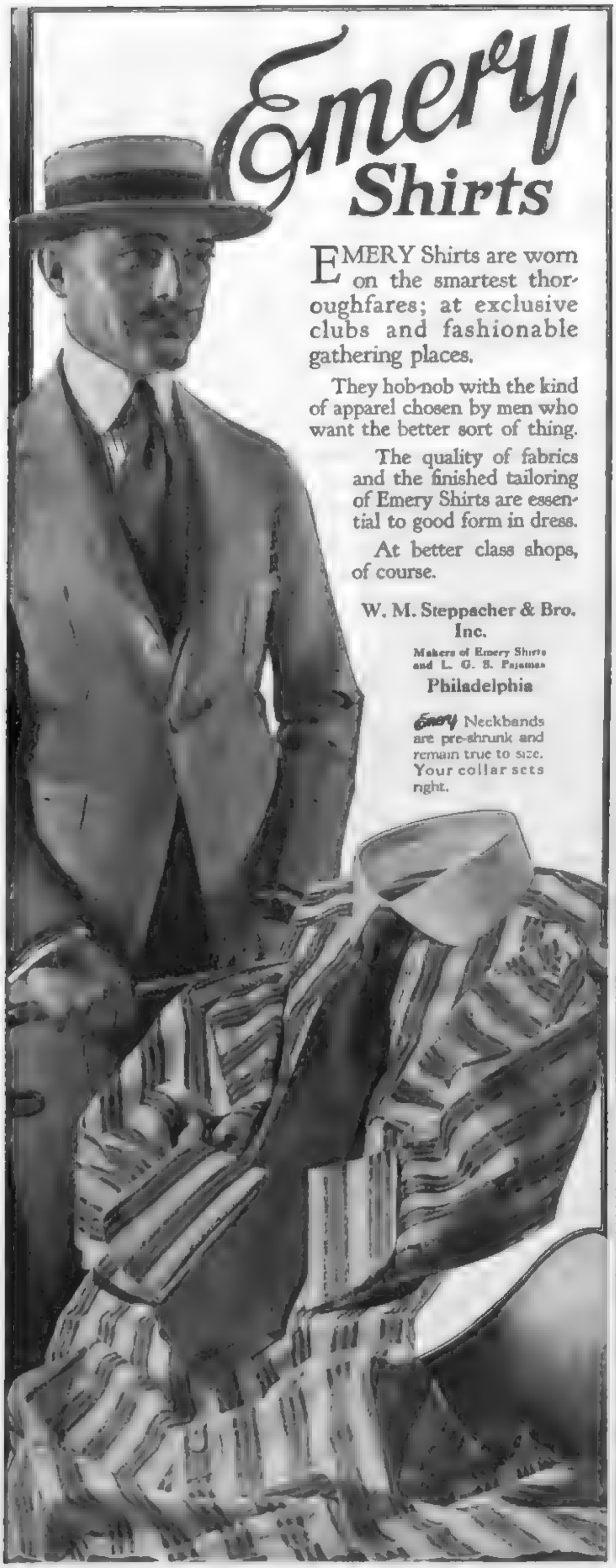
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(Continued from Page 141)

attendants to and fro to prepare the operating room, a flying whisper of "emergency case." Then you hear moans, or a single piercing cry of agony; follows silence, blessed silence, and you know that merciful relief has been given the sufferer, and the surgeons are at work.

In the corridors and on the lawn throughout the livelong day are patients in wheel chairs, white and weak, but thankful just to be alive. Some are muffled in blankets, some are almost buried in bandages. All seem patient, with that sublime fortitude to which mankind rises in times of stress. Watching them come and go, one realizes with a pang how pitifully insignificant are his own woes when weighed against those of his fellow men. One learns then, too, why wealthy men give of their means to hospitals and institutions of relief. I know of no form of philanthropy which brings such rich returns in human betterment.

However, though at first one is content merely to be alive and bask in the warm light and take one's fill of rest, the worries of everyday existence return as you grow stronger. You begin to fret about your affairs; you have time to reflect upon your meannesses and backslidings, on the things you have done and left undone; you realize that a long, forced absence from the game will play hob with your golf score. Then the world becomes a dreary void.

A couple of sparrows had just started building a nest in a cornice above my window, for spring was upon the land. During the first day the husband did very well—for a male. He would fly down to the street every few minutes and return with a straw, which his busy little wife would weave into the fabric of their projected home. He kept up this work assiduously an entire forenoon, carrying straw after straw so quickly that one wondered where he found them. From time to time also his wife would drop down from their perch and return with a choice bit of building material. All in all, prospects appeared bright for the couple.

But in the afternoon I remarked that the husband was beginning to throw off on the job, and next morning it became painfully apparent that she had married a bum. The wife kept working as hard as ever on the nest, but when she would glance round for more material hubby waan't there with it. Then she would hop out on the jutting end of the cornice and gaze up and down the street for him. Finally he would appear, his bill empty.

"Where've you been all this time?" she would demand.

"Hunting for straws," he would answer, avoiding her eye.

"You've been down there fighting with those other sparrows in the road. Don't deny it! That's just like a man—leaving me here alone to slave and do all the work while you're off having a good time. It would serve you right if I went home to mother."

Scar Against Scar

Then he would grow loving and begin to make excuses and talk her into a good humor, and since they had been married so short a time he got away with this sort of stuff very creditably, so that each tiff ended in renewed billing. Back she would hop to her work, as happy as the dealer in a big jack pot, and for perhaps half an hour he would do his share like an honest citizen.

However, he was naturally a loafer, and ornery. Instead of searching the roads and yards and byways for building material, that bird probably spent most of his time playing Kelley pool somewhere, or wasting his money at rummy with a lot of other useless males at the club. Wherever he spent it he did mighty little work—I could see that. For two hours she toiled back and forth from the nest, doubtless wondering as she did so what on earth had become of John. And there was John all the while, just out of sight round a stone trimming, preening his feathers comfortably in the sun. At this form of effort he was most industrious, doubtless being troubled with cooties or something.

In some directions John had positively human sagacity. The moment he would hear her stirring from the nest he would back completely from view and remain hidden while she stared up and down the street, searching amid the brawlers and idlers for her bridegroom. And when he did decide to reappear, what a plausible yarn he had to tell about the wearing day he had put in at the office! Yet the only thing I saw him do in eight hours of watching was to dart out and pick a row with any other sparrow that ventured to approach within five yards of the nest. Sometimes I almost doubt that fighting is the highest form of endeavor.

As soon as an appendicitis patient is well enough to receive visitors his friends who have been operated on rush round to brag of their scars. They come in and make a feint of questioning you about yours. But, pshaw, they haven't the least intention of listening to what you have to say, for no sooner do you start on a conscientious narrative of your experiences, working from the beginning of the trouble, eight or nine years ago, to the present hour, than they burst into rhapsodies of the neat job a surgeon did on them. They even want to show the scars.

Two or three of my acquaintances did that, and it seemed extraordinary to me that persons of breeding could be guilty of such vulgar vanity. Besides their scars weren't so much—not at all! Wait until I am able to get out to the golf course again, and under the showers, and I'll show all comers what a real scar is.

To a person who ordinarily keeps fairly busy the period of early convalescence is a joy. The pain is over; he is beginning to feel the promptings of a twelve-cylinder appetite; and he has nothing to do but take it easy and receive callers and read.

Midnight, the Alibi Specialist

And it is amazing how many items of interest an average newspaper contains if you know where to look for them. From lost brindle pups to the latest case of a wife bumping off a husband because he wouldn't take her to the movies—a Texas jury wept over this pitiful tale and returned a verdict of justifiable homicide—I read them all to the last word.

One dispatch particularly gripped me, for it is so rare in these days of exaggeration and propaganda and straight-out lying to find a man of conscientious, temperate statement. Here it is:

"ABILENE, TEXAS.—A peculiar phenomenon occurred near Nugent, about twenty miles northeast of here, last night, when a cyclone descended into a pasture, and catching seven rabbits in its whirl tore the skins from them. There was no property damage, as the cyclone descended in a pasture.

"Will Myatt, a farmer in the Nugent section, vouches for the statement about the skinning of the rabbits."

One of these days I intend to get into touch with Will. A man like him has a future in politics or something.

Eating and resting and sleeping—it's a grand life while it lasts. And for once in your striving existence you are a pet. Oh, boy, the way they fuss over you! You have only to express a wish, and an attentive nurse hurries to fulfill it. Your wife will bring you cigars, and even hold a match while you light one, so help me! Everybody humors your lightest whim. If you wish for a book or a magazine you have only to glance toward it and somebody places it in your hands.

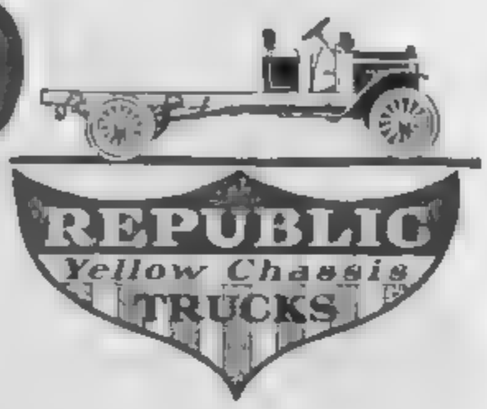
"He'll be so spoiled there won't be any living with him," declares your next of kin, but you don't pay any mind, as the darkies say, for everything is running your way now. Even your men friends inquire anxiously what they can do, and express readiness to execute your errands and attend to your affairs. You realize that one of these days, after you have run the privileges of an invalid into the ground, when you languidly intimate to an acquaintance that you would like to get a look at the newspaper on yonder table, he will retort, "Get it yourself, you big stiff!" But that prospect is still in the distance and causes you no concern. Convalescence is a blissful time.

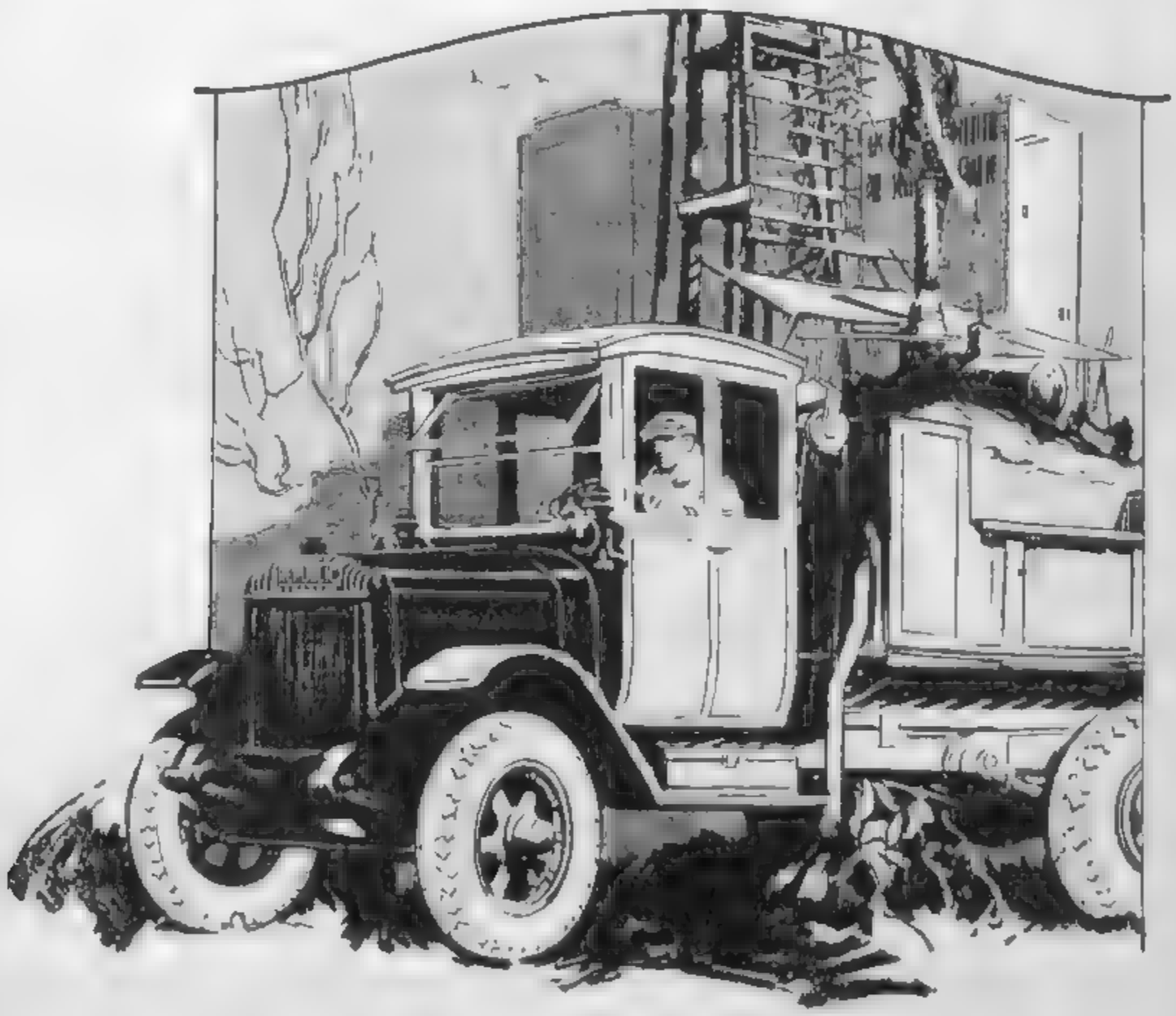
One of the orderlies was a gentleman who bore the nickname of Midnight. Possibly his color had something to do with this cognomen—I suspected so from the outset. His first words to me were: "Ain't you growed together yet, boss?"

Midnight was a spirited conversationalist, but as a worker he belonged with Mrs. Sparrow's husband. In other words, whenever they wanted him for something Midnight just wasn't there, and they would find him in a linen closet or other refuge that offered opportunity for reflection and

(Concluded on Page 147)

REPUBLIC TRUCKS





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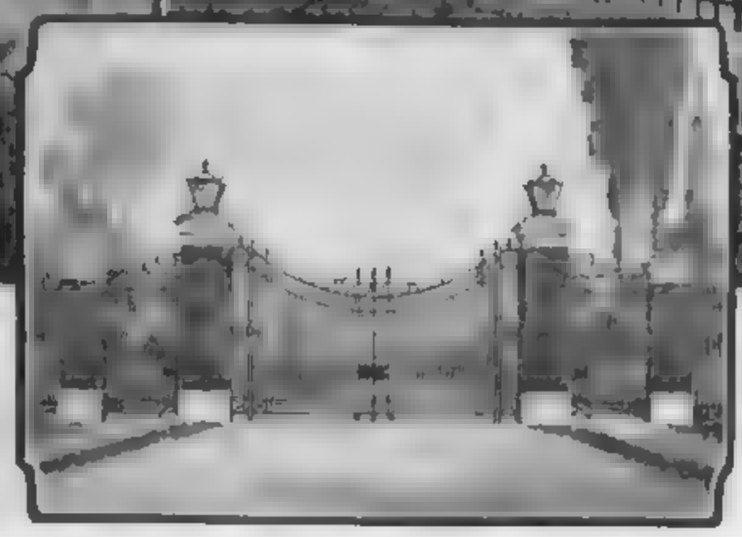

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(Concluded from Page 144)

repose. For Midnight was no mean psychologist. He had gauged mankind; he had plumbed the human heart, and the workings of the feminine mind were as an open book to him.

On a sunshiny morning he came whistling into my room, clad in an eighty-dollar suit and a silk shirt with the prettiest wide green and yellow stripes imaginable, so I inquired the wherefore of the jazz spirits. I knew they doctored the alcohol in that hospital to discourage the Steve Brodies, and therefore Midnight's exhilaration must be natural.

"Well, suh, this is my day off, and my gal's in town. And say, Mistah Geo'ge, she's the prettiest thing you ever did see! But mean! Wow! I aim to take this along with me."

And he fished from his pocket a clasp knife that looked like a young scythe. My curiosity was stirred. Of course I knew that cutlery and small arms figured in the marital relations of our colored brethren, but I had never suspected they constituted an aid to wooing.

"I tell you what, Mistah Geo'ge," he explained, "when a woman loves a man right hahd it just naturally ain't safe foh him to go near her without a gun or a knife."

A few days later he appeared depressed and inclined to be moody. Again I inquired: "How come?"

"Oh-h-h-h!" And he shuddered violently, rolling his eyes. "I seen a monkey yeste'day at the Zoo. They let me put my hand on him." He shivered at the recollection. "Ev'ry time I looked at that theah animal I had a dumb chill—he was so much like me. Oh-h-h-h!"

If Midnight had a weakness it was a certain absent-mindedness as regards trays. Sometimes he toted in my breakfast or lunch. On such occasions he would always forget to draw up a table to the bedside and would stand there, helplessly gazing about him for a place to deposit the load. Each time he wanted to set the tray across my midsection until he cleared the table and it was patent that he considered my objections finical in the extreme.

John's Narrow Escape

But one guards that area after an operation. It is so sensitive that a visitor can make you shrink by even glancing toward the bed. I verily believe that if a rabbit were to cast a hostile eye toward his waistline an appendicitis patient would burst into tears.

For ten days I stayed in the hospital, wounded daily by friends who would cite the case of Bill So-and-So, who had been able to leave four days after his operation.

"But, of course, it always takes longer for fat people to heal," they would add consolingly. Always and always that insult!

"I had a case once—you remember young Towns, son of old Max—certainly you do," said my medico. "Well, I had to take out his appendix some years ago. He was one of the thin kind. Thirty-six hours after the operation he got up when the nurse was out, stole his clothes and went over to a beer garden near the hospital and ordered a ham sandwich and a bottle of beer."

"Indeed? Where is he buried?" I asked sympathetically.

"He isn't buried. He never even had a setback."

It was my turn now.

"Do you remember John, who used to be door porter at the old club?"

"Certainly. Treated him for tonsilitis." Doctors always remember people by their ailments.

"Well, he had an attack of appendicitis once, too, and they whisked him to the hospital. John was mighty sick, but he didn't intend to have any cutting done, so when he heard an interne say they would operate next morning he was scared. He was sure enough scared. They had taken away his clothes—he had nothing on except a nightie. But he sneaked out that night, John did, ahd down a waterspout and ran home. And he has never been sick from that day to this. Yah! Smarty!"

"We'll get him yet," said the doctor grimly.

John is now in the movie business somewhere. I write this as a warning, for next time there may not be a waterspout handy.

Freedom for Women!

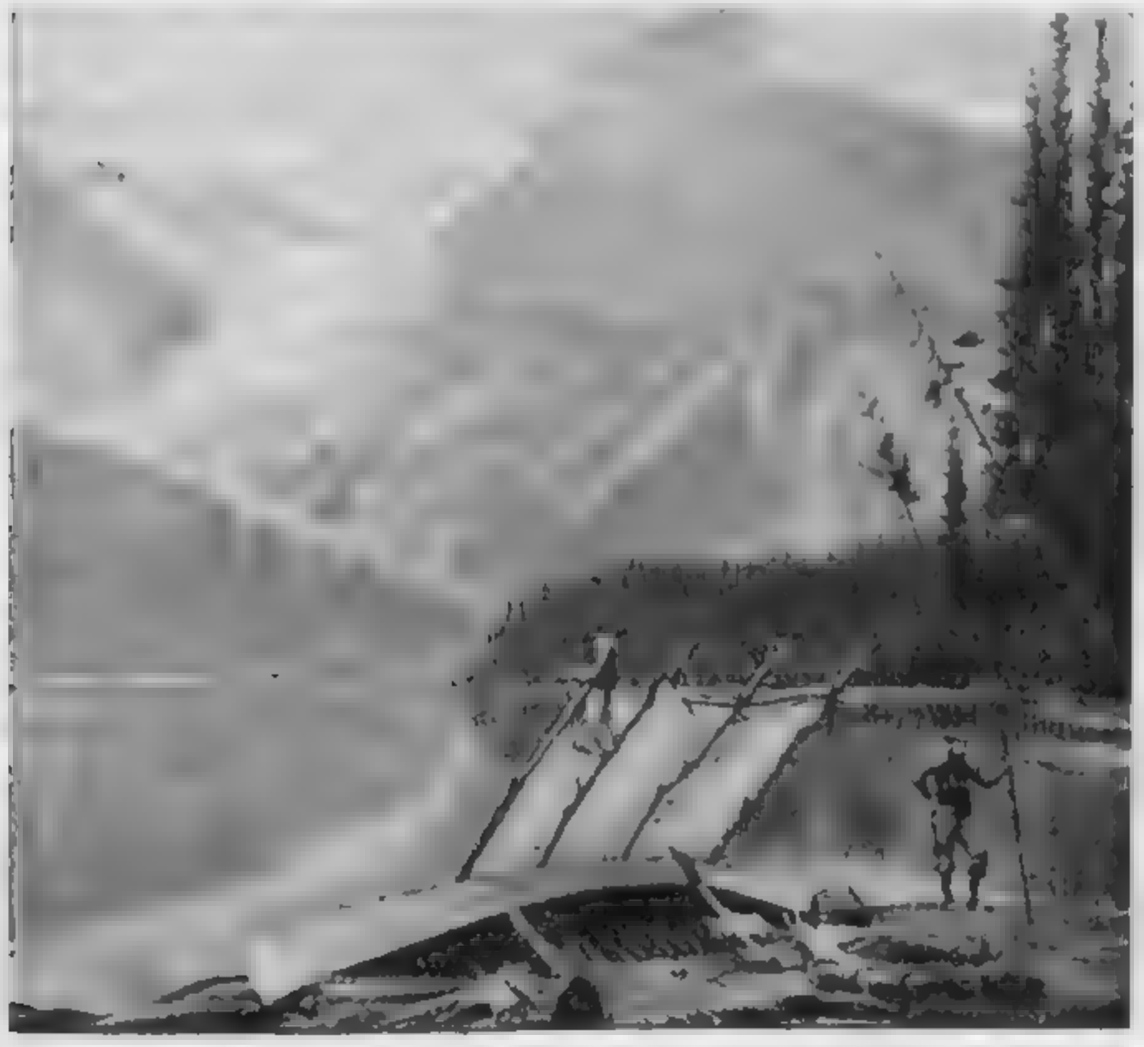
How distant the floor looked when they let me get out of bed for the first time! It was a mile away, and something had gone wrong with my knees. But I was trim and taut as regards my waistline, for they had put a belt on me. It was one of those elastic devices which grip, and it imparted to my shape the stream lines technically described as stylish stout.

But, oh, the tortures I have endured from that fiendish contrivance!—constant torment from the moment I don it in the morning until I tear it off at night. Now I know why women like to get into something loose. But not one of them has got anything on me when it comes to early peeling.

The belt has had one good effect, however: it has made me a more ardent suffragette. Yes, sir; I'm for greater freedom for women, and I move we start with the corset.

I can now walk about and drive my car. Life is losing some of its joyousness because every day my excuse for not working grows slimmer. Some fine morning the boss is going to say: "Here, you've loafed long enough!"

But at least I have had ten days of petting. And there is always the comforting thought that good will ultimately prevail. A dear old lady of my acquaintance voiced this possibility when she remarked on hearing of my operation: "Well, I do hope it makes him a better man."



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Make and burn their own gas from common gasoline.

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Can't spill fuel or explode—even if tipped over.

Give 48 hours' brilliant service per gallon of fuel used.

Built of Brass, heavily nickeled. Tested and guaranteed.

Lamp has Universal Shade Holder, fits many shades.

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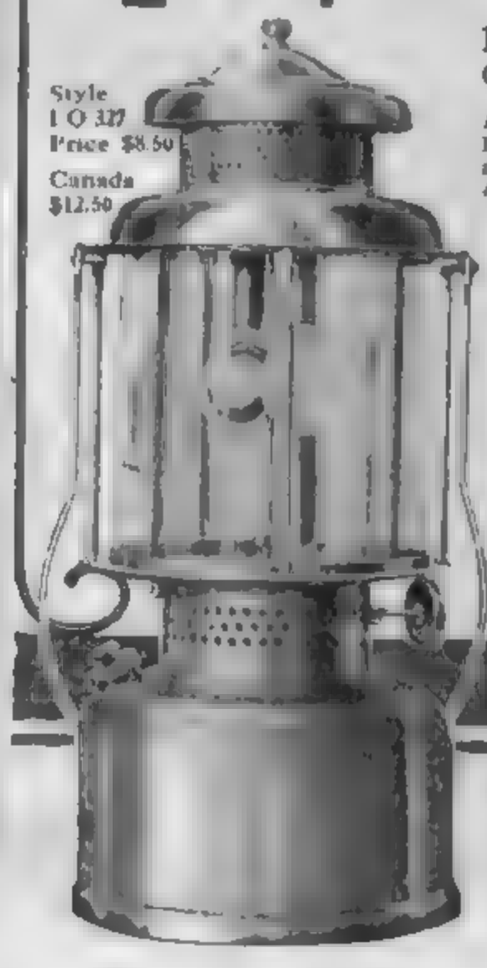
Get your Quick-Lite Lamp today. Use it this evening. The whole family will be delighted with it. Because the Quick-Lite is a "homey" light.

It always brings brightness, good cheer, eye-comfort and happy contentment to every family circle.

It gives such a flood of clear, strong, steady and pure-white light that "Father" can read the whole evening thru without having to stare and squint to make out the words.

And *this* light is so soft and smooth and *natural* in quality that "Mother" can do her finest needle work or match the most delicate colors. The children can play or study under the kindly glow of the Quick-Lite without injuring their eyes in the least.

Coleman Quick-Lite
Lamps and Lanterns



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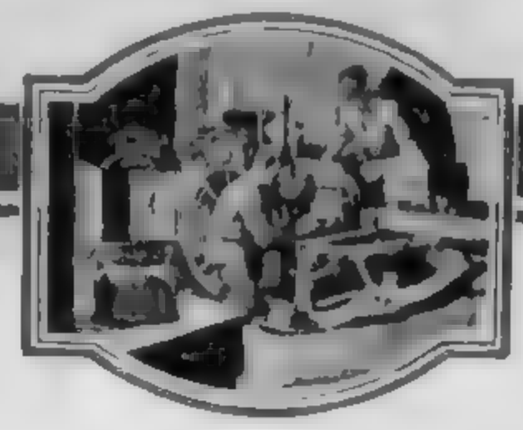

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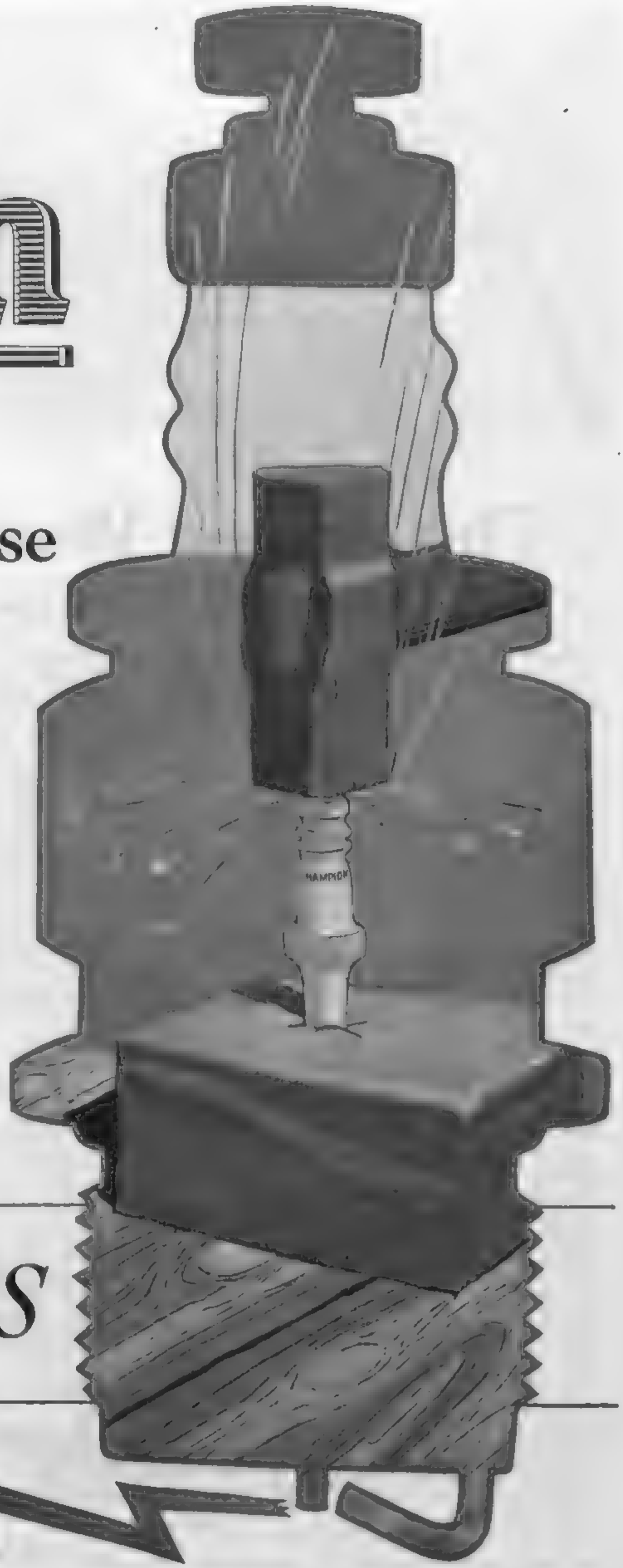

SPARK PLUGS

For cleaning hard-to-get-at places

Makes quick work of cleaning furs

The Frailest Woman

Easily operates the Premier

The lightness and simplicity of this powerful cleaning machine is as important to the robust as it is to the fragile. No woman should exhaust herself in domestic work.

With all its power, the Premier weighs less than 12 pounds. Yet, light and simple as a toy, it does a giant's work.

Strength not measured by weight

Automobile designers have learned that power is lost propelling unnecessary weight. The same principle holds good in building vacuum cleaners. Power is not necessarily measured by weight.

The Premier is made of aluminum, the same featherweight metal used for the bodies of fine cars. The General Electric motor will endure a lifetime of use.

The Premier cleans by suction. It is suction that gets the dirt, without ever harming the rarest rugs.

An ingenious rubber comb is used to pick up threads and hair. A bristle brush is provided if more vigorous surface action is desired.

But the actual dust getting is done by air—by powerful suction which not only cleans the heaviest rugs but the floors underneath them as well.

Dust floors and woodwork

The duties of the Premier only commence with the cleaning of rugs. Its next task is to dust your hardwood floors (by suction), taking up lint and "woolies" quicker, more easily and thoroughly than any dust mop will.

There are special attachments for dusting woodwork, picture mouldings, picture frames, window tops, sashes and sills, radiators, wire screens, chandelier chains and globes. Easily without effort you can reach all dusty high places.

Another attachment cleans draperies and curtains. And your fur coats and clothes as well.

And because of the Premier's extra power, such work is done extra well.

Sold with a year's guarantee

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner is sold with a year's guarantee. We back each machine with the same service you command with your new motor car. This service is offered by 50 service stations.

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MODEL 19 ELECTRIC CLEANER

Volume producers of vacuum cleaners

The Electric Vacuum Cleaner Company has one of the largest plants employed in the exclusive manufacture of Electric Vacuum Cleaners. This volume reduces cost and makes the Premier a moderate priced machine. Special terms put it in the reach of every housewife. Arrange with your dealer for a demonstration today.

CATCHING UP

(Continued from Page 27)

marriage with a formal deliberation. But the type of English blackguard I've pictured does not care who he marries or how often, provided there's a little money in it. And such a man could fool Agnes more easily than the type of American she understands."

Calvert nodded.

"Make her think he was a lord or something in wrong at home. I know those rotters."

"Yes, and when he got tired of her make away with her somehow. She'd be found burned up in her house, or drowned while punting, or fall off a houseboat or something. It's done. They usually manage to run their necks into the noose sooner or later. But the weak point of criminals like that is usually some other woman, and tonight I'm the bait. 'The bleating of the kid attracts the tiger.'"

Calvert looked at her in a sort of fearsome admiration. Nita was perhaps, despite her traveling dress, the showiest girl in a roomful of such. Her red hair was full of hot pulsing lights and there were pale fires in her tawny eyes. Her small, even, perfect teeth flashed as the red lips curled back over them, and there was an abrupt upward turn to the corners of her mouth which gave her provocative smile the invitation of a bacchante. Her face had not the piquancy of Agnes', because there was nothing about it either infantile or Arcadian; no hint of the ingénue. Its indications were more of a mocking worldly wisdom and the features were cleanly cut and positive, with a straight nose, firm of bridge, to which the surrounding configuration gave a retroussé expression which it did not actually possess. It struck Calvert suddenly that Nita was more than pretty; that she possessed actual beauty, but of a sort which might soon grow hard. He felt instinctively that she would be a dangerous, ruthless enemy, though never a treacherous one. Her type was distinctly Anglo-Saxon itself, and—unlike her brother's—more Anglo than Saxon. She impressed him as strong, fearless, resolute and resourceful. Her nymphlike allure would be purely a pose, and it occurred to him that in the present crucial instance there would not be much limit to the game she played.

"How old are you, Nita?" he asked.

"Twenty-five. And you?"

"Twenty-six. I wonder what sort of life you've had?"

"A perfectly finished course in getting things for nothing. You see, Calvert, we've been wasters in my family—always a little behind our income, and each month's balance on the debit side, so we've had to get what we could how we could. There are two kinds of Americans of our class—those who pay too much for everything they get and those who get a lot without paying much of anything. I've belonged to the latter for the past ten years. It's not very hard if you happen to be decorative and keep your wits about you."

"That's a combination that can get a woman pretty far," said Calvert.

"Not unless she pays something, sometime—if only a bit on her bill. Marriage doesn't count, of course, because it's too easy, and the other thing doesn't count, because that's even easier. To manage without either, and no money to speak of, requires a good deal of finesse and a lot more self-contempt. The sort of things I could make a good living at respectably are denied me for that very reason, unless I want to sacrifice what little social position I've got left. I might be poor and fast and keep running in the same class, but to be poor and respectable means dropping out."

"What did you do in the war?" Calvert asked.

"I'll tell you some other time."

"Why not now?"

"If you insist. I was a special agent of the O. N. I. in London. It was a singular position, but I just happened to be fitted for it and they took me on. To put it plainly and brutally, I was what might be called a parlor spy—and my activities were not directed against the Germans."

"I think I understand. There was quite a lot of missionary work to be done among the Allies."

"Yes. So you see this sort of thing is not entirely new. Some day I may tell you some stories, Calvert, that will make our present association seem like a little boy and girl playing house under the piano."

"And you never got caught in the cogs?"

"No, but I've had some awfully close squeaks. Excuse me for asking, but is this supposed to be good food?"

"Well, the cooking is good, so we mustn't be too fussy about what's under the sauce."

"In America," said Nita, "the food is splendid and the cooking rotten. Over here the food is rotten and the cooking good. America has really the best of it, because you might go to market and buy your things and eat them raw."

"She Was Explaining to Me in Her Demure Puritan Way What a Worthy Charity It Was When the Telephone Rang Somewhere"

"You couldn't do that over here," said Calvert. "Your epicurean sense must be governed by the sauces and the price. Somehow the mind refuses to accept the idea of being poisoned by a *plat* that costs fifty francs."

They made a good dinner notwithstanding; then as it was nearly ten returned to Heming's apartment.

"I'll take my fancy rags and go to the hotel and dress and come back in about an hour," said Calvert.

Nita made a gesture of impatience.

"My word, buddy, if your first thought is going to be for the proprieties we shall never get anywhere with this case! What earthly difference does it make if you dress here?"

"Jerry wouldn't like it."

"Oh, wouldn't he? Well, he would probably like even less what I am prepared to do to clear his name—and mine—of the suspicion of a sordid, devilish crime. You can dress here in the dining room. Anyhow, I shall have in the concierge's wife to lend me a hand. Just remember we are not doing this entirely for fun."

She stepped to the door of her brother's bedroom.

"Jerry is very comfy here," she began, then paused at the frown on Calvert's face. "What's the matter?" she demanded challengingly.

"Oh—nothing! But that big brass bed——"

"Well, what about it? Don't you like brass beds?"

"It just struck me that it's exactly like the bed Hazard was murdered on."

"What?"

Nita glanced at the piece of furniture, one of the earlier-model brass bedsteads, square of design, with a good many bars and rods and high head and foot posts with big round knobs—all very decorative and ornate, as were such designs before being simplified by a single curved frame.

Nita now looked from this bed to Calvert, and he was surprised at the expression of excitement in her face. He regretted having made the comparison.

"But I thought you said the room was furnished with heavy old pieces?"

"They were—all but the bed. That was one of these brass things, and I remember it struck me as incongruous. I'm sorry I mentioned it, Nita."

She stared at him with so curious an expression that Calvert was puzzled. A straight line had drawn itself down between her brows, her lids were narrowed and there was an amber gleam in her eyes.

"Well, I'm not," she muttered, and looked at the bed as though its glittering brasswork had hypnotized her.

"I didn't mean to give you the creeps," said Calvert.

"You haven't, my little boy. No fear. You've given me something else—an idea. More than that—a clew."

"What do you mean?"

Nita ignored the question. It was evident to Calvert that his casual mention of the similarity of the beds had suggested something of intense importance to her mind.

"Tell me, Calvert," said she, "did you notice anything peculiar about that bed? Anything out of place?"

"No. What, for instance?"

"Was any feature of it lacking?"

"Not that I discovered. What are you driving at, Nita?"

She drew a deep breath.

"Oh—nothing! I'd rather not say just yet if you don't mind."

"But I do mind. I think that we ought to pool our ideas about this case."

"I'll tell you later, Calvert. Please don't say anything more about it just now. I've got a perfectly good reason. Now take your things and go into the dining room—and please ask the concierge's wife to come to me in about fifteen minutes."

Nettled and a little sulky at what seemed to be her unnecessary air of mystery, Calvert did as she asked. His costume, like Nita's, was a new one, never yet worn, made for an amateur repetition of Midsummer Night's Dream to be given just before the war at a big château, and Calvert reflected sadly that the poor Oberon destined to wear it might now be lying under some "bank where the wild thyme blows" in the Argonne Forest. It was actually too small for him, but the green-silk *maillot* was capable of unlimited stretching, which as a matter of fact gave its texture a finer quality.

It was a pretty costume, and becoming to a young man of Calvert's well proportioned and athletic build and a muscular development which was the symmetrical one of a woodsman or Indian rather than the exaggerated and abnormal sort of a weight lifter or artificially developed athlete. The tights were a pleasing shade of early spring foliage, happily in keeping with the season, and from a broad belt of fine leather imitating birch bark there hung halfway down his thighs long pointed leaves like those of flag. His shoes were fortunately well fitting, of soft morocco leather with long, upturned, sharp-pointed toes. Round his neck was a gold chain from which hung a big five-pointed star of paste jewels, and there was a crown made to imitate a columbine, of which the points were jeweled with rubies and sapphires. He had also a jeweled dagger, and carried in his hand a long slender spear imitating a bulrush. It was altogether a most charming costume, and Calvert was mildly pleased with its effect.

He had not examined Nita's, and was unprepared for the exquisite and rather startling figure which presently revealed itself. There came a knock on the glass door between the dining room and the little salon, and flinging them open to stand back with a sweeping bow Calvert paused in the midst of this courtly gesture with a gasp of admiration, not entirely devoid of dismay, or rather a sort of semishocked astonishment. For the sudden transformation of a pretty girl in a trim tailored suit into the fairy queen Titania would have given a thrill even to a hardened and cynically critical stage manager.

For Titania appeared to be clothed principally in a large flame-colored lily, held at the waist with an impression of insecurity by a twisted ivy vine, the corolla downward, and its points a little below the bare, pink, dimpled knees. The slippers were in imitation of the old-fashioned flowers of that name and secured by bands of gold tape covered with dewdrops and crossing over her straight round legs to be secured just above the calf. Throat and shoulders and arms and back were entirely bare, of a dazzling whiteness, and her wavy hair, which would have been too long and heavy

(Continued on Page 154)

Note the broad road pattern
of the Super-Tread Tire

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CORD and FABRIC

If you own a car, here is the tire you'll want to buy; it will save you money

THERE'S only one reason why you change now and then from one good make of tires to another: you *hope* you'll get more mileage. We've found a way to increase mileage in a tire. It is based on a scientific study of tire-wear; and a new principle of tread-construction to meet that condition.

Gates Super-Tread Tires give you a proper tread-contact with the road—the scientific way to give a tire endurance.

A narrow tread-contact, such as the ordinary tire gives you, means shorter life than a broad contact. (See the diagrams below.) Gates Super-Tread Tires give a broad contact; give more support to the load, better resistance to shock, less strain on the side-walls. Weakened side-walls, due to the constant flexing, do more to shorten tire-life than any other one thing. There's where your blow-out comes.

The Gates engineering principle of tread design overcomes these weaknesses and adds mileage. We believe you'll see at a glance that the principle is right.

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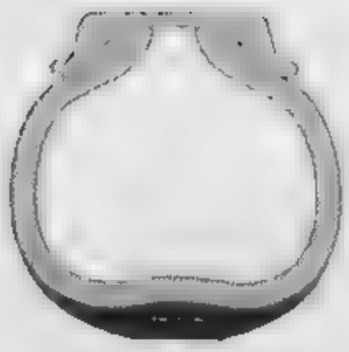

The diagram at the left is a cross section of the ordinary tire. It shows the narrow tread-contact in travel. In the diagram at the right you see the broad tread-contact of the Gates Super-Tread Tire. This is the scientific design that gives better support for the tire and less strain and stress on the side-walls. The result is much longer wear.

TREAD TIRES

(Continued from Page 151)

if let down, was caught up and held partly by a coronet, so that even so confined it fell in ripples almost to her waist.

The purpose of the costume had been to give an impression of a flower sparkling with dewdrops, so that these were the prevailing note—on the toes of the slippers, and the points of the lily petals, which were slashed up between, and on the crown itself, in the front of which was set a paste emerald. She carried a *baguette magique*, or fairy wand, on the tip of which was a big glittering star.

Calvert scarcely dared to look at her. He had witnessed a good many students' and other balls and carnivals, but it seemed to him that he had never beheld anything more ravishing, not only in physical personality but in the delicious suggestion of freshness and spring fragrance. Perhaps to the ultra-critical eye Nita's contours might have been too rounded for the conception of an ethereal fairy queen, but she seemed to compensate for this in the taper of her limbs and a suppleness of girlhood.

"My word!" gasped Calvert. "You look like a lily soaked in nectar. I say, though, Nita, you believe in being thorough, don't you?"

She gave him her dazzling smile.

"I try to be consistent," said she. "You look extremely nice and woodsy yourself. Was I right in saying they'd never have the nerve to keep us out?"

"If I were the floor committee," Calvert answered, "I'd pay you your weight in louis—if there were such things now—to have you in. But wasn't there a *maillot* to go with it?"

"Yes, but it's no part of my plan to fool with flesh tights and silly draperies at this particular moment. I'm not doing this for fun. I'm out to stalk my prey. Agnes with her Columbine costume will have to show some speed to compete with this, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Calvert shook his head.

"I hope you don't bust up the show before you mark your quarry."

She slipped on her black mask, and her clear amber eyes gleamed through the almond-shaped apertures with a curious malice, intoxicating and unearthly, as though the eyes themselves had been treated with some artifice.

"The disguise is complete," said Calvert, "because the upper part of your face is the serious part and your mouth and chin and the tip of your nose have got the nymph qualities. But you must be mighty careful that your mask doesn't slip."

"It's well secured," she answered, "and there's a sort of unwritten law at masquerades, no matter how boisterous, that the one thing which can't be done is to unmask a person."

Calvert nodded.

"Yes," he said, "they'd throw anybody out for that. I don't think you'll have much trouble, though, in swapping faces with this thug."

"Do you know the new dances, my king?" Nita asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm no Fokine, but I can make a good enough stab at it."

Nita surveyed him critically.

"Your costume is charming," said she, "but it's really not much of a disguise. Perhaps the best way would be not to attempt any with Agnes. I think you had better let her guess who you are at once, and tell her that your partner is a frisky young English lady of title who is out for a good time and has a little stable of her own. She will pass that to her beau, and if he's what I think it will make him all the keener. This will probably be a very wild party, Calvert, but I don't think it will be rough like the *Quat'z Arts*, and the *Bal des Internes*. There will be too many swells. Well, don't you think you might tell the concierge to get us a taxi? It's after eleven."

Calvert slipped on his mask and domino and went out. The concierge had not yet gone to bed. Reëntering, he found Nita looking thoughtfully at a small automatic pistol.

"I don't think that I shall need this," said she, "but I'm taking it on the off chance."

"How can you carry it? You've hardly got clothes enough to cover it up."

"Oh, shame! I've got on a money belt and there's a little chamois holster for it."

"Won't it be felt in dancing?"

"I'll have to take a chance."

"But what could possibly happen for you to need it?"

"I don't know—but then one never knows. I think I'll take it to be on the safe side."

They heard the taxi draw up and went out. It struck Calvert rather oddly that despite the fact of his having served through the war, here for the first time was real adventure. It is probable that many soldiers have had this feeling, the battle to many of them having been less adventure than a sort of grim and deadly business more horrible than thrilling, and its conditions such as rob it of all pleasurable glamour. For young men strict adventure requires romance, and romance in its turn requires the everlasting girl. And here it had all been so unexpected—romance striking down out of a clear sky with its concomitant purposeful objective.

It is doubtful if Calvert could have enjoyed the adventure otherwise. Though of Continental education, his inherent principles were American rather than European, and the idea of going to such a ball as this with the sister of his friend in a costume befitting a model or *cocotte* would have offended his sense of decency—made him ashamed for himself and for her, given him a sense of conduct unworthy a gentleman. In the present situation it was saved from this by its deadly and vitally important motive to bring to justice an assassin of the most brutal type, which is the assassin for money gain; to clear the fair names of two brave men and to save from ruin an innocent, ignorant girl who had bravely played her part. It seemed worth almost any risk of safety or reputation or—what he was forced to admit to himself—a certain demoralization of his own peace of mind.

For he could not deny that Nita was dangerously demoralizing and that despite his newly discovered sentiment for Isabel he could not be very much more associated with this dazzling and capable beauty without falling under her spell. It was not only the physical attraction of Juanita but her dominance of mind. She was compelling, magnetic, no doubt willful, and—he was inclined to fear—not overburdened with any great amount of scruples. She was a personality which might be counted upon to gain its ends with a reckless disregard of cost, and there had been an expression in her eyes when they surveyed him in his charming costume which made him feel that she found him infinitely to her taste. She recognized in him not only the soldier but the gentleman and the master of himself. Many more episodes like this, Calvert felt, would generate a new and potent factor.

They went out and got into the cab. The night was balmy, the streets fairly well lighted and thronging with a laughing, murmuring crowd, all apparently intent upon the same pursuit—that of reckless pleasure. Such was the whole atmosphere of this pleasure city, which so shortly before had been hushed and breathless with promise of destruction, the skies above it seared with searchlights and the furtive winking sparks of guardian airplanes, despite which its streets now boomed and crashed and random houses shivered with the explosion of falling bombs, now rocked in a sort of maudlin chaos of libertinism. It was as though a swift reprieve had been followed by a hysteric outburst of voluptuous license. Theaters and dance halls and other places of gayety overflowed into the broad boulevards a mob of perpetual revelers. Hectic indulgences infiltrated with crime surged and poured and formed their eddies and vortices in a manner still suggestive of war, while Paris unconquered by the enemy seemed now to be conquered by its own victorious hosts and those helpless ones for whom they had so valiantly struggled. It was like a nation consuming itself; like a person in the throes of tuberculosis, spending the last of his fevered strength in the wild, heedless pursuit of sensual consciousness, not greatly caring if stricken down in the gray dawn to come.

But though all this passed vaguely through Calvert's mind, he cannot be said actually to have protested it. The lurching of the cab threw him and Nita frequently together in a rough, caressing way, and it suddenly came over Calvert that for the first time he was actually taking his share in the city's madness.

Previous to this night he had gone about more in a curiously observing way, in the movement but not of it, because his nature being far from a Latin one he had found it impossible to pass swiftly from the harsh actualities of war to this sham exuberance of false peace, badly indulged in by people rendered heedless by ruin and disorientation. For the first time now he felt the actual desire to enjoy, to revel with the crowd, to revel with Nita, cast off the lines which bound him by principles less the result of education than heredity. He was rather like a cartridge of high explosive which needed only the spark of the fulminate to explode.

This tension grew when presently he felt a warm small hand steal into his, and a shoulder of which the separating fabric was imperceptible pressed against him.

"You are a dear, Calvert," Nita murmured. "I don't believe you've ever done a really wrong thing in your life."

"I can't claim so much as that," he answered, "but I've always been something of an idealist, and that gets in the way of a lot of fun."

"It concentrates it when the time comes. I think I'm that myself. It's merely saving your cake instead of nibbling it round the edges."

"It would be sad, though, to save it until it got stale," Calvert answered. "I think you'd better let go my hand, Nita. You're taking my mind off detecting."

"Glad of it. I'm beginning to hate this job. We should have had a cocktail or two before we started."

"That might have interfered with the start. We can stop and get one if you like."

"All right—tell him to stop in front of Weber's. The *garçon* can serve us without our getting out. You see, Calvert, when you're acting a part it's tremendously important to feel that part from beginning to end. Before you can hope to fool clever people you have got to put yourself under the influence of the character you are impersonating. Otherwise you're sure to strike some false note, or if not that perhaps it's a sort of a telepathic radio of warning that you're a fake. It's that which makes the difference between the convincing actress who has the sympathy of her audience and the other who can't possibly put it across. To-night I'm a fast young society woman on a spree, out looking for trouble, and I want to play up to the rôle."

"It is a little hard in cold blood," Calvert admitted.

"Well, it's not precisely hard, but I want to be sure to strike the right key at the very beginning, and to do that I'll need two or three drinks."

"There'll be plenty there," said Calvert. "You know you've got to keep your head."

Nita laughed.

"In this sort of a game I'm playing it's rather a good thing to start in before the rest of the crowd, or at least to give that impression, and then begin to cut off as they are getting started. There's nothing so disarming as to think the person with whom you have to deal is a bit drunk. Besides, as a matter of fact, it would take the chill off this costume of mine a little."

Calvert told the driver to stop in front of the big café, and summoning the waiter he was served with a rather better French conception of a cocktail than at most boulevard cafés. Then threading its way through the boulevard crowds their taxi presently drew up at the door of the big skating rink where the *bal des jockeys* was being held. Apparently the affair had as they expected—a certain fashionable patronage, for there were a number of big private cars waiting their turns, and the voices and laughter and the expressions of the masks and dominos going in were not those of vulgar folk. Couples and parties were arriving continuously, and Calvert getting the ear of a floor official explained that the tickets promised them had not been delivered up to eleven o'clock, but that he would be glad to pay their value, when the money might or might not be refunded as the floor committee saw fit.

"*Bon dieu!*" protested the man. "You are the sixteenth who has told me the same, and the floor is apt to be overcrowded."

"It would be a shame to turn us away," said Calvert, "when we have been to such pains and expense in the matter of costumes."

And to verify his statement he slipped out of his domino, Nita doing the same. The man gave her a glance and flung up his hands. "*Saprisli, monsieur*, but I believe you!" he exclaimed. "One moment! I will call my confrère, who is a judge."

He dashed to the rear in search of the arbiter elegantiarum. Nita stood lightly poised, charming, insouciant, smiling under the rim of her mask at the glances and admiring remarks projected toward her. The keeper of the gate came bustling back followed by his portly chief, who shot a glance at Nita and clasped his hands.

"*Charmante!*" this august one exclaimed. "Admirable! And monsieur also is very chic. Of course they must be admitted." And he ricocheted away as Calvert drew out his pocketbook.

"Two hundred francs, please," said the *controleur*, and they found themselves inside.

They checked their dominos and passed between the portières to the midst of such a scene as neither had ever previously witnessed, despite a considerable experience of balls and carnivals.

The big rink was brilliantly lighted, caparisoned with Allied bunting and garlands and streamers in colors of the different racing stables, with pennants of winners of the Grand Prix and other races covering a period of years. Across the far end a tribune in miniature of Longchamp had been erected, and in the center of this a huge orchestra was blaring out a piece announced upon a placard as "Le Jazz." Along one side of the wall was a row of betting booths precisely like those of *les paris mutuels*, these with their racks of *billets*, variously numbered in the customary way.

The big racing-stable exhibits were variously designed, each with its illuminated roll of honor, and occasionally wreathed portraits of well-known horses which had served the Allied cause as officers' mounts, come to fall upon the field of honor—"*Perroquet, mort sur le champ d'honneur; Coquette, blessée à Soissons.*" And under the Martell stables the portrait of a popular jockey, "Alec Barter, winner of the Grand Prix du Steeplechase Auteuil, June, 1914; died gloriously for his country at Mons, September, 1914." There were also mountings on which were saddles and bridles of historic significance in the annals of the turf.

"We might have saved ourselves all worry over this thing being shoddy," said Nita, "but then the French seldom do anything which is that, no matter whatever else it may or may not be. But look at some of these girls"—she gave a gasp. "If it's like this before midnight, what will it be by three o'clock? I seem destined to keep on feeling like an Eskimo."

"You precisely fill the desire of the management," said Calvert, "which is for beauty of person and costume. A nearly naked girl is no treat to this sophisticated crowd. They try for artistic brilliancy—not mere voluptuous sensuality. Nine Frenchmen out of ten would look longer at a prettily costumed woman than at one not costumed at all."

The vast floor was filling rapidly. Along the wall opposite the betting booths was a bar flanked by heavily laden shelves and waiters in jockey costume, and in front of it a number of small tables; but these had not as yet much patronage, most of the arriving guests having dined late and well. Overhead a great horseshoe with multicolored lights winking through laurel and mistletoe gave pulses of color.

"We're going to have a job spotting Agnes," said Nita. "I've counted four Columbines already, but none of them seems quite her build."

"I think I'll be able to pick out her escort," said Calvert. "He's tall and broad-shouldered and will probably have a rather striking costume. Let's dance round."

They made the turn of the big rink, the floor of which was perfect, and for the moment it is probable that both in their exhilaration lost sight of the sinister object of their errand. Juanita danced a good deal as a swallow flies, and she found in Calvert's arms such a sense of protection as she did not often encounter in a dancing partner.

Like many women of her type of beauty, Nita was more apt to inspire an aggressive than a protective impulse in men. But from the moment of her meeting with Calvert she had felt in him a friendly, comradely attitude which was neither casual nor brotherly nor of the dutiful sort a man might be expected to show the sister of his late brother officer—a friend, herself a stranger; but rather the chivalrous sort which is natural and boyish and peculiarly endearing to a girl who from adult life had been obliged by circumstance to be constantly on her guard. Nita was beginning to feel that with him she would be perfectly safe from everybody, himself included, but possibly not herself. She was

(Continued on Page 157)

Painted for The General Tire and Rubber Co., by K. M. Ballantyne. © 1920.

In Holland, they *say it with flowers*—while in our own country, the motoring public has learned that The General Tire Shield is just as sincere a sign of friendship.

The General Tire goes such a long way to make friends that even Akron's marvelous census showing of its two hundred per cent growth seems small compared with the gains that this great Akron Tire has made in less than half the time.

With a tread that has been widely enough copied to prove its excellence—with an appearance that harmonizes with the highest priced cars—and with a name for long-distance running that really amounts to fame, The General Cord Tire should be your choice for your next tire needs.

Built in Akron, Ohio, *by* The General Tire and Rubber Co.

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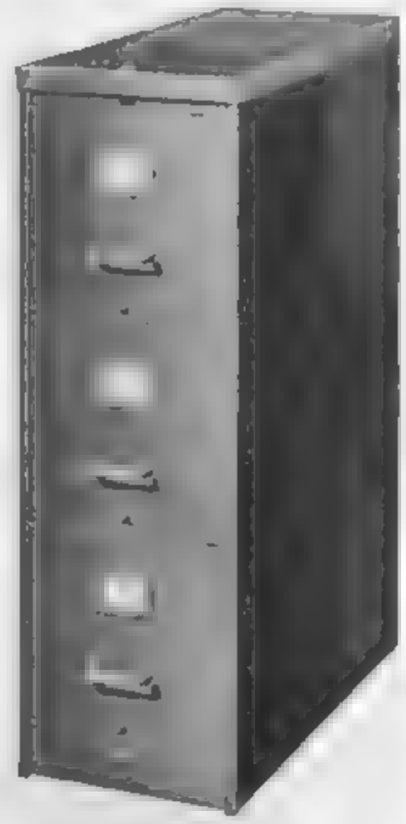

This Three-Drawer Letter File has practically the same filing capacity as the four-drawer file, the drawers being 5 inches deeper.

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THE more progressive your business, the more essential it is to economize both space and time. By building your counters out of *Allsteel* filing units, you gain not only the maximum storage capacity, but also the division of space that exactly suits the needs of your business.

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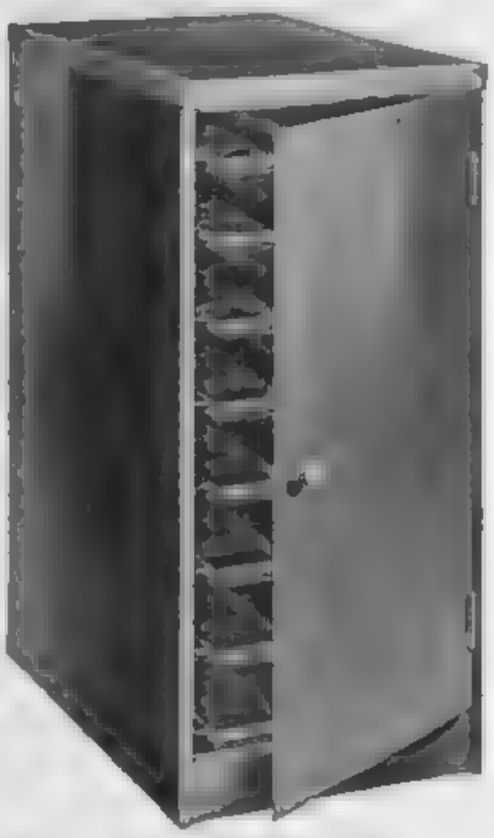
Allsteel desks, safes, files, and shelving are permanently efficient, economical of space and time, and afford the utmost modern security. You will take pride in *Allsteel* equipment—it belongs with success. Many of the foremost American concerns—such as the Allis-Chalmers Co., New York Stock Exchange, Bush Terminal Co., Kohler Co., J. P. Morgan & Co., National City Bank, Packard Motor Car Co.—use *Allsteel* office furniture.

Make it a point to see the full line at the *Allsteel* store in your city, or, as a first step, send for our 88-page illustrated catalogue.



Allsteel *Counter Height Cupboard Unit with Door. Standard height 42 in.; depth 30 in.*

The General Fireproofing Company

Youngstown, Ohio

New York Chicago Boston Washington Atlanta Seattle

Dealers in All Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 154)

liking him better with every passing moment.

The blatant clamor ceased, to be followed by some real music, tuneful and sweet. They drifted round the big place, Nita for the moment putting aside her errand in sheer enjoyment. But Calvert's eyes were watchful, and suddenly he stopped, slipping her hand over his arm.

"There she is," said he, "near the entrance. I knew she wouldn't be hard to identify."

Nita followed his eyes and saw a Columbine in classic ballet costume standing by the side of a tall viking in a golden helm, winged, and bare muscular arms encircled above the elbow with heavy gold bands. A boar's skin hung from his left shoulder, his legs were busked from the sandals up with strips of rawhide, while a heavy sword hung from his hip. It was a striking costume and a handsome one, with the straight, lean, powerful figure in it—anything but their conception of the murderous individual they sought. Moreover, it was such a costume as would scarcely have been chosen by a common man; correct in details as might have been worn by the hero of a Ring opera—a Siegfried or Lohengrin.

"He has his nerve to pose as a Wagnerian character at this moment," said Calvert.

"Oh, well, Norway or Iceland isn't German. What makes you think that's Agnes? She looked rather slender to me, and that's a leggy girl."

"Slender girls are sometimes that. I saw her when she came in, and she acted scared and shy."

The couple began to dance. Nita watched them for a moment, then gave Calvert's arm a little squeeze.

"I believe you're right," she murmured. "Her step is American and the man's is stiff and English. I thought he'd be a sort of stoat or weasel. We've got to stop playing now and get on the job. Let's dance round and brush into them."

They did so, cutting a corner and so maneuvering as to keep the other couple close for several moments. And then suspicion became certainty, for they heard the Columbine say in accents unmistakably those of the Maine coast and quite distinct from other sections of New England in their strongly colonial-English inflection, "Which are your stable colors, Howard?" and heard her escort answer, "That's the Martell rag just over the band—pale-blue and orange."

"Guessed right the very first time," whispered Calvert.

"Poor Agnes! I'm afraid there's a bad time ahead for her."

The music stopped and they walked over toward the bar, already busy. Calvert ordered a half bottle of champagne and stood at the side of Nita, who perched herself on one of the high stools.

"We've got to plan this thing out a little," said he. "I can't say I'm keen about having you mix it up with the scoundrel, Nita. What good is that going to do?"

"I don't know, but we can't hope to get anything by thinking about him. You'll have to make yourself known to Agnes."

"Think it's safe?"

"Why not?"

"He might smell a rat."

"Why should he? Most of the sports in Paris seem to be here. What's more natural than that a young officer on leave should want to see the show?"

"How about yourself?"

"Tell Agnes that you brought a sporty English widow whose name would be mud if it was known she was here."

"That's no lie at any rate. But I fancy you're not the only one. Young English and American girls and married women had a trick of sneaking off to these things even before the war."

"It's not my own first offense. I went to the Quat'z Arts once, and it was worse than this. They'd rigged up a medieval castle with a moat and portcullis, and from time to time they let down the bridge and a gang of men at arms would dash out and grab the girls and carry them inside, then hoist the bridge."

"I can imagine it. There'll be high jinks here before the evening's over and the champagne begins to boil."

"You can bring Agnes and me together."

"She might recognize your voice."

"No danger," said Nita. "I can disguise it a little and be awfully English. That cross-channel drawl is second nature to me. We can make a foursome of it and change partners. But there's no hurry. Wait till he laps up a few drinks. Meantime we might as well enjoy ourselves. I must say I have a low taste for this sort of thing."

New arrivals were now pouring in, the floor was crowding and the hilarity seemed to increase with the force and volume of a big human dynamo of which the current was raised gradually notch by notch. Just as more sedate festivities begin with quiet decorum, a little stiff and formal, then, as the wine flows and tongues and minds are loosened, spirits rapidly thaw, so now on a more exaggerated scale the *bal des jockeys* began to get into its stride. Another orchestra coming from some theater or concert took its place on the balcony at the far end from the first, so that the music became continuous, though not disagreeably intense, because of the huge dimensions of the place, the acoustics of which were good.

The bartenders and waiters, costumed as jockeys in their various colors, were now rushing dementedly about, while the floor itself became a kaleidoscope of bright weaving colors. As the music never ceased there was opportunity and space for all to dance, and pleasure and spirits suppressed through past years of war burst out like a conflagration smothered but unquenched and smoldering on to generate explosive gases. Just as when skating a small space may be cleared here and there with an audience clustering to watch the evolutions of an expert, so here began to form these local amphitheaters with a ring clamoring hilarious approval to the most outrageous antics. And yet for all of this the riot was far from being at its height.

"Good Lord!" said Calvert. "And to think that only a few months ago the greater part of this crowd was wallowing in the trenches and leading assaults and fighting hand to hand for the glory of God and country and the uplift of humanity!"

"It's terrific," Nita agreed. "Probably some of these same men who are now doing their best to win the applause of the crowd by tossing girls about were then trying to win medals by throwing hand grenades and trench bombs. It shows what we're all made of, Calvert—a mixture of fool and hero in variously proportioned parts."

"Yes; I suppose if the place were to get afire and some big sergeant major were to boom out, 'Attention!' three-quarters of the men in this place would come up stiff and rigid and await the next order. You can't altogether blame them."

"No, they're merely catching up."

They danced a few times more, the crowd if not increasing at least seeming to dilate and seethe and bubble, like the expansion into twice its volume of a limited amount of water in a boiling pot. Collisions became more frequent, but invariably mirth provoking, and unlike a similar revel in England or America there was never the slightest sign of friction or ill humor, nor was there any brutal coarseness displayed, in spite of the license. Mirth was king, Beauty his queen, and Noise his prime minister.

Then little by little a more dangerous license began to prevail. The imitation betting booths not yet in use were turned into *cabinets particuliers* from which proceeded bacchanalian cries more or less drowned by the crashing orchestra. But this was not for very long, as presently their occupants were laughingly ejected, each box then presided over by the experienced sellers of betting bulletins. At one end of the hall where a big scaffold had been erected there now appeared the usual placarding of the first race with its announced list.

No. 1. Jocunde....Victorine La Selle.
No. 2. Folie....Delphine de Fourche.

And so on through a list of half a dozen, while the revelers applauded vociferously as each name appeared. Attendants in uniform of the race course circulated about the floor handing out the orthodox slips of information at the usual price of a franc each, these giving farcical details.

No. 1. Jocunde—Victorine La Selle—mauve and cerise. Martell (owner's stable).

Following these, small costumed urchins handed out the slips of the *paris mutuel*, each *pari*, or bet, approximately estimated by experts according to previous records, all done in precise conformation with the technic of the French turf.

A company of attendants now rapidly swarmed into the place carrying ballasted iron posts to rig a cord in an ellipse, the

Enemies of Portable Electric Cord

Sharp edges, heavy tools, castings, trucks—these are the enemies of portable electric cord.

Ordinary cord falls down under such treatment because the cover is weak. For on the cover depends the life of any cord.

DURACORD
TRADE MARK

is the portable electric cord with the heavy *woven* covering like a piece of fire hose that stands up under the most grueling service. It will outwear ordinary cords many times, prevent expensive delays and keep down renewal costs.

Duracord can be furnished in all sizes of portable electric cord and also in the larger sizes of single and duplex cable. Ask your electrical jobber about Duracord or let us send you samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit
and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds

Here is the ordinary braided cable covering. Note the open and porous construction easily cut, stretched or unraveled. Compare it with the illustration of Duracord.
Here's Duracord. Thick heavy strands woven like a piece of fire hose not braided! Withstand three times outside covering only with impregnating compound removed

The Sultan's Gate, Centuries Old, made *Useful* by HINGES.

HUNDREDS of years ago Armenian Craftsmen began work on the Sultan's Gateway at Constantinople. Today it stands completed—an architectural gem of the Near East. Into its beauty the life work of many artists has been moulded.

The usefulness of this wondrous gate depends—just as that of any other door—on hinges. These were made to give the gateway life; to fulfill the purpose of its creators—yet in doing so to lend artistic harmony both by design and by work effectively done in hushed silence.

This worthy purpose embodies the creed of every McKinney Hinge. Whether for modest garden gate or monumental cathedral door, they combine uninterrupted service with artistic design.

The McKinney Manufacturing Company at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has been manufacturing hinges and butts for fifty years. These products are the standard-bearers in their field.

Somewhere in your city, very likely at the most prominent hardware store, you can buy hinges stamped with the name "McKinney". Remember this name when you consider building or repairs and buy accordingly. Then you will be rewarded by years of unfailing hinge usefulness—you will have settled the hinge question for life.

The name McKinney is important!

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh
Western Office, Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks. These McKinney One-Man Trucks eliminate the need of extra helpers and cut trucking costs in half.

space between the middle and the walls of this being cleared for the race. Low hurdles of miniature hedge were set up, and a bizarre imitation of the brook and water jumps at Auteuil, the latter a shallow basin of real water. Meanwhile a paddock had been fenced off in one corner, and here now appeared in a perfect hurricane of laughter stalwart youths fitted with excruciatingly funny horses' heads, caricatures at which even the horses might have laughed, bridled, and on the backs of these athletic volunteers were miniature saddles.

But the uproar which greeted their appearance was less perhaps for these than for the jockeys which led them into the paddock—small and shapely girls on which the jockey costumes and colors were principally painted. The wild yell of delight which greeted them was still in crescendo when the quick-witted Parisian crowd seized upon the idea, picked their favorites and stampeded for the betting booths, these bets running from five francs to a hundred. Lines were formed. So great was the throng of betters that the judges—droll caricatures of these top-hatted, frock-coated dignitaries—mounted sedately to their box, compared their watches and struck the gong before a tenth of the betters had placed their bets. Down came the wickets with a slam, the pretty jockeys mounted, their steeds plunging or caracoling or tugging at the lines as led out upon the track by the "lads."

They began to maneuver for positions, while the walls rocked under the gales of laughter. A false start was made and they were recalled. Another start and they were off, real running now, for this part at least was in earnest. Slightly crouched forward, they tore round the track, leaped *haies* and *ruisseau*, and made their finish, only one of them falling in the water jump. As if from force of habit, even through the wild acclaims all eyes turned to the blank bulletin board on which were posted first the name of the winner and presently what the bet paid, six francs to five—the horse, a young Hercules, being an easy favorite. A pompous owner, the caricature of a well-known racing stable proprietor, whose mere appearance provoked fresh uproar, stepped out upon the track, dismounted and embraced his jockey, to whom he offered a floral tribute.

And so the extravagant revel went on for about an hour longer, when the floor was magically cleared. Then as if waiting the conclusion of the serious business of the evening, the tottering dam of restraint which had been wabbling under some semblance of restraint broke loose entirely. The attendants had not even time to remove the green hedges. A crowd of cowboys and Indians grabbed them and commenced to erect tepees facing the betting booths, and to these the waiters were soon scurrying with frothing bottles. Occasionally one of these impromptu tents would collapse and its occupants be rescued by legs or arms or anything which came to hand. The dancing grew faster and more furious. Calvert drew Nita into a sheltered eddy behind the judges' stand.

"My word!" said he. "Bedlam has broken the bed and Babel is speaking one language."

"Listen, Calvert! I just saw Agnes go past with her viking. We had better get to work. Everybody is dancing with everybody else, so I don't think you need bother to tell her who you are. He's been watching me. Seems to have picked me out of all this crowd for some reason."

"I should say there were several pretty good reasons," Calvert answered. "There they are now by the bar. Let's spin over and try to pull it off somehow."

They made half the circle of the rink, to pause beside Agnes and her partner. As they drew up Nita slipped out of Calvert's arms.

"I say!" she cried. "I think I'd like a turn with Baldur," and she pirouetted giddily with bare, inviting arms in front of her quarry.

It was an invitation scarce to be resisted. The viking turned to watch her, when Calvert as if piqued at the desertion made a sweeping bow to Agnes.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked. "We Americans ought to stick together in fearful moments like these."

He could not be sure whether or not she recognized his voice.

"How did you know I was American?" she asked.

"Heard your lingo, Columbine, when we passed each other."

He glanced up at the viking, who from watching Nita's steps had turned suddenly, rather aggressively.

"How about it, old top?" Calvert asked. "Want to change partners once round?"

"I'm on if the ladies don't object," answered a pleasing, cultured voice.

"Well, we're all Anglo-Saxons here," Calvert answered. "So there's nothing to break."

Nita drifted coquettishly into the willing arms of the Norseman. Calvert had not taken half a dozen steps before he discovered that something was amiss. Columbine was drooping. Her motions, though in accord, were automatic, and she seemed to rest against him heavily. Presently she said in a muffled voice:

"I don't think I can dance any more."

"Tired?" he asked.

"No, confused. My head's swimming. It must be the champagne. I'll be all right in a minute or two, but I must sit down. I'm glad you're American."

"Come over here," said Calvert, and led her to the tier of benches. "Your partner won't mind. He's got one of the best dancers in the place."

"Who is she?"

"An Englishwoman who wants to see a bit of fun. I say, Columbine, your voice sounds awfully familiar."

"So does yours. But then that's not surprising, considering the hundreds of American soldiers I've talked to."

"Ah-hah! That's a give-away. You're a nurse or Y. W. C. A. Am I right?"

"You're warm. I suppose there are really lots of perfectly nice people here, though you'd never guess it to look at them."

"If there was a general unmasking I imagine there might be a few scandals, though nobody cares much nowadays. Everybody's catching up—catching up. Your partner speaks like a good sort. British officer?"

"You mustn't ask questions."

"That's so; I forgot."

"You know your voice sounds more and more familiar. I'm sure I heard it not very long ago, but I can't for the life of me remember where. My head's spinning like a top."

"Drink a cup of coffee. No, that might make you sick. Just rest a bit and pull yourself together. There go our partners."

"She's a beauty—as much of her as I can see."

"Well, that's quite a lot, isn't it? Our English cousins go the whole show when they get started."

"But you're English yourself, or at least you speak like an Englishman. Where have I heard your voice?"

"In hospital maybe. Did you ever see such a sight? I wouldn't have missed it for a year's pay, and the Lord knows I need the money."

"Hadn't we better be getting back?"

"No hurry. They saw us when they passed. I fancy your partner knows you're in safe hands."

"How about yours?"

Calvert gave a short laugh.

"Trust an Englishwoman of the gay set to take care of herself. She worked hard during the war, and now she's out for a good time. How do you feel?"

His voice was a little anxious, for Agnes' head was bobbing unsteadily.

"Awfully! I'm not used to drinking anything. I think I'd better get my partner to take me home. I've got to get in before daylight anyhow."

"'Fraid you're too late," said Calvert. "It must be that now. It gets light at half past three in Paris at this season."

"Oh, dear!"—her voice was the piteous wail of a child—"he promised to take me back before daylight!"

Calvert found himself suddenly burdened with a fresh responsibility. It flashed across his mind that Agnes, inexperienced as she was, could not have had the slightest idea as to the sort of ball she had agreed to attend, and that the man had used it as a net for her entanglement. Deception was not his object—far from it. His game was more sinister than that—to force her into a marriage which was to place within his hands the inheritance which he might already have done murder to grasp.

No doubt he had represented the affair to Agnes as the mere gay frolic of members of the turf from which they could slip away in due time for her to enter the villa unobserved. Then going out into broad daylight, tired, enervated and fogged with

(Continued on Page 161)

Here is your opportunity to make a lot of money in a business of your own in which sound economic principles and human psychology unite to produce large profits from a small investment

THIS business is paying from $3,000 to $10,000 a year, and it is paying these excellent profits from the very start. Some men are even making as much as $15,000 to $25,000, and have been doing it for years.

This is happening in every part of this country—North, East, South, and West—and in other countries too: Canada, England, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Cuba, Norway, Sweden, etc.

So it can't be mere chance. It is law—just as much law as Sir Isaac Newton's law of gravity, or James Watt's law of the power of steam.

This business is highly and uniformly profitable because it brings together at one point two great groups of well-known business laws. Everyone in business, or thinking about going into business, ought to know about this business and the laws that govern it. Here they are:

1. *Laws of economics*—Small investment, low cost of manufacture, good market, frequent turnover, low expenses, simple management, etc.

2. *Laws of human psychology*—(1) Favorable Attention, (2) Interest, (3) Desire, (4) Action, drawing the crowds and making money out of them.

Bring these two great groups of laws together in one business, and that is the business you can be sure of, and can put your money and time in, and back up with your judgment. That is the kind of business we're going to tell you about.

The Candy Kiss Business with the Machine Making Kisses in the Store-Window is this kind of business. It has the economic soundness and it has the psychology of crowds.

Will people stop to see a machine in motion? This picture of Cheri's on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia is the answer.

The picture on this page tells the story. It is a photograph of a crowd in front of Cheri's window on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. There's your psychology of crowds. You don't get a lot of people to stop and look in a window for any length of time unless there's something mighty interesting going on, and there *is* something mighty interesting! There's an almost human machine in that window, cutting and wrapping candy kisses and sending them tumbling out at the rate of 120 a minute. How the crowd loves to watch a machine in motion!

But the psychology of this Candy Kiss Business doesn't stop with just getting the attention of the crowds.

Sheldon, the great teacher of salesmanship, analyzes the necessary steps for successful selling as follows: (1) Favorable Attention, (2) Interest, (3) Desire, (4) Action. Here's the beginning of the psychology of selling; here are your (1) Favorable Attention and (2) Interest. Then, as people watch those clean-wrapped kisses which stir up the sense of sight, taste and smell, they are tempted—that's (3) Desire. One man goes inside and buys; others follow—that's (4) Action.

There's your *psychology of crowds*. It reasons out. It works out in practice. The kiss machine in the window is manufacturing, advertising and selling all in one. It stops the passing crowds; it brings the people into your store; it starts your business; it keeps it going.

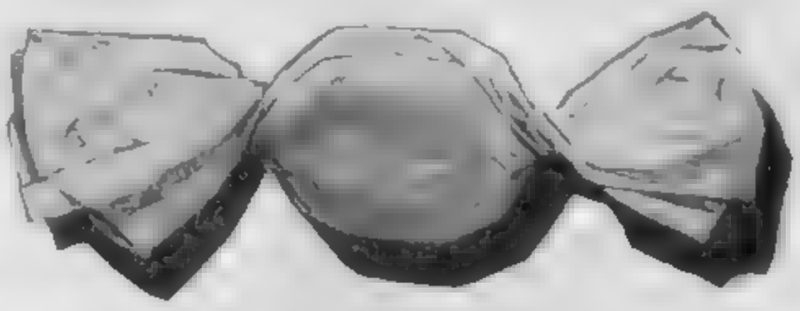
That's it! Get your location where the crowds are passing. Put your machine in the window, set the laws of the psychology of crowds to work for you, and you've got a going business.

Now let's see to what extent the Candy-Kiss Business with the Machine in the Window possesses *sound economic principles* which make a business practical, profitable and safe. Here's what you find:

1. *Small investment needed.* Only a few hundred dollars are needed if you have a store and not very much more if you have to rent one. You can buy the kiss machine on instalments; other equipment is not costly; and you buy materials only as you need them.

2. *Frequent turnover and good profits.* Raw material in the morning, cash in your drawer at night. You turn over your money invested a great many times a year, each time at a good profit.

3. *Low expenses.* Many of the usual costs of doing business are eliminated. The business is cash, no customers' books to keep, no bad debts, no waste or dead stock, no delivery costs, no advertising—the machine does that.



4. *Simple manufacture and management.* We furnish a book of simple formulas and full directions for making the candy. Cooking is easy. The rest is done by automatic machines—same thing over and over again.

5. *Great volume of sales.* Candy kisses approach chewing gum in being a national habit. They're the great popular price confection of the day. The demand is big and growing fast.

6. *Self advertising and selling.* The machine in the window focuses this great demand right on your store. It stops the crowd and they come in and buy—kisses and whatever else you have to sell.

7. *Ease of expansion.* If you want to move into a better location or open another store you can get your new store ready, move overnight and be doing business by noon the next day—no time lost.

8. *Safety.* Profits begin as soon as you start your machine in the window. This, together with the small capital, frequent turnover, good profits, low expenses, simple manufacture and management, and great natural demand for kisses make it an unusually safe business. Everybody likes kisses.

You see, now—don't you?—that this business is well worth looking into. How many businesses, large or small, can stand this analysis? How many so thoroughly satisfy the fundamental laws of business economics and at the same time make such an appeal to the psychology of crowds? Hadn't you better look further into this unique business?

There are four kinds of men who can advantageously go into the Candy Kiss Business. Are you one of them?

(1) Do you want to have such a business of your own, make big profits on small capital and be independent? *Then get our book.*

(2) Do you want to start some wide-awake young man in this business and divide the profits with him? *Then get our book.*

(3) Have you a store or a group of stores and do you want to add a self-advertising profit-maker? *Then get our book.*

(4) Are you a candy manufacturer, looking for bigger volume and profits? *Get our book.*

"*Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business*" answers the questions you want to ask and tells how to get into this business so as to make the most money. Fill out the coupon and send for this book right now.

-------COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail-------

Package Machinery Company A-6-16-30
Model K Dept. Springfield, Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.

My present business is_____

Name

Address

New York Office
30 Church Street

Package Machinery Company Springfield Mass.

Chicago Office
111 W. Washington St.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

MANY home-loving people have made their homes delightful with the luxuries of this wonderful age. They have rightly accepted them as necessities, because the thousand and one fixtures and furnishings of marvelous construction and untold usefulness add to their sense of well-being and efficiency.

But, how inconsistent and incomplete are some few of these otherwise beautiful homes—with their ten-year-old plumbing.

Call on your Contracting Plumber. His knowledge of fixtures and of home sanitation makes him an important family counselor. Write for Catalogue, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

NEW YORK	35 W 31ST	*CLEVELAND	6405 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	918 ELEVENTH	*FORT WORTH	623 MONROE
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD ST	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY	KANSAS CITY	901 RIDGE ARCADE
BOSTON	184 DEVONSHIRE	*TOLEDO	311 ERIE	*MILWAUKEE	313 FIFTH ST	SAN FRANCISCO	149-55 BLUXOME
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	*COLUMBUS	256 S THIRD	*LOUISVILLE	323 W MAIN	*LOS ANGELES	218 234 S. CENTRAL
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG	*CANTON	1108 SECOND ST N E	*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE S	ATLANTA OFFICE	1217 CITIZENS & SOUTHERN BANK BLDG
*PITTSBURGH	445 WATER	*YOUNGSTOWN	456 W FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*WHEELING	3120 JACOB	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AVE AND SMITH	CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 STANDARD OIL BLDG
*CHICAGO	14 N PEORIA	*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH ST	*DALLAS	1900 JACKSON	SEATTLE OFFICE	1230 L. C. SMITH BLDG
*ST LOUIS	810 N SECOND	*ERIE	130 W TWELFTH	*SAN ANTONIO	213 LOSOYA	*TORONTO, CAN	89 E. RICHMOND
*EAST ST LOUIS	16 N MAIN					*HAMILTON, CAN.	20 W JACKSON

Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil Industries. Write or call on nearest branch. If interested in plumbing fixtures for factories, write for book, "Factory Sanitation."

(Continued from Page 158)

fumes of wine, she must prove an easy victim for whatever he had in store for her. And the subtlety of his stratagem lay in the fact that he would himself appear to be making all honorable restitution.

He might say, "You can't go back to Lady Audrey's now. You must come with me, and just as soon as it can be managed we shall be married," which promise he asked nothing better than to fulfill.

As all of this flashed through Calvert's mind the entire aspect of the situation underwent a sudden change of angle. Where up to this moment his motive had been to clear Heming and Raymond and bring to justice a cold-blooded assassin, it struck him suddenly as of infinitely more importance that this girl be saved from making a tragedy of her life. As the case stood there was nothing positively incriminating against Heming and Raymond, but were he and Nita to succeed in fastening the crime upon the person they suspected Agnes must certainly share in his conviction. No jury would ever be convinced that it was not a case of collusion; that she had not told her lover of the fortune to accrue to her from Hazard's death; and that she had not been an accessory before the fact. Agnes' past was against her. The Salvation Army had rescued her destitute from the streets, on the verge of destruction—already past it for all she might be able to prove; and her meritorious service during the war could not save her when shown also—as it must be—that she had gone from the house of her employer during her absence to attend such a ball as this and had not returned at all.

Calvert felt that he must have a few words immediately with Nita. This tragedy should be averted; this ignorant, more than erring soul saved. He was positive that Nita would agree with him. He did not stop to think that Nita had never—like himself—seen Agnes frying doughnuts under fire and cheering on the fighting men at the Front.

The opportunity came a moment later, when having completed two rounds of the hall the pair stopped in front of them. Curiously enough, the enveloping tumult did not seem for the moment to affect these four people, so preoccupied was each with a definite objective—Nita's to convict the unknown, the unknown's to ensnare Agnes, Calvert's to rescue Agnes, and that of Agnes merely to get back to her bed with her escapade undiscovered.

"Topping dancer, Her Majesty Queen Titania," said the viking. "Going to borrow her again directly if I may."

"Columbine's tired," said Calvert. "She wants you to take her home."

"Home? Dear me, we're just at the top of our trajectory! Let's have a drop of fizz. I'm host here—really, no spoofing. I'm a turf hound, and this is my night to lay."

A rush of revelers swept them off their feet, for the dancing was rapidly degenerating into a saturnalia. The drinking was greater than usually obtained at a French masquerade, perhaps because of the considerable number of British and Americans and Colonials whose early education did not permit of their abandonment to such excesses until their restraint was swept away by alcohol. But there was no ill humor evident, the rioting was all good-natured, the exchange of partners general. Some few of the women—those who had nothing to lose and something to gain—were unmasked, but by far the greater number would preserve their incognito to the end. Agnes shrank back, not against her escort but Calvert, and this roused even more his protective instinct and desire to shelter her.

"Columbine thinks she's had enough," said he.

"Oh, come," said the viking, "a little fizz will clear her head."

"I must really go," said Agnes. "I've got to get in before the concierge is up."

"That won't be for another two hours," said Nita. "I'm dying of thirst."

Her escort tried to catch a waiter, for the jam in front of the long bar made access to it impossible. Calvert seized the opportunity for a word with Nita.

"We'll dance once round and join you," said Calvert. "Perhaps by that time you may be able to grab a *garçon*."

They spun off in the current like swimmers caught in a flood.

"Find out anything?" asked Calvert.

"No, but I'm going to. He doesn't suspect anything. He's just as I thought—a gentleman gone rank—the worst sort."

"His game is plain enough," said Calvert. "He means to keep Agnes from getting back, then play his cards so's she'll be glad to marry him as soon as possible. In another two hours she'll be a gone chicken."

"She's probably that already," said Nita indifferently.

"No, I don't think so. She's a good girl at heart. We've got to get her home—and quick."

Nita stopped dancing and led him a little out of the rush.

"But my dear Calvert," said she, "we didn't come here to rescue Agnes."

"I know it, but all the same I mean to if I can manage it. She's innocent in all this, and it isn't right that she should suffer. Don't you see if he up and marries her and then we nail him it makes a pretty straight criminal case against her? No jury would believe that she was an innocent victim."

The pale-amber eyes flashed him an eerie look through the slits of the black mask.

"I'm sure I don't see how it can be helped at this stage. If you let sentiment interfere now you may spoil everything."

"But hang it all, Nita," Calvert protested, "Agnes is a friend of mine—she's a friend of your brother's too. He wouldn't want to see her landed in Saint Lazare on a murder charge."

"Well," said Nita, "I don't quite see how we are going to collar one without the other now."

Something in the tone of her voice struck a little chill through Calvert—seemed to hold a ruthless quality such as one might expect to find in a professional man hunter, but scarcely in the glowing girl with whom he had joined forces. He stiffened a little.

"All the same I'm going to try to save her," said he. "I'm going to try to take her home."

"Has she guessed who you are?"

"No."

"Then don't take her home, even if her escort would let you. She's got herself in this mess and she's got to take the consequences. She'd be sure to find out who you are in the cab and tell him, and that might put him on his guard and spoil everything. Don't you see, Calvert, that in a case like this we've got to profit by every inch gained? The Lord knows what I may have to risk with the brute before I get what I want! He seems to be pretty well infatuated already."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it. Your theory may be right enough, but how are you going to get the proof?"

"I don't know yet, but if he marries Agnes that's one more point in our favor."

"He's not going to marry Agnes if I can help it."

The yellow gleam that came this time from her eyes shot Calvert with the chill feeling that he had suddenly to do with a hostile rather than an allied force.

Nita may have read this involuntary rigidity, for she said: "Don't forget, Calvert, that I am fighting for my brother's life and future. That's worth more than this fool of a girl. Innocent or not, she's the direct cause of the crime."

Calvert seized at a sudden thought:

"But hang it, Nita, don't you see that as the case stands she's our best bit of evidence? If we can convince her that he's a scoundrel and probably a thug she might furnish something to show him up. But once married to him her testimony would be no good, even if she could be prevailed upon to give it, which she wouldn't."

Nita nodded.

"That's so," she said. "I hadn't thought of that. Why didn't you say so at first?"

"Well, I thought first of Agnes. I couldn't get away from what I'd seen her do. Anyhow we've got to get her away from him to-night before it's too late. Once married, she'd be quite capable of swearing an alibi."

"That wouldn't do her much good."

"It might here in Paris, when you can buy up witnesses by the dozen. He'd be smart enough to see to that. For a couple of thousand francs the patron and *garçon* of some rotten little *hôtel meublé* would swear they were there at the time of the murder."

"You're right, Calvert. Then listen: We'll go back to them and you and I will have a dispute, you wanting to go and I wanting to stay. Agnes will side with you. Then as he doesn't suspect anything and thinks you to be a harmless young American officer and me to be a fast and swell Englishwoman he may consent to let you take her home. After all it's not vital to

You will recognize the clinging softness of real Japanese Silk merely by running it through your fingers. Everwear Silk Hosiery is recognized by this test and by a snugness-at-the-ankle which is also found in the Lisle Thread grades.

Made in Milwaukee by the Everwear-Hosiery-Co.

Speed Up The World Waits

THE world waits for manufactured goods. The need is desperate. Everything must be done to keep belts delivering the power that converts raw materials into finished products. Belts must be laced the quickest and most efficient way.

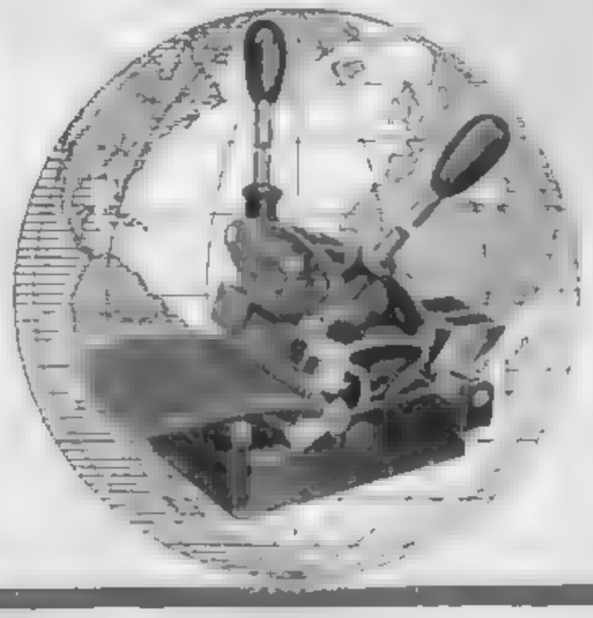
The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

No other method laces a belt so quickly and so well. It makes a joint that is smooth, flush on both sides, is safe, and durable. The "Clipper" is the only belt lacer ever awarded a gold medal for safety by the American Museum of Safety.

Leading plants of the world rely upon "Clipper" Belt Lacing. Its cost is slight, its saving great. The "Clipper" goes to manufacturers for free trial at our expense, and is permanently guaranteed.

Most mill supply houses sell the "Clipper." Dealers not stocking it write for particulars.

"The Connecting Link Between Power and Production"



Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

his plans to compromise her to-night into marrying him."

"I hate to leave you here," said Calvert.

Nita shrugged her round creamy shoulders.

"If I never was in more danger than that I'd consider my life very tame," said she. "But you see, Calvert, as I size this man up, he is probably one of those horrors absolutely devoid of ruth or scruple and is cold-bloodedly selfish as a crocodile. His object is to marry Agnes and grab her inheritance, and it is no doubt even now in the back of his mind that once he gets her money she then becomes an incumbrance to be rid of in some way or other. He wants the money for precisely such purposes as he thinks I represent."

"Just what does he pretend to be, or didn't he tell you?" Calvert asked.

"A captain in the quartermaster's department in the British Army. He's a horse expert, and during the war was in the remount service, selecting horses for the various corps cavalry, artillery, transport—and passing on the crocked and disposing of them or getting them put back into shape to be used again. He's not a common man. He talks like an Oxonian and he dances like Fokine; speaks perfect French and seems to be a man about town. Of course it's always possible that we may be entirely wrong about him. I want to get better acquainted and then look up his record pretty carefully. I can easily do that through certain channels in London."

"If I take Agnes home," Calvert asked, "shall I come back to get you?"

"No; get dressed and go to your hotel. I'll call you up later in the day. Just stick round and wait to hear from me."

They danced their way back to where Agnes and her partner were seated at a table. It was easy to see that there had been some difference between the pair. Agnes was leaning forward on her elbow, while the man sat up in a stiff and rather sulky attitude. The waiter came at that moment with a quart of champagne and four glasses.

"Feeling better, Columbine?" Calvert asked.

She shook her head.

"No; I'm not used to this sort of thing. I've had enough of it."

"So have I," said Calvert. "Besides it's getting rowdy."

Nita drained her glass thirstily.

"Well, then why don't you go?" she snapped, as though they, too, had disagreed.

Calvert yawned.

"Whenever you're ready, Titania."

"Well, then I won't be ready till the show's over. I like to see things through."

"Righto!" agreed the viking. "I say, you two—it doesn't happen every night, you know. They've got to award the prizes yet. Titania ought to compete. I'd say she had a ripping good show."

"With all these nymphs and houris?" Nita asked.

"No bally fear. Your costume's a winner—chic and elegant—and so are you." His hard blue eyes stared at her admiringly through his buff-colored mask.

"Columbines are a drug on the market," murmured Agnes drowsily, and sipped her wine. "Besides you promised to take me back before daylight, Howard."

"What if we let Howard and Titania stick on, since they are so keen about it?" Calvert proposed. "I can drop Columbine anywhere she says on my way."

The viking seemed to hesitate. Then he gave Nita a bold stare.

"How about it, Titania? Will Your Majesty trust yourself to me?"

Nita laughed.

"Until the ball is over, Baldur," said she. "Then Her Majesty goes home alone. Her coach is waiting."

They finished their wine, and Calvert ordered another bottle.

"What do you say, Columbine?" he asked.

"I'd like to go at once. It means a lot to me to get in without being seen."

"All right, come on then." Calvert laid the money to pay for the bottle on the table and rose.

"I'll intrust the queen to you, Howard. Take good care of her."

"No fear, old top."

Agnes tried to rise, swayed, when Calvert steadied her.

"Once in the air you'll be all right," he said. "Are you others sure you don't mind?"

"No," Howard answered. "Only sorry you don't feel like sticking it out. I really oughtn't to go though, because I'm one of the committee and supposed to keep an eye on things."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

KOHLER

PRODUCTS OF *DURABILITY*

Men and materials, methods and machinery, combine here at Kohler to give the enameled plumbing ware which bears our name the lasting qualities of usefulness which make Kohler ware the symbol of durability.

Men, skilled and painstaking; materials, tested and analyzed in our laboratories; methods, precise and scientific; machinery, much of which was made by our staff and is unduplicated anywhere—all these elements fuse into products of enduring life and usefulness.

Whether bathtub, kitchen sink or lavatory, each Kohler product measures to standards of beauty, utility and durability before the word "Kohler," in faint blue letters, is fused, inconspicuously but permanently, into the snow-white enamel.

And so this word "Kohler" has grown to be an accepted standard among foremost architects, master plumbers and the public, not only as the symbol of beauty and utility but of durability as well.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin
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BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

Impregnating Paper Insulated Cable.

Setting the Seal of Safety Upon Power Illimitable

ELECTRICITY is the *growing* force of industry and civilization. Under its stimulus, methods of production and modes of living steadily and surely are changing.

It has made power a common commodity, turned on or off, as the tap water—measurable, as wheat or cloth. It has no limitations of time or place, serving a householder's lamp or glowing stove, the huge motors of a speeding train, turning the shafts of a distant factory, equally available at the meridians of night and day.

The modern utilization of electricity depends in important degree upon the safe harnessing of its giant force.

In this work Habirshaw has been an active and leading factor. Since the early days of the electrical industry Habirshaw research engineers have been continuously at work upon the practical problems of electrical insulation. And they have contributed much to the modern knowledge and technic of this work.

Great cables for the transmission of power of an immensity not to be compassed by unaided imagination, as well as simple code wire which networks the walls of dwellings, are now designed and manufactured with the same precision, certainty and ample factors of safety with which the steel fabric of a great skyscraper is engineered and built.

In the Habirshaw plants production engineers have applied not only the findings of the research laboratories, but also the experience and methods of modern manufacturing, maintaining an output which meets the electrical engineer's laboratory standards and anticipates the public request for moderation in cost.

Habirshaw is setting the seal of safety upon the power illimitable, and the stamp of *economy* also.

The economies of volume production can be supported only by the economies of national distribution. Habirshaw Insulated Wire and Cables are brought to every active market of the United States by the national warehousing and distributing organization of the Western Electric Company. The facilities of this great concern supplementing Habirshaw engineering and manufacturing, render to the public a comprehensive service of production *and* delivery to the point of use.

Western Electric materials and equipment throughout safeguard electrical service, for all are standard as Habirshaw. Final assurance is gained by entrusting installations only to your architect or qualified electrical engineers or contractors.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
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Habirshaw Wire Distributed by
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Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

It is only within the last ten years that people have come to realize that the way to get the minerals that are needed in the human body is to eat food that contains these essential elements. Intelligent folks are beginning to frown on commercial practices that now appear to be founded on false assumptions. In years gone by the idea prevailed that all food might be divided into three groups—carbohydrates, proteins and fats. These were the valuable parts, and in addition there was a waste residue called ash. It is this waste, or ash, that contains the important food minerals and vitamines which are now coming to be looked upon more and more as essential constituents of human food.

Touching on the question of calories as a guide to the value of food for human consumption, it is worth noting that our scientific ideas concerning the significance of heat units in food are undergoing a somewhat serious change. We have discovered that if we take a certain few of the refined foods of high calorific value and feed them to animals the animals die. In like manner a human being would soon perish if fed on a selected diet of food that was high in calories only. All the calories in the world will not put iron into the blood or fluorine into the enamel of human teeth. Cabbage, spinach, lettuce and many other vegetables rank very low when measured in calories, but they would practically save the life of a man who was dying from the consumption of foods selected only for their high calorific value.

Gasoline has a high calorific value, and if calories were the only essential in human food we might drink some of this liquid fuel and provide ourselves with all the power necessary to carry us through each day's work.

The fact is, the calorie is not a constituent of food, but merely a name or measure by which we determine fuel value. Let us, therefore, cast off the idea that foods which have no high calorific value are unimportant and unessential. Salt pork has a calorific value that is from twenty to forty times as great as beans, buttermilk, potatoes, onions, turnip or spinach, but we should not get far on life's way if we attempted to live on a diet of pork.

No person should allow a single day to pass without eating some food that has not been refined or cooked. Vegetables give us few calories, but they do provide us with mineral salts and fiber bulk. When fresh, meaty vegetables cannot be obtained, we should substitute for them such things as celery, spinach, lettuce, cucumbers and tomatoes. These more succulent vegetables are low in calories, but contain the minerals and vitamines. Many fruits have even a higher nutritive value than some vegetables, and are good substitutes for the latter when they are out of season.

Meat of course contains a very high percentage of muscle-forming material, but when it is high in price and out of the reach of the average family, milk, eggs, cheese and nuts can be substituted for it. Honey is less irritating and more wholesome than sugar. The high price of sugar is stimulating the honey industry and encouraging a return to this earliest of all of humanity's sweets. Statisticians down in Texas tell us that their state produced upward of 20,000,000 pounds of honey last year. This production may furnish us some relief this summer and fall if the sugar shortage is as acute as predicted. Dental investigators tell us that honey has less affinity for the calcium of the teeth than has sugar, and therefore works less injury to the machinery with which we masticate our food.

What we need to-day is a race of people possessed of sound health and maximum energy. Such a condition can only be brought about through following sound principles in the matter of our national diet. Fatigue comes from faulty eating more often than from hard work. When we eat meat and other solid foods that produce an acid reaction in the body we must also add to our diet other foods which produce an alkaline reaction.

In our great universities it is the general practice to have all of the picked athletes eat their meals at a training table, where great care is given to the selection and preparation of the foods that are fed to these young men. What is good for a few is also good for many. Why can't we have a training table in every home, and adopt the watchword, "Look before you eat"?

CLOTHES

THE original duty of clothes was to cover the person of the owner and afford protection against the scorching sun of summer and winter's searching winds. In our complex and artificial civilization they have been burdened with the further task of impressing the neighbors and advertising one's ability to spend money.

When a man buys clothes that he does not need he excuses the expenditure with the plea that he is endeavoring to keep up a front. Fashion does not interest itself in keeping up the front of ladies' garments, and is even more careless concerning the back.

The prevailing trend of fashion is to reveal. Man's tailors fashion his clothes to reveal youthful lines and suggest youthful lines where none exist. Woman's tailors fashion her clothes to reveal what charms she may possess.

The lay mind is a little confused by so much revealing.

It can understand the economical and hygienic necessity of open plumbing; it can grasp the significance of open covenants arrived at openly after the secret trades are finished; but it cannot comprehend the logic of a custom that invites fat males to reveal their youthful lines and accentuate the rotundity of their front elevations; nor can it wholly accept the theory that a woman's back is a charm.

The ladies in scarlet who reveal their backs on magazine covers are charming, no doubt, for they are uniformly plump and the effect is not marred by protruding shoulder blades. Surely one is not asked to believe that prominent shoulder blades are a charm. The exaggerated V serves its revealing purpose, but usually it reveals skinniness, or the need of setting-up exercises, or the need of banting. If it is affected by a girl not yet wholly spoiled by contact with the sophisticated and the foolish it reveals the need of spanking.

Sheep furnish the material from which man's clothes are made. They also furnish the example man follows in his docile submission to the leadership of a fashion that thinks little of his comfort and much of his purse. If mortals were not akin to sheep they would wear the clothes of yesteryear and cling to a garment as long as it served the orthodox purpose for which it was originally designed. Last year's overcoat would not be sold to the ragman when the manufacturers split the tails of this year's garments and add three buttons to encourage buying.

Comfortable trousers would not be discarded in favor of tight ones that must be got into with the aid of a shoe horn and talcum powder.

Ladies would not give little-worn garments to the poor and devote their afternoons to buying new ones in a mad effort to keep pace with the whims of a waistline that flutters hysterically up and down. Skirts would select and maintain a sensible length and neither dry-clean the sidewalks nor reveal a multitude of shins. Shoes would afford abundant parking space for the toes of the wearer.

A woman's hat constructed of five cents' worth of straw and three cents' worth of chicken feathers would not fetch the price of a good mule; nor would squat men with round faces accept the flat straw hat prescribed as a part of the orthodox summer uniform.

If mortals were not akin to sheep they would buy clothes when the need appeared, as they now buy gasoline and flour, and they would buy to please the whim and the purse of the purchaser without regard for the opinion of those who make conformity a test of respectability and without consideration for the folly of those who measure the worth of men and women by their ability and willingness to squander money for the adornment of their persons.

HIGHWAY TRAILER
EDGERTON WISCONSIN

Each Highway Trailer Saves $18 96 Per Load for the Towars Creamery Co. of Detroit

Cost $1875 to $3950 Less Than Trucks

90% is saved in fuel
$5 to $7 saved daily in driver hire
80% is saved on tires, fuel and repairs

Each Unit Saves from $3,000 to $6,000 a Year

Why add more trucks to increase haulage capacity?

You can double the hauling and earning ability of your present truck with a Highway Trailer.

And you save from $1875 on the 1½ ton size to $3950 on the 6 ton size.

Savings in operation costs are even greater. They average from $3000 to $6000 a year on each unit. No extra driver hire. Less than 10% added fuel and tire costs will operate a Highway Trailer on your truck equipment.

The superiority of Highway Trailer construction is proved by the fact that it was the only trailer accepted without design change by the United States Government, which operates more than $1,000,000 worth.

If you do not know the nearest Highway Trailer dealer we will gladly supply his name and address.

Write for booklet on "How to Save $3,000 to $6,000 a Year Per Unit, with Highway Trailers."

These Are a Few Large Truck Operators Using Fleets of Highway Trailers

U S Army, U S. Navy
"Piggy Wiggly" Chain Stores Headquarters, Chicago, Ill.
The National Tea Company
The Consumers Refining Co. Chicago, Ill.
The Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.
The Timken Detroit Axle Co. Detroit, Mich.
The Sterling Motor Truck Co. Milwaukee, Wis.
The Manitowoc Ship Yards Manitowoc, Wis.
Fairbanks-Morse Company Beloit, Wis.
Southwestern Telephone & Telegraph Company St. Louis, Mo.
Lindeteves, Inc. Amsterdam, Holland and Dutch East Indies
Towars Creamery Company Detroit, Mich.
City of Washington, D. C.
One-Wheel Truck Company St. Louis, Mo.

(36)

Average Truck Costs	1½ Ton $2600	2½ Ton $3500	4 Ton $4000	6 Ton $5500
Highway Trailer Costs	$725	$935	$1225	$1545
Highway Trailer Saves	$1875	$2565	$2775	$3955

The Highway Transportation Co., of Chicago, interurban express, doubles load and earnings with Highway Trailers.

With KRYPTOKS, no one can tell you wear bifocals

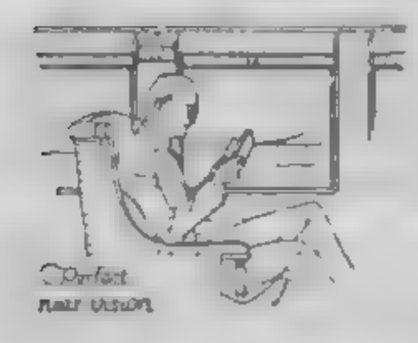
Before KRYPTOKS were made, there was always a great objection to bifocals because of the conspicuous line, seam or hump. Bifocals were then unsightly to wear; they made folks look old and odd.

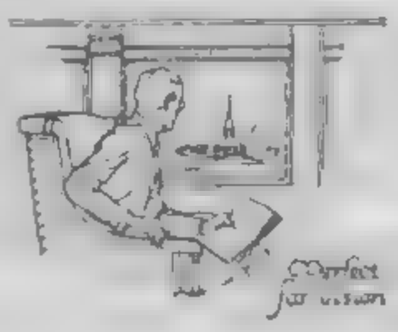
But KRYPTOKS solved the problem of appearance. They can not be distinguished from single vision glasses. No one can tell that your glasses are bifocals if you wear KRYPTOKS. They are the *only* invisible bifocals.

For people who need glasses for both near and far vision, KRYPTOKS afford all the comfort and convenience of using only one pair of glasses. They end the bother of constantly removing or peering over reading glasses; or the bother of using two pairs (one for reading and one for distance vision). Yet, unlike other bifocals, they keep the good appearance of single vision glasses.

Ask your optical specialist about KRYPTOK (pronounced Crip-tock) Glasses. Write for descriptive booklet; please give the name of your specialist. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS





QUEEN SILK

(Continued from Page 11)

raw silk, the thread of the Bombyx washed and run into skeins. These skeins are packed into what are technically called books containing a little more than four pounds each of the raw silk. Twenty-nine books make a standard bale of 130 pounds. These bales are packed in straw mattings and thus shipped from Japan. So they should arrive at their destination.

Arrived at the Jersey terminals opposite New York or at the other depots and docks of rail and shipping companies running into the metropolis, these bales are either left in the cars until unloaded by the consignees or unloaded onto docks, platforms, boats, lighters or barges. In this unloading process at New York the thief and robber find their first point of attack. The silk may be stolen from docks or depots. It may be taken from railroad cars. It may be stolen from lighters and barges by bold harbor pirates.

Once safely in New York City, the silk must be delivered to the consignee. This is done by means of trucks and drays. Here the robber attacks by holding up these vehicles or by making off with them in the temporary absence of the driver. Again, burglars get silk from the lofts and storehouses of manufacturers and merchants. Finally, much silk is taken from factories and from the railway-express companies even.

One afternoon not long ago a large New York silk importer was notified that a carload of raw silk had just arrived in Hoboken from the West. It was too late to undertake the unloading that day. The manufacturer took what seemed ample precautions. Surely no thieves would attack a freight car in the busy terminal yards at Hoboken, with their many lights, with the railway guards and the detectives constantly at hand. But to make doubly sure he notified the railroad officials of the need of extra care. With that he went placidly off to his golf and home to his dinner, his evening and his sleep.

A Thorough Clean-Out

At midnight a big enclosed motor van, of the type used in moving households, drew up in the Hoboken yards and four or five New York gangsters piled out. They went unerringly to the car of silk, broke the seals and began carrying the bales to the truck. When the van was full, off it went, scuttling heavily along the dark Jersey roads to an appointed fencing place. In half an hour it was back and was reloaded. This time the van lumbered off into another direction, where a storage place was found under the roof of a garage for twenty-odd bales of the silk. Before dawn the lorry had made four trips, carrying off its full load of the precious si thread at every start.

Dawn came, and morning. The agents of the importer appeared with half a dozen drays to cart the stuff down to the ferries and over to New York. There on the siding stood the car, its door cynically open, its contents vanished in the night under the noses of guards and officers. Just 100 bales had been taken, and each was then worth $1250 or more.

There are a good many mysteries about the silk-stealing business. As a general proposition it is safe enough to say that raids of magnitude and boldness are not often made without collusion. Out of a big haul of silk, which can be converted into cash at practically its market value, a gang can afford money to corrupt public and corporate servants. The court records show that it has been done. They show, too, that members of gangs have got employment on railroads and in receiving centers for the very purpose of getting information for their fellows and arranging for the corruption of otherwise honest employees.

To what extent such coups have been carried on in the last two years may be guessed from the fact that one railroad lost $750,000 worth of raw silk from freight cars in five months of 1918. Again, another lost 208 bales of silk in a few weeks this past spring, when silk was worth as high as $2300 a bale.

So serious had the raids on freight cars and freight stations become that more than two years ago the railways threw up their hands and refused to accept silk as freight. By a joint decree of the roads silk was classified as a valuable to be shipped only by express with careful individual handling and at much higher rates. In other words, silk came, because of the risk its shipment involved, to be rated with bullion and mail matter. The United States Railroad Administration upheld the railways in this stand and for more than two years all silk had to be sent as carefully guarded as gold and jewels.

The silk men, appalled at the cost of express transportation, began to make all short-haul shipments by motor truck, but here again they came upon troubles of their own, as we shall see. Meantime the silk people took their fight on the railway ruling to the courts. After several reverses the merchants and manufacturers were finally victorious. On April 20, 1920, the Federal courts ordered silk restored to original classification, and the material may again be shipped as freight. There is joy in the silk district—and among the car robbers. The railroads, which must protect freight in transit, are not so happy over the outcome.

I have said the silk men began to make local shipments by motor truck when the express ruling was in force. They still continue this system, for various reasons which need not be gone into here. But the motor-truck idea, much as it cut down shipment costs, was not altogether a happy one. It exposed silk to one more form of felonious attack, and what a festival the robbers had for a time.

The Silk Thieves' Trust

The American silk industry centers in New York, which is the great receiving, selling and distributing point. The manufacture of silk is localized in smaller places contributary to New York and not too distant. At Paterson, New Jersey, fifty-five per cent of the American manufacturing industry finds itself localized. The rest is divided among Allentown, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and the twin places of Easton and Phillipsburg.

These rank in the order named. The raw silk must be distributed to these places from New York and the finished product must be returned to the city from the mill towns. Often, too, silks in various stages of progress toward their final condition must be transferred from one town to another and back again. In the towns, especially in New York, they must be carted from place to place. Thus drays and motor trucks are busy day in and night out, scurrying hither and yon with heavy freights of silk in their bottoms and heavier weights of responsibility on their drivers.

The gunman and gangster soon learned that it was quite as easy to stick up a driver with twenty or thirty thousands in silk in his charge as to break the seals of freight cars and the locks of depots and lighters. And the silk men began to have a most unhappy time. Every road leading to and from New York and the silk-manufacturing towns, every wharf and crowded street in the city came to witness the holding up of truck drivers in the good old Western fashion. The gunman, turned road agent, stepped out from the nearest bowlder or signboard, leveled a brace of automatics at the driver and relieved him of his responsibilities, his truck and his load of silk. When the manufacturers mounted armed guards on their trucks the gangs retaliated by attacking in force. There were exchanges of shots and killings, as convictions of murder against gangsters amply testify.

But there is a wide and to the criminal a vast difference between getting hold of loot and getting rid of it safely and profitably. To avoid detection in the act of theft or during removal of the goods is even more difficult than stealing and requires brains and knowledge. To secrete successfully the stolen loot is still more demanding upon the resourcefulness of the criminals, and a special class of fences, who are also Fagins, has always existed to perform this function. But all this being accomplished there remains the most dangerous and demanding task—the disposal of the goods. Organization of thieves, fences and disposers has been the criminal's solution of the problem. The success of the silk robbers has been due to a well-constructed and close-knit corporation of felons. To make this organization effective the criminals simply followed silk through its usual stages of

(Continued on Page 169)

"Horse Sense"

Christopher Columbus surprised the Old World in 1492—the Traffic Truck has surprised the whole world at $1495.

The Mac Fisheries Ltd., of England, the greatest fish dealers in the world, headed by Lord Leverhulme of Sunlight Soap fame, use Traffic Trucks.

One of the largest users of 2-ton motor trucks in the United States hold their shipping clerks responsible for overloading their trucks. Besides instructing the men, they have a sign on the back of each cab which reads, "DO NOT OVERLOAD, CAPACITY 4,000 LBS." That's a good reminder.

The State of Kansas has recently passed a bill to make the penalty from five to fifteen years' imprisonment for theft of an automobile—every owner of a Traffic Truck will tell you the penalty ought to be imprisonment for life.

On January 1, 1920, there were 373,000 fewer horses on farms and ranches than there were 12 months prior to that date.

Moving things from where they are to where you want them, at the lowest cost, is the problem of transportation—the Traffic Truck has solved it by cutting in half the cost of hauling with teams.

The Traffic is the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert transmission;*** multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto; Carter carburetor;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat;*** oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1495 *factory*

Traffic Truck chassis equipped with cab, hoist, steel dump body (painted and varnished), ***no extras required.*** $1990 complete, at factory.

Notice to Dealers:

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States and Canada.

The demand for Traffics has made it necessary to quadruple the production this year.

Many dealers are getting in line now for future Traffic franchises.

You have no time to lose.

Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

(chassis)
$1495
(factory)

"the supreme test"

Martin F. Falk Paper Co.

PAPER — BAGS — TWINE

MINNEAPOLIS SAINT PAUL · DULUTH · SUPERIOR

Minneapolis, February 21st, 1920.

The B. L. Eakes Company, Inc.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

Please enter our order for another Traffic Truck for immediate delivery to be used at our St. Paul and Minneapolis houses. Attached you will find check for $525.00, as a deposit on truck.

The Traffic Truck, which we bought from you last November was driven with full capacity load from Minneapolis to Superior, Wisconsin, a distance of 140 miles, through the greatest snow storm of the season. This truck has been put through the most severe test in doing heavy hauling at our Duluth and Superior houses.

It certainly has proven that it will do all that can be expected of a 4000 pound capacity truck.

Trusting you will be able to make immediate delivery, I remain,

Very truly yours,
MARTIN F. FALK PAPER COMPANY
By Martin F. Falk
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Traffic Motor Truck Corporation, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

PATTERSON-LENZ

Blinding, dazzling, dangerous and illegal beams from plain glass lenses

Deflected, controlled and legal light from Patterson-Lens

Legal Everywhere—*and a Ten-Fold Better Light*

NOW, as you know, most States forbid the glare-light—that dangerous, dazzling beam that blinds everyone. So do countless cities and smaller communities. In the many laws there are many requirements, but the Patterson-Lenz meets them all.

It makes your full light legal everywhere.

But there are other requirements which are equally essential. They should also be considered. The laws are for protection, but ideal night-light is important, too.

The Chief Necessities

First, a glareless light which any eye can face. The Patterson-Lenz is scientifically constructed of 4 prisms and 18 cylinders, the prisms to deflect and control the light, the cylinders to give the essential spread.

Next, a fairly far-reaching light. The Patterson-Lenz lights the road ahead from 500 to 800 feet.

Then a widespread light. That is to light the curves and curbs and corners. The Patterson-Lenz lights the whole field of driving vision. Close to the car and far away, it lights everything about. And it makes objects seem as they are.

Be Careful When You Change

The need for glareless light has brought out some scores of new-type lenses. Measure any type that's offered by requirements which we cite.

The Patterson-Lenz is a revolutionary invention. It is the result of three years of optical experimentation in the field of deflected light, achieving what had for years been thought impossible.

The Patterson-Lenz kills the awful glare—that dangerous and useless "spot" light—not by reducing your light but by deflecting it and distributing it where you want it—straight ahead and at both sides.

The direct rays do not rise more than 42 inches from the ground—the legal requirement—yet you never have to dim it or turn it off.

See your dealer or write us. But be careful not to be misled. See that the name Patterson-Lenz is embossed on the lens.

Go change today. You are missing much every night you drive without the Patterson-Lenz.

Note the car manufacturers who have tested, approved and adopted WARNER-LENZ and PATTERSON-LENZ as standard equipment:

Marmon	Stutz
Hudson	Essex
Moon	Paige
Scripps-Booth	Mitchell
McFarlan	R & V Knight
Westcott	Stephens
H. C. S.	Columbia Sport
Fiat	Dorris
Noma	Crawford
Rock Falls	Kline
Tarkington	Hollier
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Bethlehem	Wilcox
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Winther

WARNER-LENZ PRICES

Diameter in Inches	*Per Pair*
7½ to 9, inclusive	$3.50
9⅛ to 10⅛, inclusive	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive	5.00

West of the Rockies, 25c per pair extra. In ordering send name and model of car

WARNER-LENZ

LITTLE need be said about the Warner-Lenz. It is still the premier lens in the diffusion field. There are over two million pairs in daily use, proving their supremacy. Over 36 engineering heads of celebrated automobile companies have tested, approved, and adopted the Warner-Lenz and the Patterson-Lenz, as Standard Equipment. Mr. A. P. Warner, the inventor of the Warner Speedometer, is behind the Warner-Lenz and the Patterson-Lenz with his reputation, his enthusiasm and his unqualified personal guarantee—a sufficient endorsement for experienced motorists.

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WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

914 South Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

(Continued from Page 166)

manufacture and associated with themselves men who could perform the various operations in the preparation of silk for the market.

Let us see what such a supergang is like: First of all comes the thief, bandit or burglar. Since the last named usually operates against manufactured silk, he may be eliminated here. The thief or bandit gets hold of a quantity of raw silk. He does not walk out into the nearest roadway and stick up the first motor truck that passes, in the blind hope that it may be loaded with silk. Long before the thief acts he has been in touch with members of his gang whose business it is to find out where and how loot may be got. This information is gathered in various ways, usually from employees of silk men or railroads. The criminal acts, if he is a felon of any stature at all, only on precise knowledge.

Let us assume that he has procured a truckload of loot. Where to go with it? What route to take to avoid the police? How to proceed so as to avoid becoming suspect? At what hour to appear with the stolen goods? These questions have all been settled in advance. The stolen truck is driven along previously agreed routes to the place of fencing, where the goods are removed. The truck is then taken to a distant place and abandoned. The fence now takes up the burden. His first concern is to get the stolen raw silk thrown.

This, too, has been arranged for. One member of the gang is what the silk industry calls a throwster. He is generally a man who does a small legitimate business in silk throwing and is connected with the criminals as a side line. There are many of these crooked throwsters. Their function needs to be described.

A Lucky Catch

Raw silk, as I have said, is the fiber or filament unwound from the cocoon of the Bombyx, washed and put up into skeins. The first process through which this substance goes on its pilgrimage toward the state of being cloth is the throwing. The throwster puts the raw silk into a soaking or bath of oils and soaps. The fiber is then wizzed or dried out. It then goes to a winding machine, where it is run off into a long single thread. Next it is put upon a doubling machine, where it is twilled into strands of any desired number of threads—from two to sixteen. From the doubler it goes to a spinning machine, which puts the twist into the strands. Finally the silk goes to a reeling machine, where it is put back into the shape of skeins. It is now thrown silk. This is the stuff used in the weaving or looming of cloth.

To such a throwster the fence of the thieves takes the stolen raw silk. The throwster rapidly converts the loot into this more advanced form, in which identification is very difficult. But the chase may be hot. The detectives may be close at hand. It may be necessary to conceal the identity of the stolen material further. Recourse is immediately had to an illicit dyer, who has his vats always ready and will on a few minutes' notice steep a quantity of the thrown stolen silk in a bath and change its color. Now let the detectives come. They may suspect everything; they can prove nothing.

But the silk is not yet converted into money. The disposition has not been effected. Here the gang employs its final agent, some small and shady manufacturer, who takes the dyed or undyed thrown silk, as the case may be, works it up into fabric and puts it on the market as the legitimate fruit of his looms.

No one need be argued into seeing the difficulties of dealing with such an organization.

But one class of silk criminals—the burglar—deals mostly in silk already in the form of fabric. He breaks into the warehouses and factories and salesrooms of makers and merchants and carts away satins, brocades, crêpes by the bolt. He has, to be sure, no need of the throwster, but he fences in the same manner, generally sends his stuff to a dyer and frequently then gets it into the plant of an involved manufacturer who offers the stuff as his own making.

How widely ramified the thieves' conspiracy is may be judged from a recent case. About $40,000 worth of finished silk was stolen from the warehouse of a wholesaler in the West. The burglary was discovered on the following morning and detectives were put to work. They met with balks and delays, but finally found a slender clew and began laboriously to work it out. By means of hints picked up here and bits of confession extracted from one source and another they were able to piece out facts. It was found that two firms doing what appeared to be a legitimate trucking and house-moving business in a large Middle Western city were actually in the business of transferring stolen goods, mainly silk. These concerns used motor vans only. Their vans worked east and west to a dozen points distant from two to four hundred miles. At these points they made connections with other motor-truck men engaged in the same practices. These men carried the plunder still farther from the point of origin. Eventually the system reached into Canada, down into the South and to the Atlantic seaboard. Stolen silks were transferred at regular intervals to points at the extremities or along the routes. Stuffs got in the East went West, and vice versa.

It is worth noting how important a part the motor car plays in the silk-thieving industry. It is used by the criminal for purpose of removal, transfer, fencing, delivery and freighting. It is employed by the silk trade for many legitimate ends. It is used to foil the robbers, and used by them to foil the police. The power-driven vehicle has, as a matter of fact, entered largely into every form of modern property crime and is largely responsible for the recent great increase in successful robberies and burglaries. But I think the car is nowhere else so variously employed as in the struggle between the silk industry and its parasites.

Not long ago a gang of burglars broke into the warehouse of a prominent manufacturer and stole about $30,000 worth of pink crêpe. The burglary was discovered a few hours later and detectives were set out on the trail of the criminals, supplied with a tip that had come in from a secret source. The thieves were in a motor lorry making for a dyeing plant. The detectives, in a high-powered passenger car, gave chase. At the ferries the officers discovered, after some delay, that the described truck had passed an hour before. The detectives crossed in pursuit and shot out across the flat meadows after the flying truck. It was far out of sight, to be sure, but the officers had an idea of its destination. Several times in the course of an hour's chase the officers saw before them a truck answering the general description of the robbers' car. They overhauled one innocent van after another, only to be forced to hurry on, cursing over the wasted time.

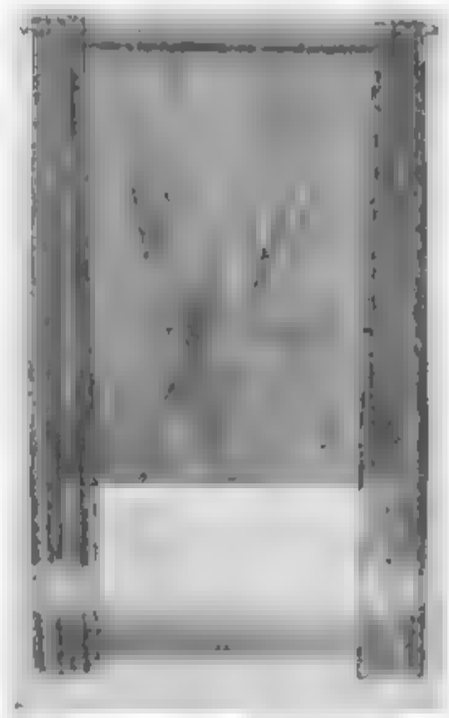
At last they drew up before the plant of a dyer in a small town, battered in his door and rushed into the place just in time to seize the last end of the pink crêpe as it was sinking into the oblivion of a vat of black dye. Indictments and prison terms followed fast and surely.

The Secret Knot

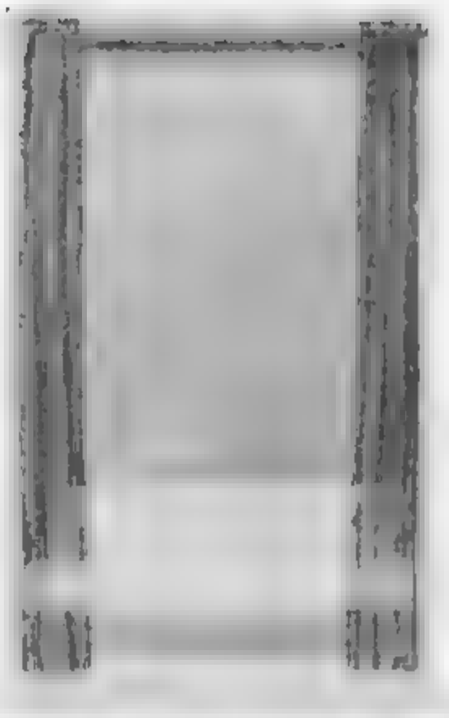
But such bits of luck on the side of society are rare. It is sadly and notoriously true that only a small part of the stolen silk is ever recovered. This is due in part to the organization of the criminals, but also to the extreme difficulty of placing indelible marks of identification upon silk. Formerly few manufacturers put even woven identification signs into their selvages. To-day many of them do so as a precaution. These marks, like a monogram on a stolen watch, make the loot hard to sell. Other manufacturers employ a hidden and secret knot or dropped thread by which their goods may always be identified. This method is said to be even better. But the thieves are skillful, fully informed and ingenious. The figures show that they have not been balked by these precautions.

In the matter of raw silk the identification is at present almost impossible. Raw silk all looks more or less alike. No special marks or peculiarities can be found upon the work of the industrious si. But to remedy this fault there is even now a commission of American silk men in Japan and China trying to formulate a plan for the marking of raw silk in the Oriental factories. This idea promises much.

Eventually, of course, the law and society will find ways of thwarting silk criminals. No band of men operating outside the rules of the game can expect to continue indefinitely. But at present the criminal remains in the ascendant. One reason for this is the presence in crime of many new figures. These are of two kinds—men whose respect for law and willingness



An ordinary window shade, a coarse [illegible] and loosely woven cloth [illegible] This breaks [illegible] and cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags



A Brenlin window shade—so heavy, so tightly woven no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

You can *foretell* how a window shade will wear

You can know how it is *made*; and it's the difference in making which explains why one shade so quickly is ruined by cracks and pinholes while another, months and months and months afterward, *still* looks like new.

The ordinary window shade is made of a coarse and loosely woven cloth, then coated with a "filling" of chalk or clay to give it weight and smoothness.

But soon the filling becomes hard and brittle. It cracks, falls out, leaving unsightly pinhole streaks. The shade wrinkles and sags.

Ordinary material cracks when folded tight

Brenlin is made of an entirely different kind of cloth—a fine, heavy, tightly woven material—which needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

So Brenlin is soft and supple *always*; it hangs straight and smooth and unbroken long after ordinary shades would have needed replacing.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, try the famous Brenlin folding test, and look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance, Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

Brenlin unbroken—no cracks, no pinholes

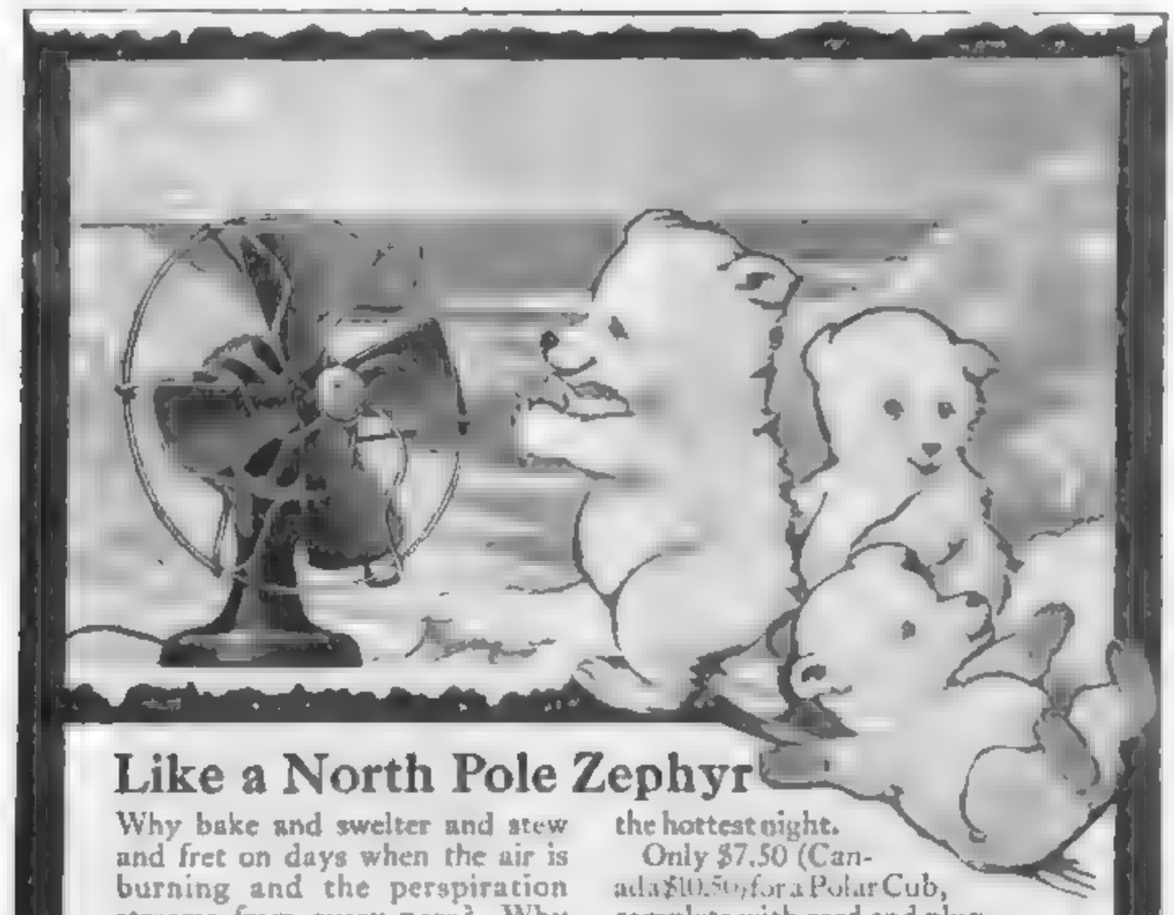
Write today, for a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully; it's free. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

Factory buildings of The Nordyke and Marmon Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, shaded with Brenlin by The Taylor Carpet Company



Like a North Pole Zephyr

Why bake and swelter and stew and fret on days when the air is burning and the perspiration streams from every pore? Why toss and lie awake all night in a room that's like an oven?

Banish hot weather discomfort. Get a Polar Cub Electric Fan for your office and home. Enjoy his cooling breeze at a cost of only one cent for power in six long refreshing hours. Sleep in peace through the hottest night.

Only $7.50 (Canada $10.50) for a Polar Cub, complete with cord and plug, ready for attachment to any light socket. He's a great big fan value—7 inches high, with 6-inch blades. Beautifully finished and two speeds. Blades, guard and base finished in rich, velvet-black enamel.

Get Polar Cub of your electrical or hardware dealer. If he hasn't it write us and we'll tell you where to get it.

The A. C. GILBERT CO., 320 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

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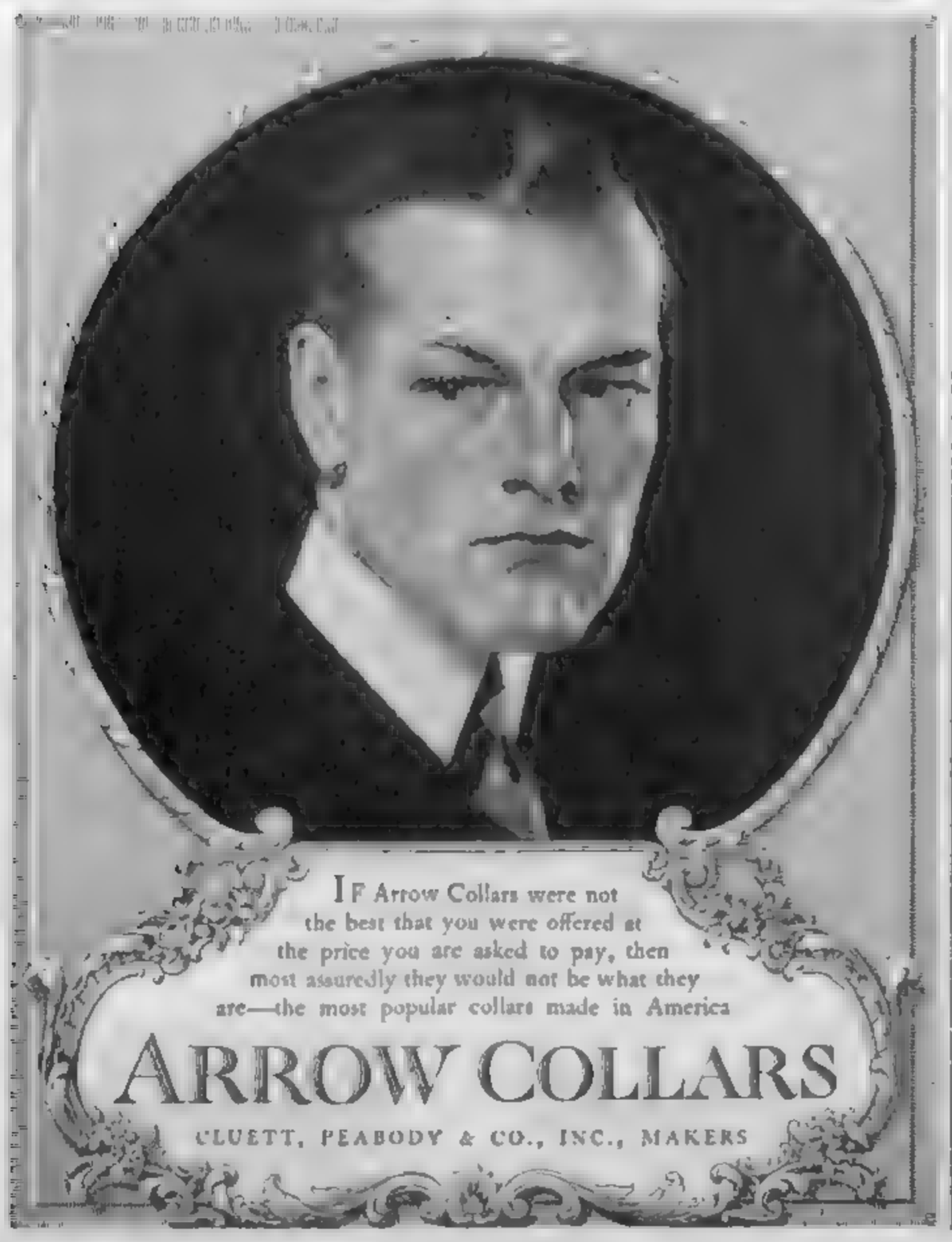
Polar Cub Electric Fan $7.50



IF Arrow Collars were not the best that you were offered at the price you are asked to pay, then most assuredly they would not be what they are—the most popular collars made in America

ARROW COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., MAKERS

to shoulder the workaday tasks of the world were uprooted by the emotional experiences of the war, and gangsters and toughs who have long been criminals but are newly recruited to the specialized lines of banditry and silk theft. With such men the police officer cannot go blithely to his rogues' gallery, run down his list of known criminals, make a set of shrewd deductions and then send out for the three or four likeliest fellows. He works now against unknown figures, unreckoned odds, masterful organization.

These things are true especially of the criminals who are holding up the trucks and stealing from wharves, railway cars and boats. Yet the same conditions are largely operative in the case of the burglars. Most of the men who have been breaking into lofts and factories are old-school porch climbers, second-story men and forcible entrants of other classes. They are known to the police and not far to seek. But there are also many recruits among them, to the discomfiture of the honest officer. These burglars have put into their operations against silk a form of boldness and daring almost unexampled.

One night not more than two months ago, just before the six o'clock whistles were blowing, a gang of robbers entered a New York loft building and let themselves down to the bottom of a fireproof well by means of a rope which they fastened to an iron railing at one of the upper floors. Opening on this well at each floor was a door leading to a fire escape. These doors were all protected with sheet-iron shutters, locked on the inside and protected with an electric alarm system. At each floor a single window also opened on this well. This row of windows was about fifteen feet distant from the fire escape and was considered so inaccessible from the escape platforms, from the roof and from the floor of the well that the burglar-alarm experts considered it unnecessary to wire them.

These burglars walked calmly into the main entrance of the building. They were dressed like ordinary young office men and carried nothing more provocative of suspicion than three suitcases. No one paid any attention to them and the building was empty of all save the scrubwomen and the watchmen half an hour after they had entered.

Nerve and Skill

The intruders made themselves comfortable in the bottom of the well. They opened one of the suitcases and got out sandwiches, bottled beer and cigars. The earlier hours of the night were spent in pleasure despite darkness. When the right moment had arrived the gang went to the top of the building by means of the fire escapes, and one member, with a jimmy in his pocket, slid down the rope to the level of the floor to be robbed. But he hung fifteen feet distant from the window.

His confederates at the top now began to swing him back and forth on his rope like the bob of a pendulum. At last he sailed far enough out to catch hold of the window ledge. He steadied himself, got his jimmy under the sash of the unprotected window and forced it open. Once inside he was able to disconnect the burglar alarm and open the door. His accomplices trooped down the fire escapes and entered. The men filled their suitcases and bags with costly stuffs, tied into bundles whatever else they could carry and went quietly down the stairs. While the watchman was making his trip to the top of the building they let themselves out quietly and went their way. The insurance companies paid a loss of $20,000.

Another recent burglary was even more boldly executed. In this case a gang of three men gained the roof of one of the big buildings occupied exclusively by waist and dress manufacturers. They had decided, it appears, to attack the shop of a manufacturer on the tenth floor. This man's factory was fully protected with an automatic burglar-alarm device. All doors and windows were wired except, once more, a small window on a court so distant from the fire escape that no simian might have been expected to reach it. This window was five stories, or about seventy feet, below the roof, and ten stories above the concrete-paved court below. The slightest slip meant instant death.

Apparently at some hour after midnight, when a night shift of workers had left a factory across the court, these burglars let down a slender rope ladder from the roof. Two men stood on top of the building while the third went down the insecure ladder, held in the hands of his friends. In this way he descended seventy feet to the exposed window. Here he came upon new difficulties. The window had been built without the least sill or coping on which the climber might have gained a foothold. The man was undaunted. Swinging crazily on his slender ladder he worked the point of his jimmy under the window sash, and staking his life on the maneuver he threw his weight on the bar and forced up the window. Detectives who studied the place afterward were fairly breathless at the courage of this fellow.

Through this window the man got into the place, but he found himself in another dilemma, for the alarm system was of a type which cannot be touched or disconnected after nightfall without sending in a call for the watch. He could not open any other windows to admit his pals. However, he solved the problem by having one of his confederates descend to his floor level on the fire escape. The third remained on the roof. The thief inside the building now gathered up bolts and packages of silk and tied them to the rope ladder. The man on the roof then swung these swaying cargoes of loot over to the waiting robber on the fire escape, who untied the rope and packed the silk into bags brought for the purpose. The man on the roof then brought the ropes back to the waiting inside man, who tied on a fresh bundle of silk. This was again transferred to the man on the fire escape. So these three burglars worked, certainly through several hours. They did not desist until they had carried out every bolt of silk in the place. Then the inside man got back on to the rope ladder and was swung over to the fire escape by his two pals. The silk was now carried to the roof and made ready for removal.

A Successful Get-Away

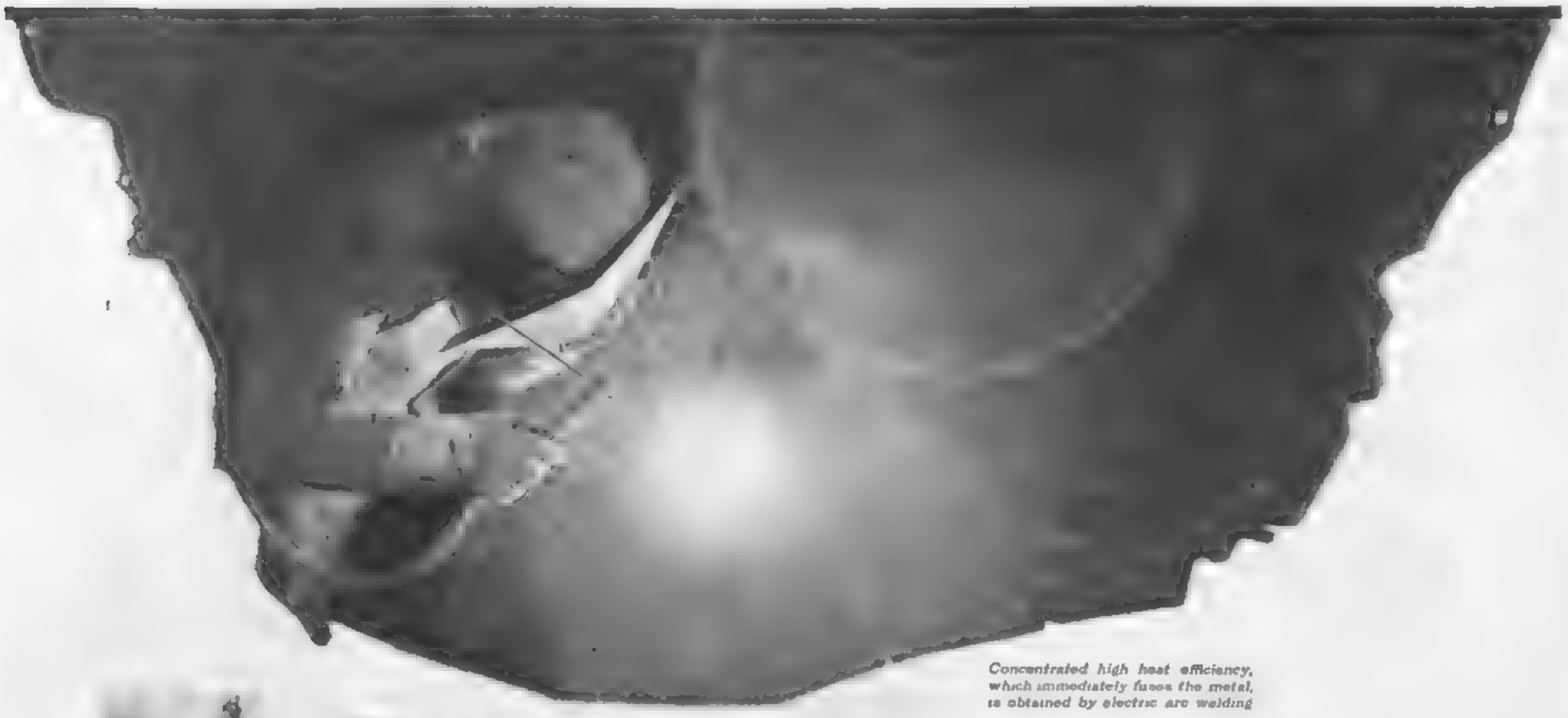
A few minutes of eight o'clock in the morning, just before the first hands began to arrive to open the various factories in a neighboring building, the elevator runner, himself on duty less than half an hour, was summoned to the top floor. Here three men tugging at very heavy bundles got aboard his car. He saw that they were overloaded and obligingly helped them carry their bags. At the ground floor they tipped him, staggered out under the weight of their loads and made their way round the corner into Sixth Avenue, where a horse-drawn dray awaited them. They dumped their loot into the wagon, whispered a word to the driver and scattered. The dray with its load of silk plodded leisurely downtown, got aboard a ferryboat, landed in New Jersey, and jogged out into the pleasant countryside, where the stolen silk was delivered directly to a dyer.

The three robbers had spent the remainder of the night on the roof. At the agreed hour they slipped across roofs to another building, raised the trapdoor and descended to the top floor. They knew in advance that the elevator operator in this building was a new man on the job. He never suspected the character of his passengers. The loss was more than $40,000.

If these instances of robbery are a little unusual in their daring and danger they remain quite commonplace in the amount of silk taken. Night after night lofts have been robbed of twenty, thirty, forty and fifty thousand dollars' worth of silks at a haul. Here again the motor truck has played its part in the game. In many instances the burglars have calmly driven their trucks to the very front entrances of prominent factory buildings, loaded them with silk and driven off with such open defiance of the police that hints and open charges of collusion have flown about on all sides.

But if the robbers have been running riot, the truck thieves have gone them one better. The stealing from horse and motor drays in New York City became so frequent in the latter part of 1919 that several trucking firms were forced into bankruptcy by their losses. Other firms quit the business because, they announced, they could not amply protect themselves, and the losses were too serious to permit a continuance. The result was a vociferous public complaint from the Team Owners' Association and the United Truckmen, with the inevitable raise in rates. The hauling companies say the situation has not improved since last fall, when the loudest complaints were made. *(Continued on Page 173)*

Progressive Industry quickly gives preference to the process which can show its advantages over other methods—the modern way is to do it electrically



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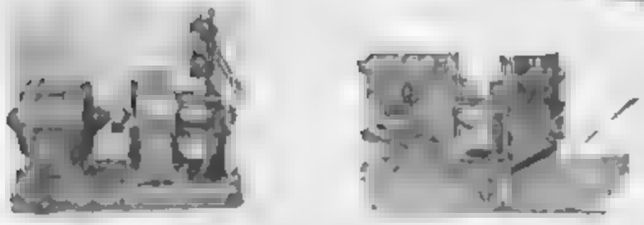

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Portable Arc Welding Set permits of maximum use

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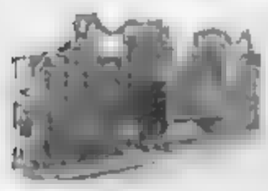

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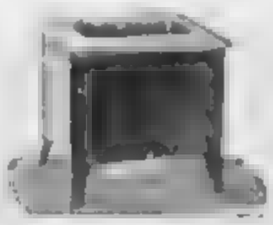

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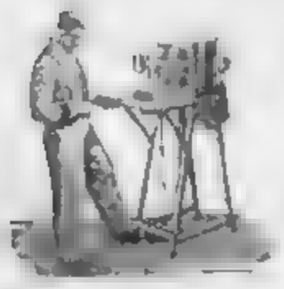
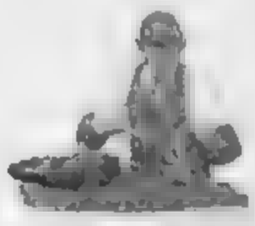


Electric Rivet Heater is essential to quick work well done Bulletin 69701



Electric Soldering Iron —Production Heating Booklet B-3514

Utilize electric heat to the utmost

THE essential value of electric heating equipment to modern industrial development is apparent in the large demand for various installations of this order to meet increased production schedules.

Slow and laborious processes which retard production must give way to units that employ electric heat—and one of the most essential of the improved methods is *electric arc welding*.

Electric arc welding maintains advantages in quantity, quality and cost—wherever iron or steel is to be joined in repair work, salvage, or original manufacture. The utilization of its possible applications extends over steel and iron works—boiler shops—foundries—repair shops—machine shops—and innumerable other industries.

An unusual simplicity and elasticity of operation have been perfected in the designs of Stationary and Portable Arc Welding Sets manufactured by the General Electric Company. This equipment can be provided for either group or single operator service, and generator can be driven by any source of power—engine, belt, d-c. or a-c. motor. Send for Bulletin 48932-A.

To stimulate correct operation, the General Electric Company has established an Arc Welding School at Schenectady which offers exceptional training in horizontal, vertical, and overhead welding under actual production conditions—free to a limited number of men. Bulletin No. 48953 sent on request.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Speeding up Production in the Nation's Industries

FROM every corner of America comes the cry for increased production. Can it be answered?

Yes!

No magic can increase the supply of labor or the amount of time—but there are ways to increase the *productivity* of labor and the *value* of time.

For instance: In factories, mills and warehouses the country over, production is being retarded by old methods of weighing or speeded up by the modern method.

Toledo Springless Heavy Capacity Scales—Automatic and Instantaneous

Tons may now be weighed with the same speed as pounds. Instantly indicating correct weight on their easily-read clock-faced dials, Toledo Scales make accuracy of heavy weighing *automatic* and *uniform*, instead of its being dependent upon the patience and skill of the individual operator.

Although the saving effected by the modern weighing method in the Nation's Industries is already an enormous sum—the losses chargeable to antiquated methods of weighing are still tremendous.

But just as Toledo Springless Automatic Counter Scales have revolutionized weighing in retail stores everywhere—

—so also, Toledo Springless Automatic Heavy Capacity Scales are revolutionizing weighing in the factories, mills and warehouses of the Nation's Big Industries.

In the enormous total of industrial weighing operations, they cut the losses of labor and time to the irreducible minimum.

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales, to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, O.

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

CANADIAN FACTORY, Windsor, Ontario

Branch Offices and Service Stations in 89 Cities in the United States and Canada. Others in 34 Foreign countries

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS—HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 170)

It must be understood that the truck thieves steal all sorts of merchandise that is salable and often enough some that is not. Yet here again the chief activity is expended upon silk. This is the loot par excellence, for it can often be disposed of at practically its market value. The demand for silk is insatiable, and many men do not ask embarrassing questions if they can get hold of needed material.

The manner of operating against trucks is generally based on a simple formula, though the details of the crime may be infinitely varied. The thieves watch for trucks laden with rich stocks of merchandise, silks and furs preferred. They keep a close lookout for such trucks through confederates who work on the docks as loaders or checkers. Once they know that a certain truck has been loaded with the coveted silks, the rest of the operation is delightfully simple. Nothing is required but to get the driver off his vehicle, through his own volition or otherwise. Mostly the plan adopted consists of following the truck in another car until the driver stops to make a delivery, to get a drink, to eat his lunch. The moment he has his back turned one of the thieves jumps aboard the truck, gives her the gas and scoots away through the congested streets, usually defying pursuit. Once clear he drives to the fence, unloads his stolen silk, runs the car to some distant point and abandons it. There have been occasions when the thieves kept the car as well, and disposed of it through the fences of the automobile thieves. Generally, however, the thief is willing to stick to his known last. He does not thus pile insult upon injury.

But merchants and delivery men have suffered so much through this sort of pilfering that drivers have become exceedingly wary of the thieves. When they have valuable cargoes aboard they do not lightly desert their vehicles. The thieves have countered against this cautiousness in various ways. They have corrupted some drivers and made confederates of them. They have put members of their own gangs to work as truck drivers, forging letters of recommendation and establishing their own employment bureaus in order to place their men. And they have invented innumerable tricks by which to lure the driver from his seat.

The Angel-Faced Boy

When truck thieving first attained its present promiscuity and dangerous proportions the district attorney's office in New York and the detectives made a concerted effort to locate the center from which this horde of thieves was issuing. The officials were pleased to hold the theory that most of the thieves were merely young toughs and gangsters who were being trained for the attack on trucks by the usual and somewhat wearisome master mind. Perhaps they were right. If so they have yet to discover the identity of this evasive creature. But in their campaign the officers did discover, arrest and send to prison a young Italian known to the underworld as "the Angel-faced Boy."

This young man, who now is rusticating at Sing Sing, was not more than twenty-three or twenty-four when he met with his disaster. Nevertheless, he had been in the hands of the police on serious charges not less than twenty times since his tenth year. He had been acquitted again and again when the police and prosecutors thought they had him safely on his way to Ossining. He was regarded as a master of elusiveness. As an alibi expert he had the prosecutor's office wavering between despair and admiration. And he was still a boy, with one of the blandest faces and most cherubic smiles I hope to see in this world. But he was caught and fettered at last.

It was discovered that he had been training gangs of young men to the truck-robbing profession. His particular art lay in devising clever plans for getting drivers off their vehicles. One plan was to wait until a watchful driver got down and then to put three or four of his youthful thieves to playing about the truck. They began pelting with clods and chasing one another about the vehicles. The driver watched with amusement. When he saw one of the youngsters leap upon the seat of his car and toot the horn he chased the boy away and laughed at the playfulness of the lads. Reassured, he went into his bar or restaurant. But when he came out the truck was gone—and with it the cargo of silk.

Another plan was more to the gangsters' taste. Having spotted a truck loaded with silk worth stealing, these young guerrillas got one or two of their members into another car and drove after the truck. They managed to collide lightly with the van in some chosen locality. Instantly the young tough driving the robbers' car let loose a belch of profanity and dire oaths at the startled truck driver. If he replied soothingly the objurgations were redoubled. If he proved resentful—and what truckman does not?—he was reviled past endurance and dared to come down and fight. Nine times out of ten he got down and attacked the boyish gangsters. But the moment he was in the scuffle other members of the gang darted out. One sprang to the seat of the truck and drove it off at full speed. The others joined their comrade in the fight and battered the poor driver into helplessness.

Well, the resourceful Angel-faced Boy went to prison, and with him voyaged a number of his darling pupils. But the stealing from trucks did not abate much. There was a brief lull, and then conditions became worse than ever. Evidently the fountainhead of all this venality had not been reached. If there is such a personage he does not lack imagination. He has invented some astounding mechanisms for his calling.

A Gallant Driver Tricked

One morning a New York silk merchant turned over to a trucking concern an order for 22,000 yards of silk in the bolt, valued at about $75,000. The material had just been landed at one of the docks on the Hudson, having been lightered over from Jersey. The merchant warned the truckman of the great value of the stuff and asked him to take special precautions. Accordingly one of the old and reliable drivers was sent out with his motor van. He was a man of about thirty, married, sober, solid. He had been with the concern for five years and was honest as sunlight. This man went to the dock, loaded his van with the silk and started back to make his delivery. He had not gone more than three or four blocks through the dock district when he passed a spick-and-span closed car in which he saw two smartly dressed and decidedly pretty young women in evident distress. He started to pass them, mindful of the weight of responsibility upon him, but they signaled him so beseechingly that he drew his truck to the curb and went to their aid. Their car was stalled, they explained. Wouldn't he try to get them started?

The obliging truck driver tried one thing and another. He worked the starter; he primed; he oiled; he got out the crank and turned the engine over time after time. He perspired and cursed under his breath—and went back to other experiments, his eye ever on his truck.

It wouldn't do. Nothing he could think of would start the car. He poked his head into the door and took off his cap apologetically.

"Sorry, miss," he said, "but I can't make her go."

"You poor man," cooed one of the young women. "You've worked so hard. Come in and have a drink."

So saying, she opened a bag and took out two vacuum bottles, screwing off the caps as she smiled on the driver. She poured one collapsible cup full of unmistakable whisky and the other full of water and held them up.

"Come inside the car, where they won't see you drinking," she invited.

These are prohibition times. Drink is not offered at every street corner. Moreover, to have two pretty girls in distress stop one on the highway and invite to imbibitions is too romantic for the susceptibilities of the ordinary man. The driver took a look at his truck and climbed into the car. He drained off the whisky and followed it down with the water. Then he started to leave.

"Wait a minute and have another," urged the second girl. "You've earned it."

The truckman took a second drink.

Three hours later a policeman passing along upper Broadway, where New York's aloof line of roofs begins to flatten into the countryside, saw a man lying in an empty lot near the walk. He investigated and found the truck driver, drugged and helpless. The charmers of the stalled car had been the accomplices of truck thieves. Their principals, who had stepped out of hiding as soon as the gallant truckman was overcome, had driven off his $75,000 load

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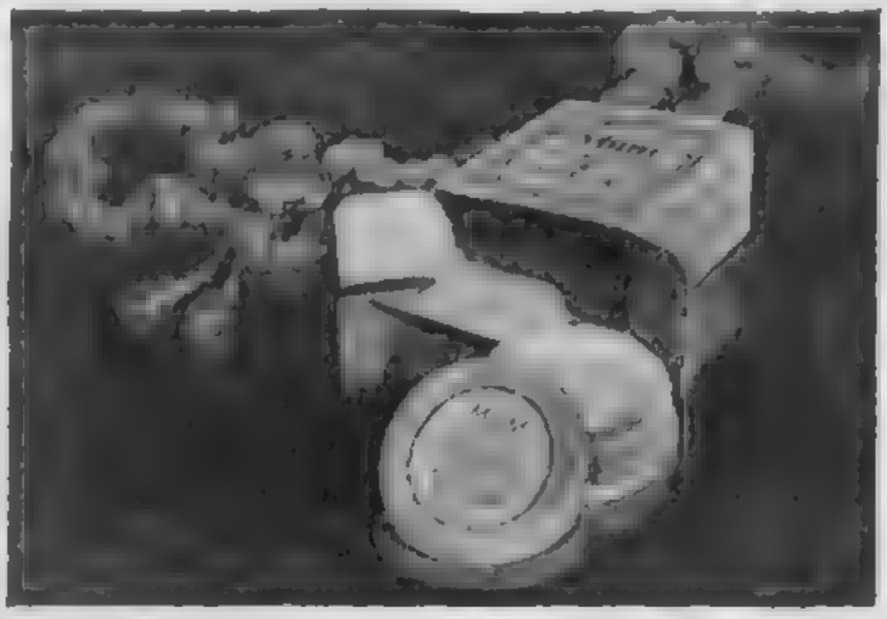

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of silk and had set other members of the gang to transport the unconscious driver to the place where he was dumped into the lot, to revive or die, according to the soundness of his heart.

Yet even such exploits do not mount to the full colorfulness attained by the bandits and road agents now dealing in the historic thread of the workaday gray moth. I do not exaggerate if I tell you that the roads between New York City and its feeding factory towns, roads passing through one of the most populous and industrious sections of the earth, are to-day thrown back upon conditions which have been unfamiliar since the day of the Oregon and Santa Fé trails, the Deadwood coach and the ore wagons which carried the golden glut of the mines to the mills under constant armed guard. Not since the golden age of the Western highwayman has this country seen anything like the sights to be seen any day on roads between New York and the silk towns of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The roads leading to New York from Easton, Phillipsburg, Allentown, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and Paterson are patroled by day and often at night by armed guards in the employ of the silk industry. These men go afoot, mounted and in motor cars. Their business is to scour these roads at all times and protect the silk vans and caravans from the road agents who have infested these highways for nearly three years, committing everything from simple theft to murder, and making off with an almost incalculable booty.

If you are in the neighborhood and like a touch of the picturesque step out upon the automobile road between New York and Paterson almost any morning and have a little patience. If it happens to be a day when silk is moving you will shortly see a fleet of big automobile trucks approaching. In front of the first van, with rifles in plain sight, you will discover half a dozen men in a high-powered touring car. Between the third and fourth vans you will observe a second passenger car with armed guards, and a third group of riflemen will be found at the end of the procession.

Moving at a leisurely pace, watching the road intently and halting at times to confer with the road patrol, this remarkable assemblage goes on its way—to Paterson with raw silk, and back to New York with the fine fabrics of the mills.

A Ferry-Boat Holdup

To such expedients the merchant and manufacturer have been driven by the modern silk bandits. There has been nothing like it in this line of criminal endeavor since Harun. True, he sent whole armies to guard the routes of the camel trains between Bagdad and Persia, but one may well doubt if the toll taken by all the Arab marauders of the caliphate amounted to so much in money as the losses to our silk bandits in two or three years.

It would be pleasant to add that this system of escort and road patrol is entirely effective. Alas, the facts restrain us. These elaborate precautions have naturally greatly reduced the losses, but it is not possible to convoy every shipment of silk that runs these roads, and it might prove too expensive to police these long stretches of highways so thoroughly as completely to balk holdups. What is true is that the highwayman is now operating under the greatest risks and that he finds an exposed load of silk only occasionally where formerly every shipment that took the road was subject to his pleasure or displeasure.

Recently a silk caravan set out from Paterson for New York. It was guarded all the way by the escort of armed cars. Reaching the ferry slips on the Jersey side of the Hudson, the guards saw the silk trucks safely aboard the boats and turned back to Paterson, to convoy another string of vans.

There is a rule against smoking in the wagon and motor-car alleys of these ferries—probably for fear of igniting spilled gasoline. Because of this the drivers frequently leave their cars, which seem safe enough in the hold of a ferry, and go to the bow to take the air and smoke. On this morning just this was done.

Two bandits on the ferryboat, watching carefully the movements of the drivers, saw what had happened and acted with instant decision. They sprang to the seat of the likeliest-looking truck and hid themselves in the body of this covered conveyance. After a time, when the boat was being warped into its slip on the New York side, the driver came back, took his seat and laid hold of the steering wheel.

In that instant a heavy hand came down over his mouth from behind, a second gripped him by the throat, and he was dragged back into the bed of his wagon, where he peered into the muzzle of a revolver and heard a sibilant command to be silent. It was a few seconds' work to bind and gag him.

When the gates of the ferry slip were let down and the procession of wagons and automobiles moved off the platform to the water-front streets of New York it was a bandit who sat at the wheel of this truck, and it was to the bandits' fence that the silk was taken. The truck, with its unfortunate driver still gagged, blindfolded and tied hand and foot in the car interior, was found abandoned—in Brooklyn, if I recall the facts accurately. No recoveries were made.

On another recent occasion the Paterson escort brought its usual string of silk vans to the ferry and put them aboard. The cars reached New York in safety and scattered to go to their various destinations. One of them had proceeded only a few squares when three bandits stepped out from behind a billboard in a little-frequented side street, where the car was making a turn. The driver saw the three revolvers but decided to make a run for it. As he moved to step on the accelerator a shot into a tire balked him. He threw up his hands and surrendered his load of silk. The bandits calmly mended the tire then and there, turned the car about, boarded another ferry and drove their loot to some fence in New Jersey. The truck driver was left in charge of one of the bandits, who waited till his confederates were well out of the way with the stolen truck and then commanded the driver to run for it, firing a shot to speed the workman on his way. No arrest; no recoveries.

One Hundred Convictions

Again, in very recent weeks, a driver for one of the large New York transfer concerns went to an East River pier at the hour before dawn with more than $100,000 worth of silk and furs in his motor lorry. This stuff was to be loaded into a ship bound for South America. He had just driven out on the dock when a touring car drove up, stopped a few feet from him and discharged five men, who sprang at him without a word and knocked him unconscious with blackjacks. One of the men immediately got aboard the truck and drove it off. Three of the others picked up the helpless form of the driver and carried it to the water's edge, evidently with the intention of throwing the inert man into the river and thereby adding murder to their list of crimes. The movements of the pier watchman frightened them off at the last moment, it seems, for they dropped the driver and ran to their waiting bandits' car. This drove off in the darkness and disappeared, as the truck had gone a few moments before.

These incidents afford a reasonably accurate insight into the characteristics of the modern silk bandits. Boldness, intrepid nerve they certainly possess. But one looks in vain for the touches of humor, the bland impertinence and the gallant sang-froid that have marked many of the bandits and brigands of the old order.

Neither are these new villains to be credited with special cleverness or astuteness. There is reason to recognize them as crude, blundering, bloody fools. But conditions are in their favor and they have learned the trick of organization.

And no one ought to mistake the success of the silk robbers for immunity from punishment. In the New York district last year more than one hundred of the criminals were caught and convicted. The charges against them ranged from conspiracy to murder, and the punishments from fines to life imprisonment. In measurable time the gates of the penitentiary must yawn for all these men and the walls fold harshly about them. Meantime Queen Silk, taking her vast contributions from the pockets of luxurious mankind, must pay her toll to the silk marauders.

Of all these strange things, bright lady of Si-ling, there was no rumor among the whispering mulberries. There was no sign of the guilt on the mountains nor stain of the blood in the waters of the Hwang-ho. You had no thought of the hair of the ruined heads to be spun into your silks, of the men to wake in prisons through the years hereafter.

Children Should Play Hard and Sleep in Comfort

Never forget that to play is childhood's right. In play hours dress your children sensibly for play, in clothes that give the child a carefree mind and the mother a feeling that the child's good clothes will be nice when nice occasions come.

"Slipova" play-clothes are sensible clothes for play hours, designed to stand hard wear and to make many trips to the washtub. They are attractive but durable garments, with lots of room in them. They can be slipped on in a jiffy over nice suits and dresses, and will protect nice clothes from many a rip and stain.

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HE NEEDED THE MONEY

(Continued from Page 13)

great many. But a bank is hedged about with restrictions, all in the interests of its own stockholders and for the safety of its depositors' funds—good day, Mr. Pollister. Glad to have seen you. Run in again and—let me know how you get along."

The salesman who had broken through so many hard-boiled crusts in various bush sections of these United States found himself descending the steps of the Fabricators' National Bank in a slight daze. Harding had done it so smoothly—but, darn him, he had done it! Here's your hat, what's your hurry? Well, that was the way. No wonder a lot of small but deserving enterprises couldn't get a foothold in this town, where the banks were so tight.

At this moment Wallace Pollister didn't feel a day more than fifty.

Three minutes later he passed the revolving doors of the Commercial Savings and Trust Company, where he knew one of the assistant cashiers. This gentleman was lounging against a counter at the back of the bank talking pleasantly with Heckersby Flagg. Heckersby Flagg was one of the city's big men, a millionaire operator in real estate, mortgages and any other commodities that offered profits. The assistant cashier glanced across his shoulder at Pollister, but the glance contained nothing of recognition. When you are telling funny stories to a man like Heckersby Flagg you don't need to recognize any small fry waiting on the outskirts.

Mr. Flagg, however, remained only another five minutes, and departed in a cloud of laughter and cigar smoke. Then the assistant cashier turned to Pollister.

"'Lo, Wallace. Nice day. 'S on your mind? Why don't you be like old Heck Flagg and borrow half a million dollars of us at a lick? That's the kind of customers a bank wants—just been talking with Gaylord. Gaylord and Heck are pretty chummy. Old man's going to finance a lot of corporation houses out Flintville way where the cotton mills are—great chance to clean up. We'll lend him."

"Well, I don't need any half million, Billy; but I might take a little of the bank's money to help me put across a deal I'm in on—something good."

"Yeah? S'pose you've got a new system for beating a stud game. 'Bout your commercial speed, Wally."

"No, Bill, this is straight goods. Some of us are buying into Kronork Knitting; P. J.'s letting us in on the ground floor, and ——"

"You want us to lend you the money? Listen! We lend P. J. right along amounts up to ten thousand on thirty-day paper; but when you birds come round and want us to advance money against Kronork stock—say, Wally, that's trying to crowd us. Kronin's wife owns a thirty-thousand-dollar home, and you bet her name goes on the back of every note we discount for him. Good fellow, and perfectly square. He's all right. But when he tries to finance his business by getting seven or eight of you unsuspecting Jakes to hock his stock with the banks round town—oh, Wally, nix, nix!"

Pollister viewed the cynical assistant cashier with a lackluster eye. Bill was a smallish man and, like others of his build, inclined to make up in self-esteem what he lacked in bulk. He was not only employed by that bank—he was the bank! He reflected its spirit and policy and traditions. The president himself couldn't have stated the situation with quite so much assurance, though he might have been a trifle more elegant in his technic.

"Then you don't think I'd stand a chance with Gaylord? Wouldn't he listen?"

"Sure, he'll listen to anything, especially if it's funny; and say, Wally, you'd hand him a big laugh—honest you would! He'd love it."

Pollister turned grouchily and left the bank. The assistant cashier's estimate of the situation had done P. J. a rank injustice, but what the devil was the use of trying to beat any sense into an impervious structure of second-grade bone surrounded with a protecting shell of conceit?

As Pollister left the Commercial Savings and Trust he had entirely forgotten how a youth of sixty-five feels. Darn it, he'd got to get that money! Plainly the banks weren't of any use to him. Well, he'd make it a personal matter and borrow the money from some well-to-do friend. He knew three or four who were practically sure to let him have the three thousand dollars on request.

Gordon Allis' office was just across the street. Allis was an attorney and a good one, numbering among his clients some of the biggest manufacturing concerns in town. Pollister supposed Allis frequently got a fee for a fortnight's work twice as large as the amount he himself needed to set him up in a permanent business and make him comfortable for life.

Allis greeted his old friend with cordiality and a large, costly cigar. He was rather short, fat in a solid, wholesome way, round-faced and exceedingly good-natured-looking at first glance. But in the clear blue eyes that twinkled with so much friendliness you perceived a glint which accurately indexed the steel-trap alertness of his mind. No one had managed as yet to put anything over on Gordy Allis, and he was fully as old as Wallace Pollister.

"Thanks, Gordy," said Pollister, slipping into a big and comfortable leather chair. "How're you these days?"

"Fine. Busy as a one-armed man with the hives. How about you?"

"Same. Getting pretty well up in the knitting company. Next to P. J., I guess I'm pretty nearly It."

"Good! That's great, Wally. You've worked pretty hard, I imagine."

"Hard doesn't say it—and got mighty little to show for it, except my stand-in with Kronork Knitting. Been there five years, Gordy."

"Well, do I understand they've taken you into the company?"

"That's it—or they would—P. J. would—will—soon as I can lay my hands on three thousand berries."

"That doesn't bother you, does it?"

"Haven't exactly found it growing on any of the low branches."

"Been to the banks?"

"Couple. Nothing stirring."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Why, let me have the money, or go on my note or something so I can take up P. J.'s offer."

Gordon Allis leaned back in his chair, laid his left hand upon his stomach and patted it gently with the right. He gazed into space, puffing meditatively at his cigar.

"I'll tell you how P. J.'s got it framed up," began Pollister; but the lawyer held up a compelling hand.

"Don't go into details. It wouldn't make any difference one way or the other. I'll take your word that the proposition is a good one; and of course P. J. Kronin's reputation is known to everyone—a man who is always on the hustle, pretty able, more than likely to make a big success. You're lucky to be with a man like that, Wallace."

"Then you're willing to let me ——"

Allis shook his head.

"Don't see how I can, Polly. Don't see why I should. I might as well be frank."

"But you've got plenty—more than you know what to do with—and this little loan means a future to me. It's as safe as a church."

"Wally, if you had come to me and asked me to hand you three thousand dollars as a gift because for some reason or other you needed it—sickness, hard luck, bad times and all that—why, that would have been a thing I could do consistently. I do set aside from my earnings each year a certain amount of money to give away."

"Well, good Lord, man, you don't think I'd ask you or anyone else for charity, do you? I came to you with a straight business proposition. Where do you get that charity stuff?"

"Now wait a minute—keep your shirt on! What I meant was that I didn't want to buy any stock in the Kronork Knitting Company. I'm a lawyer and not interested in manufacturing."

"I didn't say anything about selling you stock."

"You didn't need to. But if I had waited you would have said that you would shove up your stock as security for the loan, and I'm not buying that sort of stock."

"But using stock as collateral isn't selling it."

"Yes, it is, in this case, because you wouldn't pay the loan and I'd naturally have to keep the stock."

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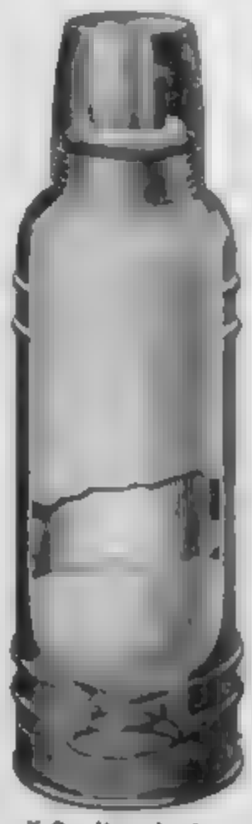

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This Regal *Patrician* was made with the motorist in mind. The deep neck-band prevents it blowing off, yet it doesn't bind the head. Rain can't harm it, either, for it's "Cravenette" finished. Won't shrink in size or lose its smart appearance. Wears twice as long. Sold by 20,000 dealers at prices no higher than you've been paying for ordinary caps—$3.00 to $6.00.

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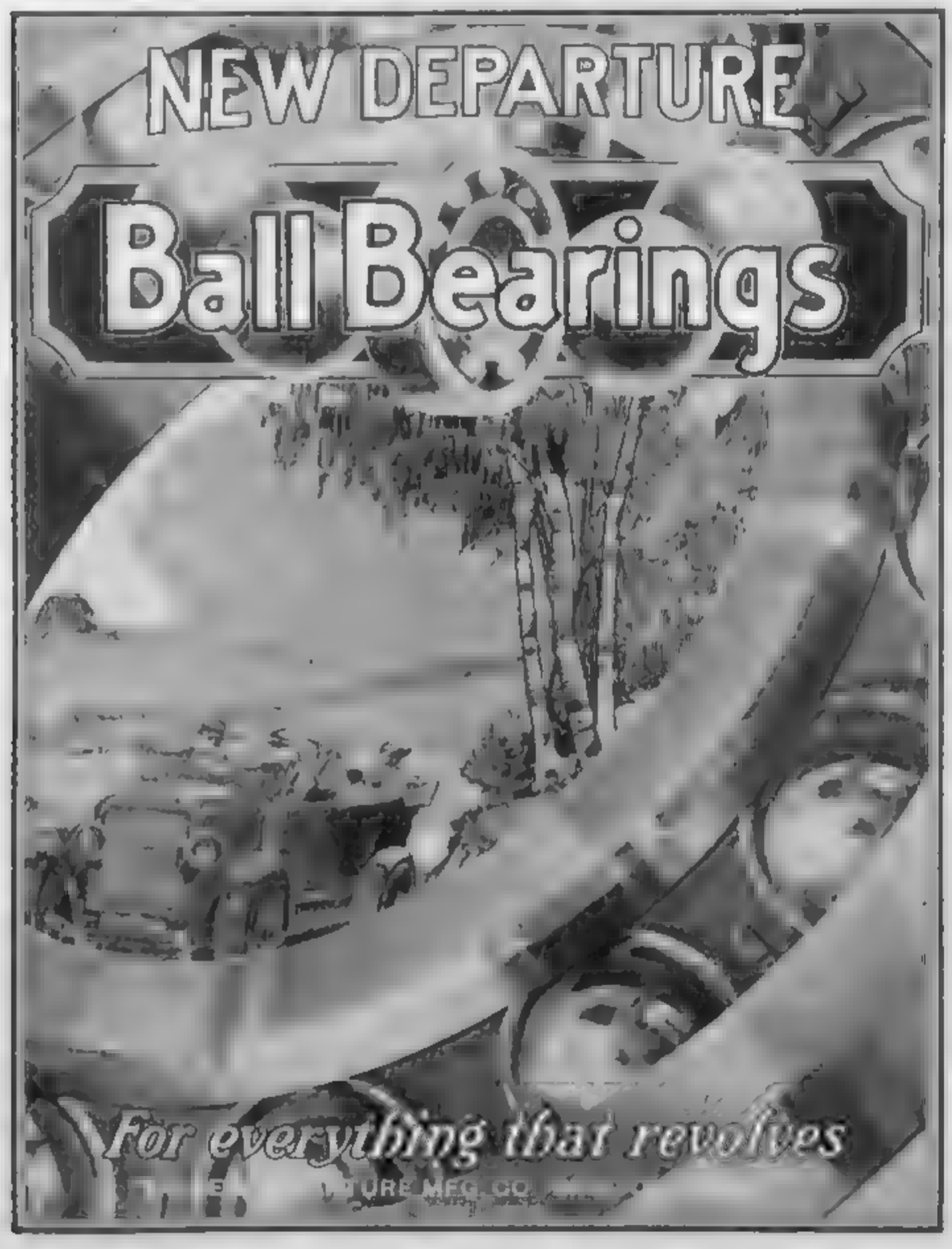


"Sure, I'd pay the loan!"

"Very doubtful. I don't see how you could."

"Why, out of my earnings, my salary, commissions, stock div——"

"No, you wouldn't."

"I'd like to know why not."

"Because you don't have any surplus over and above your living expenses. You haven't had, so it's fair to assume you wouldn't have. You're forty-odd, so your habits are getting pretty thick-walled. You'd spend all you made, if you were earning fifty thousand dollars a year. People don't change at your age—not often. Now, Wally, cold-blooded as it may seem, the reason I won't—the reason you have difficulty in getting this money is that you need it."

"Well, that's a hell of a reason!"

"A good reason. You've never looked ahead and saved anything, though I'm pretty sure you have made a good living. So you can't borrow money because your improvidence is proved by your need."

"Oh, say, what are you talking about? It's no crime to borrow money. What would banks do if no one borrowed?"

"The banks would go broke if the loans they made were the kind you've asked me for. See here, Wally, you don't think three thousand dollars is very much, do you?"

"Why, of course not!"

"Isn't it? Then why is it such a devil of a job for you to get your hands on it? It's none of my business what you do with your money, and I've no right to lecture you on your financial habits. But I can assure you it is very much my business what you do with my money. You're a good fellow, Wally. But when it comes to lending money one doesn't place it in the hands of the good fellows. He slips it to the mean, scrunging birds who never let a note run one day after it's due because they don't want to pay that much extra interest. I wish I could help you, but I don't see how I can."

"I should think it perfectly plain. I need a little capital for a legitimate venture, not a speculation."

"But it won't do you any good. You put my money into a business I'm not interested in. I could only consider such a loan on the ground of friendship, and in the end I shouldn't have done you any good, because you wouldn't own the stock any more than you do now. I wouldn't be helping you."

"Strikes me you're pretty hard, Gordy. Goodness knows I never heard you criticized as a nickel nurser."

"No, I don't think people consider me tight. But I'll tell you something, Wally, as between two men who have grown up together and practically reached middle age. Saving a little money regularly is a thing most men will not do, in spite of the fact that everyone is absolutely certain at some time or other to come to just the place where you find yourself to-day, where a few thousand dollars seems a fortune because you haven't got it. Yet if you had it it would be worth ten times the value of the dollars themselves, because it would represent the result of habits you had cultivated by systematic saving."

"What you think you're doing, Gordy? Addressing a jury?"

"I wish I were. Why, listen! How much did you and I earn twenty years ago?"

"Oh, twenty-five a week probably."

"And if you had started saving two dollars and a half a week, or ten per cent of your pay, and kept up the same proportion until now, how much would you have?"

"How the devil do I know? Two or three thousand dollars."

"If your income had increased at a fairly consistent rate from thirteen hundred to five thousand you would have saved, with interest at four per cent, between seven and eight thousand dollars. You wouldn't be asking me for a loan—and getting turned down. You could take advantage of any opportunity that presented itself.

"There are swarms of five and six thousand dollar men to-day—able chaps, engineers, salesmen, executives, managers, professional people. But how many out of a hundred of these, picked at random, could lay hands on three or four thousand dollars if confronted by an immediate use for it as you are?"

"Oh, I don't know—half a dozen, I guess."

"Half a dozen is a liberal estimate. But suppose you found that many who had saved the small amount you need to-day, how many in the six would have ten times that much? I'll venture to say, all of them—that is, men of anything like your age. In other words, if a man has gumption enough to save three thousand dollars before he is middle-aged, that same gumption would have piled up much more. Get me?"

"I get you all right, Gordy; but what good does it do me, now it's too late?"

"It'll do you this much good: First, if you succeed in finding someone who will lend you the money—and it is not at all impossible—maybe you will value your stock in Kronork Knitting Company enough to redeem it by making some sacrifices. Second, if you can just show that boy of yours which side his bread's buttered on he may profit by your bad example."

Pollister rose. He didn't feel in the least grateful for half an hour of abuse from a man worth a barrel of money and enjoying a millionaire's income. Allis could so easily have written him a check, and even if worse came to worst, and Kronork failed to make good P. J.'s rosy predictions, Allis would never miss the money.

Pollister, going down in the elevator from Allis' office, felt not a day more than seventy, which, according to the Bible, is all a chap is entitled to feel like. That bawling out the lawyer had given him—ouch! It seemed to have eliminated from the system of the popular and well-dressed salesman the idea that borrowing three thousand dollars was as easy as selling knit goods.

He tried one more bank and three well-to-do individuals. Why dwell on the painful results? Pollister got quantities of good advice, but no money. The last man he called on was a forlorn hope—or better, a forlorn despair, an uncle of Mrs. Pollister—Philemon T. Gooch. Philemon T. Gooch made a business of lending money. He was popularly reported to get two per cent a month. Wallace Pollister was willing to pay this usury for two or three months, or until he could find someone who would advance him the money on a more legitimate basis.

Uncle Philemon, however, scoffed cacklingly. He didn't lend money in such large amounts, anyhow—that is, not unless he got first-rate security. People with first-rate security could borrow from the banks. He had known Wallace for many years, but he never knew him to own anything but the clothes on his back. Anyone that lived as extravagantly as Wallace couldn't be expected to have property. He wanted somethin' better'n an I O U from a feller like Wallace was. No, he wouldn't lend him nothin'.

Wallace started for home with the feeling that the entire world had turned upside down. A few hours before he had considered himself one of the exemplary citizens of the town; now he felt like a tramp who had gone from door to door asking food and been kicked cordially from each one. He was so blue and discouraged he stopped in at the Mayflower Hotel for a glass of beer. It would be near-beer, of course; but he might run across some acquaintance who would say a kind word.

In the hotel he ran across Harvey Scull. Harvey Scull was a salesman for a knitting mill that made a line of goods competing with Kronork.

"Hello, Harve."

"Hello, Wally. 'Ve a drink?"

"Oh, hell, I dunno what I want! Guess I'm not thirsty—well, make it a small glass of beer. Say, Harve, got a hundred dollars on you?"

"Sure thing! Just got a commission check. You want a hundred?"

"Yeah, slip it to me, and when I pay you back you'll have it—maybe to-morrow, maybe next year. Thanks. 'Nother drink? Well, I'll be going along."

That was a funny one. Harvey Scull, a rival in business, a good fellow, rather a loose spender—maybe that accounted for it. Wallace drifted through the office of the hotel. Mr. Stelbach, the proprietor, was leaning against the desk near the register.

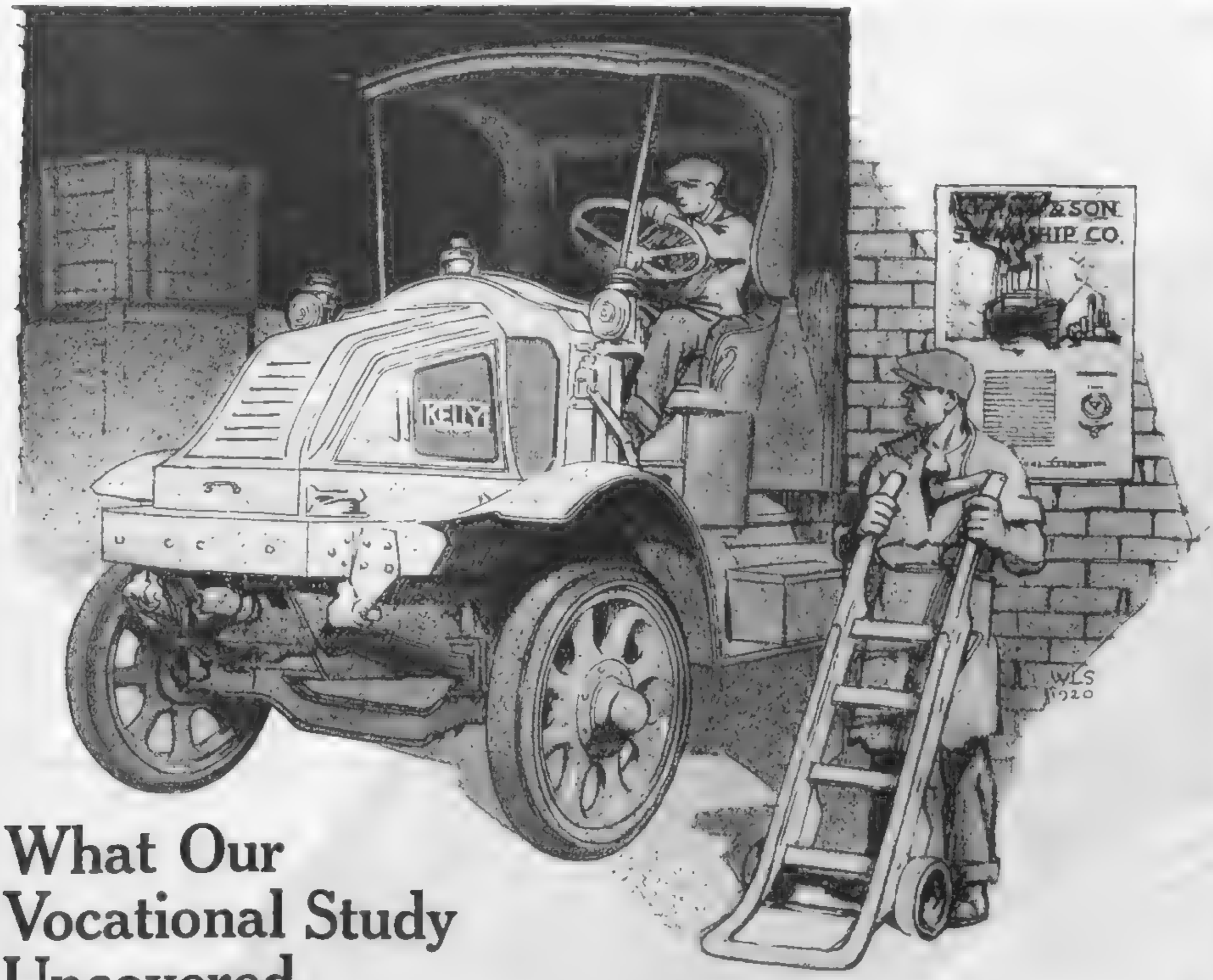
"Hello, Wally," he said. "You look tired. You're not so young as you used to be, I guess."

"Oh, I dunno. I feel pretty good. Say, Mr. Stelbach, let me have a hundred for a few days, will you? That is, I say a few days—it may be three or four months."

"Come into the office, Wally—I'll write you a check. Did you ever see such fine weather for the time of year?"

Not a word of that what-do-you-want-it-for stuff. Another funny one.

(Continued on Page 181)



What Our Vocational Study Uncovered

BULL gears drive a rubber-mill, light belts a knitting frame, while a bucket elevator requires chain and sprocket. No one of these drives can economically do the work of another—*because the work done is different.*

For the same reason motor trucks require different drives. Work done on a boulevard is not the same as work done in mud and ruts. Choosing a truck by ton-rating or body design will never compensate for the wrong drive. And yet in the sale of many trucks the system of drive is utterly ignored.

These things, and more, Kelly-Springfield uncovered in the study of vocational trucking. They proved the clearness of Kelly's vision in long ago adapting the drive to its work. We now build three types: heavy duty double chain; sturdy, fast overhead; light, speedy worm. Nor do we neglect body design or ton-rating in applying the principles of vocational trucking.

To be sure, Kelly has the advantage of lessons learned in fifteen years of truck-building. Before most trucks of today were even conceived, Kelly was manufacturing all the vital parts of the Kelly truck. Mere assembly was not considered.

In this time, too, Kelly-Springfield has been building up and welding into a unit an organization of highly skilled workmen. And the goal of that unit has been a truck of reliability, of endurance, of flexibility, of economy—a 100% transportation service, the accomplishment of which lies in vocational trucking.

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When I was building special tires for my racing cars, I was never interested in such things as short cuts in production, savings on materials, or lowering of labor costs.

What I wanted was tires that would stand up. Tires I could trust! Tires on which I could confidently, actually bet my life!

My tire ideals haven't changed a bit since I became a manufacturer.

I must be able today to take a set of Oldfield Tires at random from our stock, and ride them as hard as I ever drove for inter-city record or on trans-continental trip, and with that same old confidence. As a matter of fact, I often do that very thing.

These Oldfield Tires are still users' tires, for I'm still a tire user and I'm on the job today, watching production just as closely as I did years ago when my specially built tires were coming through.

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Can't you see that these are the tires you should be riding today?

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Export Department: 42 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

(Continued from Page 178)

On the way home Pollister stopped in at a fruit shop and bought half a dozen oranges.

"Tony, you're a pretty good friend of mine, eh?"

"You can betcha da boot."

"Got any money?"

"Sures' t'ing you know. You wanta some?"

"Could you spare me a couple of hundred?"

"Wait one-a minute—half-a cash, half-a check?"

"All right."

Tony counted out a hundred from his cash register in miscellaneous small bills, and wrote a check for a like amount.

"I don't know just when I can pay this back," said Pollister.

"Don't you mind. Plenty time. No worry; you suit-a yourself."

Pollister by now felt about his real age again. Half a block from home lived Doctor Grayson, pastor of the church where Polly hired a pew. He trotted up the front steps, rang the bell and asked for the clergyman.

"Why, my dear Pollister, this is a great pleasure," began the good doctor. "You don't come very often. Won't you step into my study and smoke a cigar with me?"

"No, can't stop. Say, doctor, got a hundred dollars in the house? I need it quick, and the banks are closed and ——"

"Why, it just so happens that I have a trifle over that amount. Won't you wait one minute?"

Presently he counted out the money.

"I'll send you a check, doctor. Much obliged."

"Not a bit in the world; and no hurry about the check, Mr. Pollister. Any time at all. I'm glad to have been able to serve you."

And so the man who had been turned down by half the bankers and capitalists in town arrived home with five hundred dollars in his pocket that he had only had to ask for and in return for which he had not offered a word of explanation, or—except in the case of the clergyman—anything like a definite promise of payment. He had half believed each time that he would be refused. It had been an interesting experiment, but his success left him in a quandary.

When he got home he sat down in his living room, tired and perplexed. Of course he'd pay back the money next day, but —— He heard the dishes rattling in the kitchen, where his wife was preparing dinner, this being a legal holiday—Housemaids' Thursday. The agreeable odor reminded him that the contradictory episodes of his day had not robbed him of his usual appreciation of food.

After a while Mrs. Pollister came in and kissed him. She was a small woman, rather commonplace, though she was probably pretty in her younger days. When you had been for five minutes in the same room with the Pollisters you discovered that Wallace's wife adored him. He was a paragon among husbands, an idol with feet of fine brass, a pattern for all perfect husbands.

"You tired?" she asked. "We've got a nice dinner."

"Yes, I am. Had a queer day. Where's Tip?"

"In the kitchen broiling the steak. I got a sirloin."

"Any mail?"

"Only circulars and a bill or two. Come, Tip's putting the dinner on."

Pollister went upstairs and washed his hands. His home was comfortable—maybe a little overcomfortable. It would be cloying after you sat round in it six or seven nights running. Pollister considered he was doing fairly well by his family, even if he hadn't got rich. He began to feel more cheerful.

Downstairs his wife and Tip, his eighteen-year-old son, were putting on the last of the dinner dishes. It was a good meal—a big one. There was a thick soup, the steak, three vegetables, a salad of hearts of lettuce, an elaborate dessert.

During the meat course Tip remarked, "Don't give me any of those artichoke things."

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded Pollister. "Don't you like 'em?"

"Sure, but I can't afford such expensive grub."

"But you don't have to pay for it."

"Don't I? Suppose I don't—now. But I might when I got ready for college."

"See here, old tightwad, what kind of a way is that to talk?"

"But you can't afford to send me to college, can you?"

"Who said I couldn't? I'd like to know ——"

"Boys, boys!" put in Mrs. Pollister. "Mustn't squabble! Besides, Wally, Tip's awfully good. He got most of the dinner; he's a great help."

"Sure!" said Tip. "We ought to get along without a maid. I'd help mother."

"Your mother isn't strong enough to be without a maid."

"Well, when you don't have much money you ought to save, especially when you've got a boy that's passed half his entrance exams."

"Now, Tip Pollister," cried his mother, "you stop plaguing your father! Can't you see how tired he is? You'd better tell him about your Uncle Philemon and cheer him up instead of teasing him."

"What about that old scrunger?" asked Wallace, his recent interview rankling.

"Wants to send me to college. Says he'll lend me the money without int ——"

"What? Did you go and ask your Uncle Philemon to—well, what do you know about that?"

"I didn't ask him; he came here to see mother this morning, and offered as nice as pie. And what do you suppose the reason was?"

"Because he's crazy, I should say."

"Because, he says, I'm thrifty. He says I'd pay him back."

"But look here. I was round to see him myself about a little loan and he turned me down cold. If he won't lend me I don't see how—he's kidding you, that's all. He wants all sorts of security and he charges all sorts of interest."

"What did you want a loan for, father?"

"To invest in Kronork Knitting stock—three thousand dollars."

"I always said you ought not to spend so much money," said Tip severely. "So Uncle Philemon wouldn't lend you?"

"No."

"How much do you need?"

"Three thousand."

"Too bad! I've only got about twelve hundred, but you can have that if you'll make a trade with me."

"Trade?"

"Well, I mean whatever stock you get in Kronork put it in mother's name, and when she draws the dividends she can pay me my interest, and if the stock earns enough she can give me something on my principal."

Wallace Pollister looked at his son in astonishment.

"See here, young man, where did you get twelve hundred dollars?"

"Saved it. Gee, pa—excuse me, father—I've saved every cent you've ever given me that I could possibly keep, and I've done heaps of things besides to earn money—cleaned off snow and cut lawns and collected old bottles and—you know how I've worked three summers for the grocer. I saved my pay."

"I supposed you were blowing it in on sodas and movies."

"Fat chance, with college ahead of me and—well, to tell the truth, I didn't really think you could afford to send me."

Wallace laid down his fork and sat back in his chair, for the moment unable to speak. Then he said, "Tip, when do you think you'll be able to go to college?"

"You mean, enter? In about a year—when I'm nineteen."

"All right. You lend me that twelve hundred, and I'll send you to college—and your Uncle Philemon won't be concerned in the deal either. Your mother shall have the stock too. Now if I may be excused, I want to run round to see P. J. at his house."

Pollister thought things out as he went, a little slowly, down the dim street. He didn't want to interrupt the Old Man's dinner, but he hoped to catch him before he left for the club, where he would be playing bridge a bit later.

An eighteen-year-old kid offering to lend him twelve hundred dollars! How the dickens had Tip ever accumulated all that money? A little at a time out of an income of next to nothing. By George, that was wonderful!

The boy'd be rich some day. It was a sure thing he'd never have to get down on his knees to a banker—the bankers would all be chasing him. Wallace suddenly felt tremendously proud of Tip. There was a son worth having! It was Tip's mother, of course, who had encouraged him and helped him! Well, neither one of them could say

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HOLDS HOSE
DETACHES HOSE

Powder in Shoes As Well as Guns

Foot-Ease to be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the Detroit *Free Press* among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses. What wouldn't you give to be relieved of one day's pain of your corns and bunions? Here is relief for *every day*. You won't realize this until you have tried Allen's Foot-Ease yourself. You simply forget all about your feet, they are made so comfortable. Ask your druggist to-day for a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

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You don't have to be a mechanical genius to drive a nail with a hammer, but you do have to have the nail and the hammer. You can drill holes in wood or metal if you have a drill—otherwise, you have to hire someone who has a drill.

The present-day cost of a single job requiring *only* the use of a certain tool, and a man's time, is often more than enough to cover the purchase price of that tool.

Think of "jobs" in terms of the tools required to do them and you will quickly see the common sense of acquiring tools instead of hiring skilled labor to do simple jobs.

Any mechanic, carpenter or hardware man will recommend "Millers Falls" every time when asked about braces, auger bits, hand and breast drills, mitre boxes, hack saws and other boring and cutting tools. For fifty years Millers Falls Tools have held the highest esteem of users and sellers of fine tools.

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he hadn't always been good to them. But if his wife had been such a help to Tip, wouldn't she have done the same for him? He remembered a good many mild protests against expenditures she had thought unwarranted—protests he had usually overruled good-naturedly and—as he had supposed—generously. He wondered if he had been so generous after all.

Why, he'd always been open-handed—people knew it. And only this afternoon, in the face of repeated rebuffs from the hard-boiled contingent, four different people had come across with money, just for the asking, casually, almost playfully.

There! That was the answer—the answer he had been puzzling over. These people liked Wallace Pollister and were glad to do him a favor. But they hadn't made the loans because of his business ability. He knew when he tried to bank on that it didn't take him very far. His personality was good for a small loan; his reputation for acumen, sagacity, commercial solidity wasn't worth a nickel. Even his own son had him beaten to a whisper when it came to business sense.

His repeated success in approaching his friends had comforted him a little. Now viewed in its proper perspective it gave him not the least satisfaction. He was forty-five, had thought himself fairly successful, had always intended to be worth something sometime, and now all he could do was panhandle a few friends for a quick touch!

"Well ——"

"You see, P. J.," he explained ten minutes later, "it's like this: I want you to let me in on this reorganization, but you'll have to make the terms a bit easier. I can only dig up twelve hundred right off the bat. But I'll tell you what: You're paying me a hundred a week and commissions. Cut me to seventy-five and apply the twenty-five on the stock. That, with the twelve hundred, will give you twenty-five hundred the first year; and goodness knows I ought to come through with the other five without much trouble.

"To tell you the truth, I'm not much of a saver. I guess I've let my money slip away too easy. I made between fifteen and eighteen hundred in commissions above my salary last year. Ought to have saved every penny. But you let me have this stock—put it in my wife's name, and ——"

P. J. grinned.

"Wally, didn't I tell you I wanted your brains more than your money? I really didn't expect you'd come across with the cash. I'm surprised that you can do as well as this. I supposed I'd have to carry your stock and let your dividends pay for it. But I had an idea it would be a good thing for you to find out how hard it is for a man without any resources to go out and pick up a bunch of money."

"Pick it up? Why, chief, if it was a case of picking up, believe me, I could raise that money among my friends in a couple of days. But shucks! That's no way! I wouldn't borrow money from anyone that didn't make the loan strictly as a business proposition. My friends'd lend me money in the same spirit that they'd hand me a cigar, and that's just the kind of thing I don't want."

P. J. grunted something about money being money, wherever you found it, though he didn't know but Pollister was right. Anyhow, he was perfectly willing to accept the salesman's proposition. That suited him.

As for Polly's saving money, he doubted if you could teach an old dog any new tricks, but as long as Polly showed his heels to other salesmen in the knit-goods business he thought Kronork offered him a pretty rosy future.

"And that stock of yours is going to be worth something," he said. "I'm glad you're giving it to your wife. The dividends'll help send the boy to college. When will he enter?"

"In another year if he passes the rest of his examinations."

"Well, you know how things are going. First time we hold a meeting of the new board of directors I'll tell you how I've arranged to finance the business. Yes, by the time the kid is ready Kronork'll be paying you something handsome. Don't worry. Now chase yourself home and get your beauty sleep, you blamed old fraud! You octogenarians need lots of rest."

Pollister, walking homeward up the hill, chuckled.

"Blamed old fraud, am I? He's right! But maybe if one old dog can't teach another old dog new tricks a darned smart young dog can! Besides, who's an old dog, anyhow? If a man is only as old as he feels, I'm not a day over thirty-one; and anybody knows that isn't old!"

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Table of Contents

June 26, 1920

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

The Konkrin' Hero—*Hugh Wiley* . . 8
He Needed the Money—*Henry Payson Dowst* 12
The Little Girl Eve—*Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke* 16
The Mister Jolly Well Murders Hus Wife—*Lingard Loud* 20
Class—*John Fleming Wilson* 22
A Piece of Honesty—*Thomas Joyce* . 66

SERIALS

Steel—*Joseph Hergesheimer* 3
Catching Up—*Henry C. Rowland* 26

ARTICLES

Pet for Ten Days—*George Pattullo* 6
Queen Silk—*Edward H. Smith* 10
Early Georgian—*Emerson Hough* . . . 14
Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life—*Baron Rosen* . 18
Floating Island—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* . 24
A Personal Report—*Edward G. Lowry* 30
From the Great Lakes to the Atlantic—*Charles P. Craig* 40
Exercise—*Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.* 50
What's the Use of Working?—*Charles Gilbert Hall* . . 57

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial—*By the Editor* 28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* . 34
Small-Town Stuff—*Robert Quillen* . 107
Matters of Opinion 122

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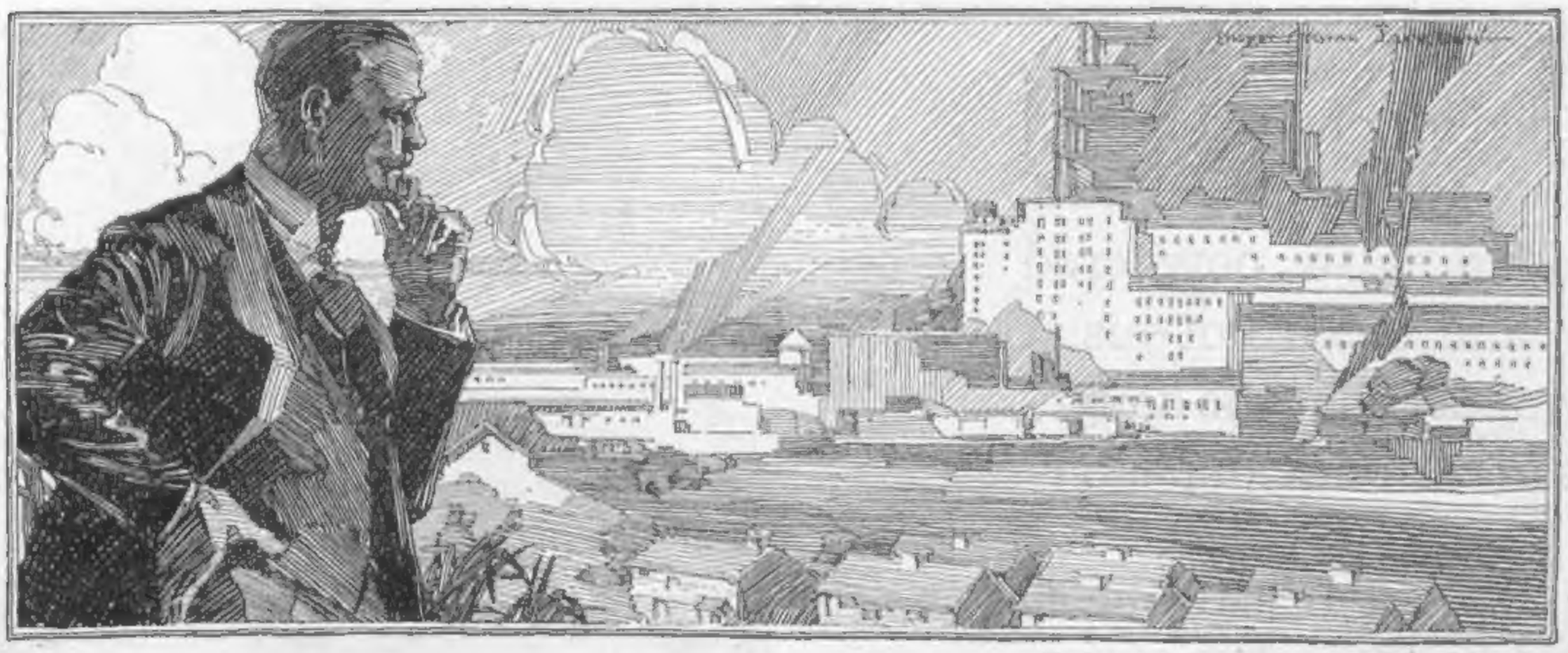


"The Employer Who Upbuilds the Race"

The Fourth of a Series on the Story of Industrial Justice

"THE rich and powerful employer, with the adjuncts of education and great business training, holds in his influence something more than the means of a subsistence for those he employs; he holds their moral well-being in his keeping, insofar as it is in his power to hold their morals. He is something more than a producer; he is an instrument of God for the upbuilding of the race."

Such is the modern employer, according to the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, formerly Secretary of Labor, and the father of the first Employers' Liability Law of 1887.

Can the Employer prove before the bar of the world that he is a worthy instrument for the upbuilding of the race?

The Employer's answer is to point to sunswept factories filled with contented workmen; to betterment schemes, in the way of profit-sharing, benefit associations, housing and recreation; and to a new conception of his duty toward his injured employees, as embodied in recent Workmen's Compensation Laws.

Today the injured workman is assured of liberal compensation and efficient medical service in case of injury; his family receives a generous payment if death occurs. The State fixes the amount, and the Employer is bound to pay—it is one of his contributions to Industrial Justice.

Since 1887, when the principle of the Employer's liability was first definitely laid down, the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company has stood with the Employer, insuring him at actual cost against the risk of accident and at the same time rendering the fullest justice to the Employee.

The history of the American Mutual has been the history of the growth of industrial justice in America.

Today it is the oldest, largest, and strongest Mutual Liability Insurance Company in America.

Its pre-eminence is built on this splendid record:—

In 33 years it has returned to its Policyholders never less than 30% of premiums paid.

It has developed a nation-wide Engineering Service which has succeeded notably in preventing accidents, in increasing plant efficiency, and in satisfying and protecting both employers and employees.

It has extended its service to automobile insurance, and has given the automobile owner thorough protection—and an annual saving of at least 30% of his premium.

Write us today of your insurance problem, whether Workmen's Compensation, Employers' Liability or Automobile. We are serving many of the greatest corporations in America and a host of automobile owners. We can serve you.

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.

CHARLES E. HODGES, *President*

Home Office: 245 State Street, Boston. *Branches in Principal Cities*

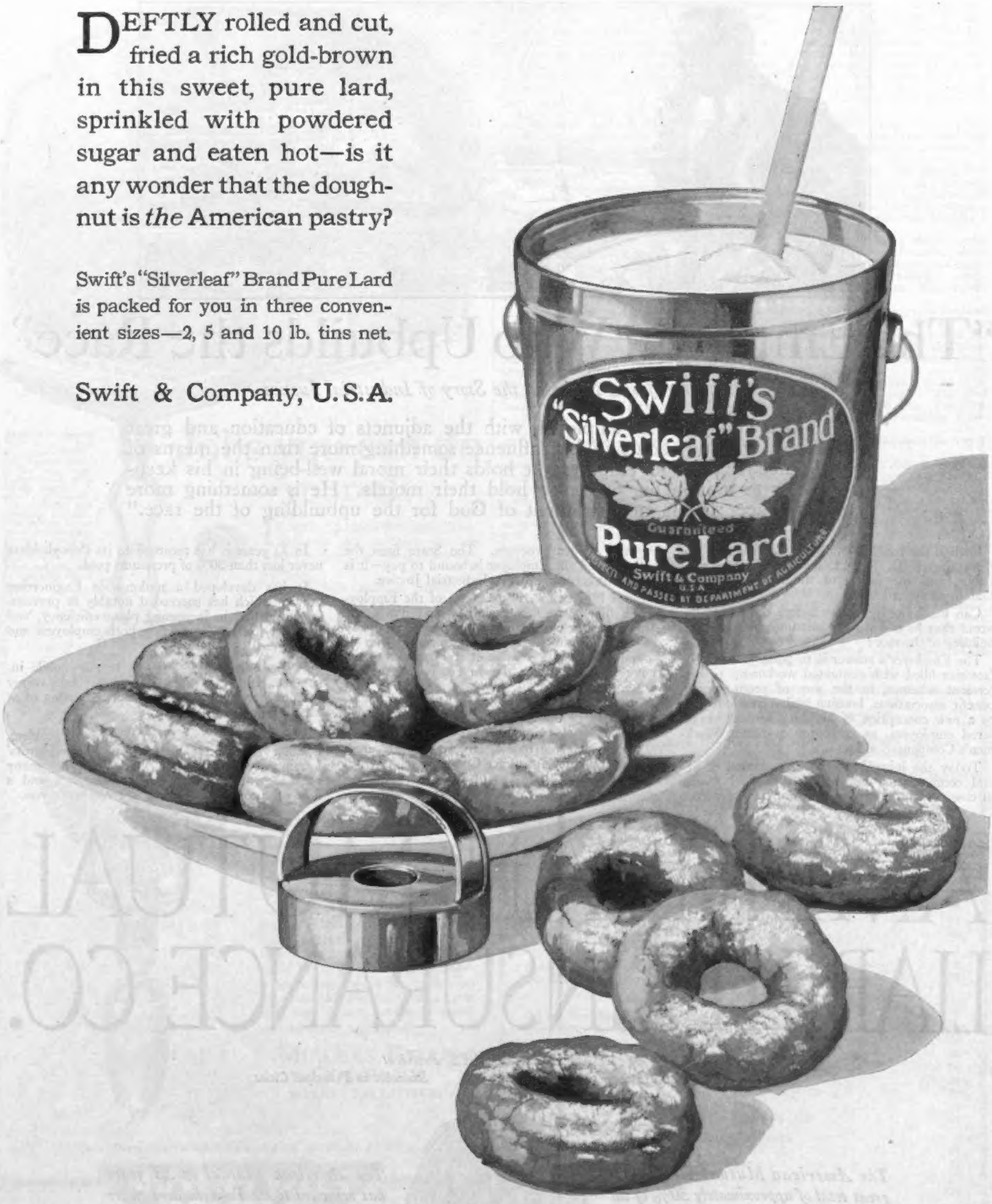
The American Mutual writes the great total of approximately 30% of all Mutual Liability Insurance in America

The American Mutual in 33 years has returned to its Policyholders never less than 30% of their premiums paid

DEFTLY rolled and cut, fried a rich gold-brown in this sweet, pure lard, sprinkled with powdered sugar and eaten hot—is it any wonder that the doughnut is *the* American pastry?

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is packed for you in three convenient sizes—2, 5 and 10 lb. tins net.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

"Laughing Water"—one of many unusual Indian designs in Oregon City Robes which we weave for the Indian Tribes. A variety of beautiful colorings. Priced $12 to $20.

Jacobs' Oregon City
FEARLESS
MADE BY
OREGON CITY WOOLEN MILLS
OREGON CITY, OREGON, U.S.A.
FOUNDED IN 1864 — BY I. & R. Jacobs

The Joyful Indian Blanket

JUNE—when all the world is out of doors! When the leaf-bowered road and the sparkling wave invite your soul to loaf!

For many years Jacobs' Oregon City Robes have added to the pleasure of a trip to the seashore or lakes or mountains or woods. The robe colorings are beautiful—Indian designs like the one illustrated above—so true and perfect that we even weave them for the Indians of the West. And, too, there are Scotch plaids of many clans.

Their superb quality is the same today as half a century ago, when the pioneers who blazed the trail to the West demanded sturdy woolens. Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens have always been awarded highest honors—first at the Philadelphia Centennial, 1876; last at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915.

Leading stores everywhere are showing these splendid Indian and Motor Robes now! An interesting story of Western Woolens will be sent to you upon request.

Oregon City Woolen Mills
Founded in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs
Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon
Sales Offices—New York Chicago Minneapolis
Portland Seattle Salt Lake City

Merchants—Send for new catalog of Oregon City Robes, in actual colors. Prompt deliveries.

Jacobs' Oregon City Woolens

Woven Where the Wool is Grown

Makers of

Overcoats	*Motor Robes*
Mackinaws	*Indian Blankets*
Flannel Shirts	*Blankets*

Eventually
Gold Medal Flour
Why Not Now?
Eventually
Why Not Now?
Gold Medal Flour Washburn-Crosby Co